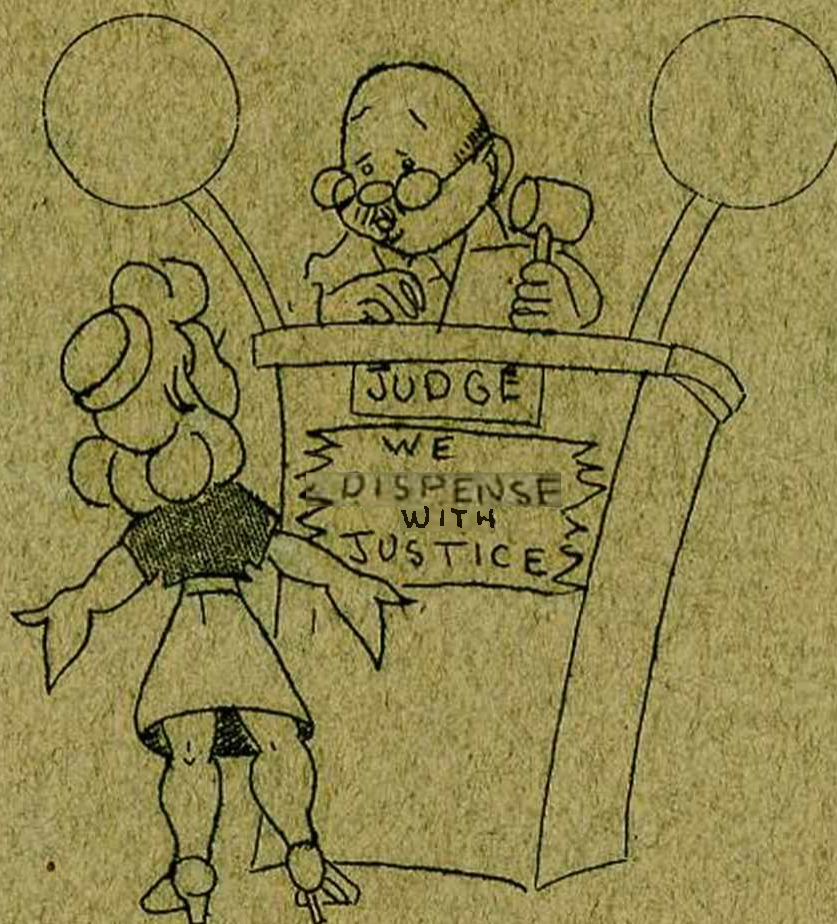


SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

SEPTEMBER 1943



NUMBER 12



HONEST, JUDGE, I DIDN'T MEAN TO START A RIOT
HOW DID I KNOW I WAS ENTERING
THE LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY? HUH???

This issue is edited and mimeographed by Walt Daugherty of 1305 West Ingraham, Los Angeles 14, California, and all comment on this issue should be mailed to that address. Those of you who are old-timers in the fan-field will notice that for the first time in my several years of fan-publishing I have eliminated even edges. This was necessary in order to facilitate a much earlier delivery of your copy of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. Future issues may or may not be edited by me depending upon my activities and the LASFS.....

Copy boy: Lothar Penguin

A L.A.S.F.S. PUBLICATION

Where the whole of Ft MacArthur in a year of total blitz failed to break down the impenetrable barrier between Cpl Forry Ackerman and his Incorporeal dream queen of the screen--Simone Simon--with one swell swoop Walt "cinemagician" Daugherty cut the (Flash) Gordian knot and got 4e on the lot on the dot. Walt's motto: The difficult I do at once--the impossible may take a little longer. While a dozen different khaki clads, from Industry Inductees to a childhood acquaintance of hers, month in and month out had promised to produce a date with the belle demoiselle, Daugherty on an hour's notice tenagled Forry thru the rugged gates of RKO, onto "Closed Set 7", where Curse of the Cat People was shooting, and, eventually, into the intimacy of the dressing-room of the feline femme herself!

Thus it came to pass on Saturday afternoon, 18 Sep. '43, that Forry received a phone call from Walt to fly fleet like the wind over to the Studio and he'd get him in. At 1400 o'clock--2 pm, civilian time--Our Hero found himself on the lot, a pass clutched in his hands which purported to have been requested by "Simone Simone", and made out to "Corp FLOREY Ackerman"! (Some fauna, eh Florey?) A few minutes later, Acky was on THE set. His immediate reaction was "Ah, Xmas has come early this year!" For the set, with its giant painted back-drop, was a winter set with yuletide decorations. Forry's first act was to take a souvenir in the form of a pinch of artificial snow, which he unobtrusively stuffed into an empty gum package. This minor theft of film property was later referred to as "scene stealing". Walt suggested a sample be affixed to each cover of this copy of Shangri-La Affaires, and call it a Snowacious Publication. In case you don't find any on your cover, you are to assume the snow melted en route....

But a moment later 4e's eye was taken with the appealing figure (and we do mean figure) of Simone Simon, as she floated on the set in her gossamer gray gown and downy peach cloak. In "Curse of the Cat People" Simone is a fairy, a good fairy, a beautiful mentor to a little girl, invisible to all the cast but her. But she was scarcely unseen to Forry, who ogled her like Eddie Cantor after having been stranded on a desert island for 10 years without seeing a woman. But for his Harlequins his eyes sans doute would have popped right out of their sockets.

So Forry watched spellbound, while Wally hovered around, and saw a simple scene shot about 4 times before the director called "print it!". While the set was being rearranged for the next scene, WJD lured Forry away for a little while to the stage of "Tender Comrade" where he, the Dau, was officially working. Here they were held up momentarily while the Red Light of shooting was on. When they did get thru the double "airlock" doors, they were drawn onto the tight set with a sw-o-o-o-sh of rushing air. "Now you're a member of the Windy City Wampires!" Walt "Liebscher" Daugherty declared.

To 4e, whose heart was left behind at Stage 7, there was very little of interest here: Just prosaic actresses like Ginger Rogers, Ruth Hussey and a sensational newcomer whose name he failed to get. He was interested to see Walt's portable "dressing-room", equipped with portable typewriter and portable stencils, where, between takes, he readies fanmags for mimeology!

O, on the "Tender Comrade" set, a mildly amusing thing happened:

Forry was mistaken for Ginger Rogers' husband! One of the actresses, noticing the Ack-Ack's several stripes, said (Walt read her lips) "Is that your corporal?" Ginger turned 'round at once and Hussey immediately scrutinized our innocent bystander.

But--back to Simone Simon!

After being treated to a cupacawtee and a burger, which he later did not remember consuming, Forry, like the moth to the flame, phototropically returned to her set. Simone was just completing a still-posing session. Shortly thereafter she retired to her dressing-room. Whereat Walt arranged with the assistant director for an introduction for feverish fan Forry. How different a day than the nite many years before when he stood in line in the rain to witness the opening of her "Girls Dormitory".

And at last the momentous moment when he was ushered into the star's make-up room...and the room swam about him. He shook hands with his personal conception of a heavenly thing. She autographed a photo for him: To Ack-Ack best wishes Simone Simon. Unfortunately, the ink was green, the writing reminiscent of Forry's own. As Walt is his only witness to authenticity, he is holding tight to Daugherty 'til he can get to a Notary Public. Simone identified a Peter Pannish looking pic of herself, from Forry's collection, as being from a French film she made in '35, "Happy Days"; blasted his hopes of getting her several phonograph records by informing him they were produced in France; and expressed belated sympathy with his being all wet in frisco. She also requested a certain pose of herself from Forry, learning he had duplicates.

Asked if she were a ghost in this picture, Simone replied "Of course I'm a ghost: I've been dead for years! Spirisk, I'm going cuh-razy!" Of course nobody will believe this dialog, but it is quoted verbatim.

Regarding the gossamer gown the glamorous ghost was wearing, close up it was beautifully revealing, but just how revealing is best left a millinery secret!

At last, with extremest reluctance, Forry was led (in a trance) out of his idol's dressing-room. On the set he awaited her return. The scene she did this time involved magic. Y'see, in "The Curse", SS is not really a ghost, but a kind spirit seen only to Kent Smith's young daughter (by his second wife) by virtue of a ring given to her by one of the Cat People. 'Tis Xmas even, and Simone makes a gesture which causes the child to see a wonderful illusion of a tinselly forest.

Another good scene was where Simone was coaching little Ann Carter (whose autograph Forry also got). "O, I shall never be able to understand figures!" complained Amy (Ann), frowning at her arithmetic slate. "Yes you weel, dear," Simone assured sweetly. "Luke-- One: That's a toll preen-cess'." The accenting of princess caused the scene to be reshot. "A toll preen'cess. Two: That's a preence kneeling before her." "Why, this is much more interesting!" exclaimed Amy delightedly. Ann's mother told Forry that Ann was magnetically attracted to Simone, literally adored her. "Well," replied Forry, "your daughter and I have much in common!"

When we left him he was dickerin' with Ann's stand-in to take her place in the scene where Simone kissed her on the cheek and hugged her. Forry looked like a simoon had struck him. He'd been Simonized!

FAN FOR A DAY IN L.A.WJD

This article was written for a release at a much earlier date but was rejected by Bronson for Fentosite. However we present it here because it might give you an insight on what we do to a fan when he arrives in L.A.....Poor Guys..

Roy Hunt and Lew Martin, two of the Denver fans now in the Navy are at present stationed at San Diego. but a recent talk with Martin reveals that they will not be there for long. Hunt is due to be sent to San Francisco (a break for the Frisco fans) and Martin is not sure of what the near future holds for him except that a change will be made before long.

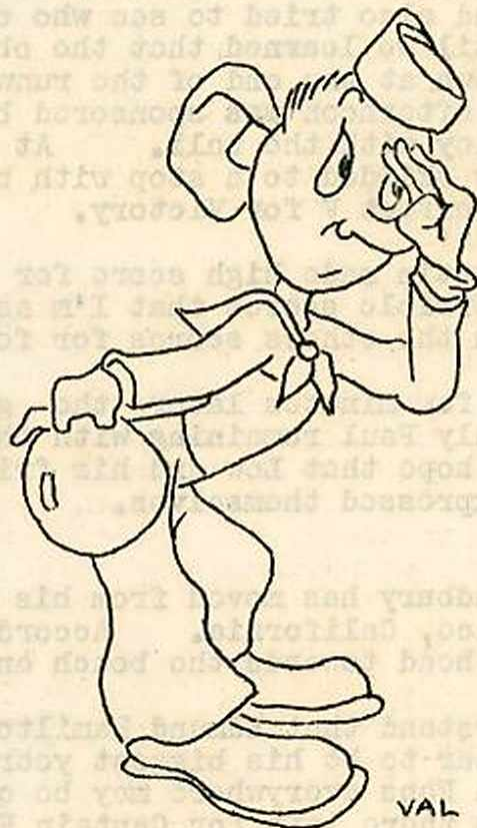
Roy was in Los Angeles a month or so ago and called at Ye Ed's home but found Eleanor and I living up to the name given us by Ross and Francis Rocklyne -- The Out-Daughertys. -- Two weeks later Martin managed to get away from navy affairs long enough to pay L. A. a visit on a Sunday. I wasn't aware he was here until late Sunday afternoon and so didn't get to see him till then. By the time I caught up with him he was walking into Pershing Square in downtown Los Angeles accompanied by L. A. Fans - Wilmoth, Clark, Freehafer and another Navy pal who I did not recognize. I understand he was at Denver at the time of the 1941 Convention. The two sailor boys had to catch the 8:30 train back to San Diego so time was short.

"Let's all decide where we want to go," said Paul looking at me.

"Yes, let's do," added Wilmoth raising his eyebrows at me. And the silence was terrific till I woke up to the fact that everyone was looking at me and footpattingly waiting for me to say where to go. So off to Hollywood we went via the red, white and blue Taxi (street car to you mugs).

Arriving at the Westerly end of Hollywood Boulevard in that same metropolis we disembarked to give the boys an insight on what makes little ole Hollywood tic. First our guest's attention was called to the new Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel which was one of the several which were ours to choose from for 1942 Convention headquarters.

Next we visited Grauman's Chinese theatre and the boys spent quite some time looking over all of the signatures accompanied by hand and foot prints in the blocks of cement in the forecourt. All of the big stars of Hollywood are registered there including Tom Mix's horse Tony and they even had John Barrymore's profile in one spot. Sonja Henie has her skate blades represented and Gus Wilmoth has been going around for weeks with an air of superiority because his shoes just fit Clark Gable's prints.



Continuing on down the Boulevard all gazed intently at the various night spots of the cinema capital which are world reknown. Such spots as: The Seven Seas, Rhum-Boo-Gie, Brown Derby, Mike Lyman's, A Bit 'O Sweden, the Tropics, Sugar Hill's, the Radio Room and several more were thoroughly taken in. They saw Grauman's famous Egyptian theatre, Warner Brother's, The Hawaii, and Pantagos where hundreds of world premieres have been held attended by all of the stars you could imagine.

Leaving Hollywood Boulevard and dropping south a couple of blocks we continued down Sunset Boulevard to a point where the fellows could really be facinated by the Ultra Modern buildings of the National and Columbia Broadcasting Systems. Here it was explained that arrangement had already been made for the '42 Convention to have a complete section of seats set aside for all conventioners to attend a broadcast of a Fantasy Nature. Official recognition of the Conventioners presence was to be made on their Coast to Coast Hook-Up.

Earl Carroll's theatre restaurant and the Hollywood Casino were observed and we almost went into the Hollywood Palladium as many of us were Woody Herman fans but a check at the door revealed that he wouldn't be on the stand for another hour so we headed for the Sunset Bowling alleys -- The largest in the world. There we indulged in a bit of food and also tried to see who could put the most balls down the gutter until we learned that the object of the game was to hit the little pins down at the end of the runway and not the pin-boys. Prize laugh of the afternoon was sponsored by Gus Wilmoth who tried to go down the alley with the ball. At about ten feet beyond the foul line he finally skidded to a stop with both feet spread apart in the air forming a perfect V for Victory.

Martin made high score for the afternoon, but the rest of us made such terrible scores that I'm ashamed to give my own and don't dare to mention the others scores for fear of my life.

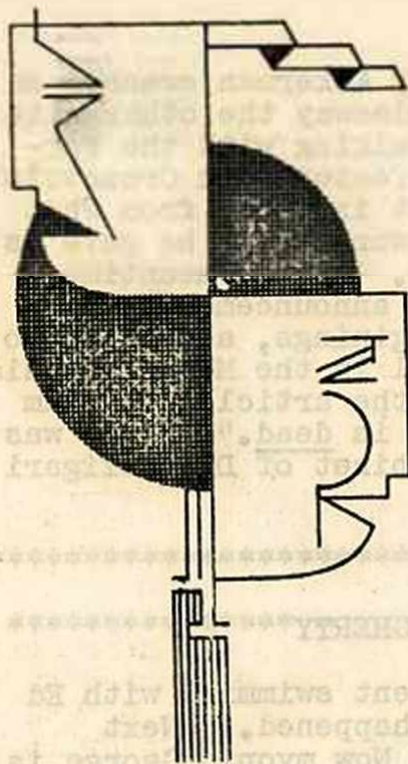
A few minutes later the gang split up in front of the building with only Paul remaining with the boys to see them off at the station. I only hope that Lew and his friend enjoyed themselves half as much as they expressed themselves.

FINIS

Ray Bradbury has moved from his Los Angeles address to 670 Venice Blvd. in Venice, California. According to his directions visiting Firemen should head towards the beach and when you come to the fog --Turn left

I understand that Edmund Hamilton recently stated that he expects this next year to be his biggest year in Science Fiction writing. Science Fiction Fans everywhere may be quoted as saying, "Oh, God, What the hell is there left for Captain Future to do".(No offence, Ed.)

Its now Private Jack Williamson, Company A, Recieving Center, Fort Bliss, Texas. He has just finished a 40,000 word short? for Cambell, which I understand will probably be his last for the Duration. Also he has applied for the Army Air Corp but no further news is available.



ON THE SET

WITH *Walt Daugherty* -

Bertram Milhauser has just completed his writing assignment on Universal's "The Invisible Man's Revengo".

Don't be fooled by the gawd-awful title that will soon appear on the billboards for Republic's new picture. "The Monster and the Lady" is only the new title for Curt Siodmak's "Donovan's Brain".

Incidentally, Curt has just finished on original for Universal. Reminding us of the L.A.S.F.S. clubroom; they will call it "Chamber of Horrors".

William Bendix will star in "The Hairy Ape".

I wonder if any of you have noticed that little blurb down at the bottom of the titles on "I Walked with a Zombio" that says "Any similarity to persons either living, dead or POSSESSED is purely coincidental?"

Director Fritz Lang's last picture made in Germany, "The Last Will of Dr. Mabuse," is being included in the displays of the Museum of Modern Arts film library in New York. Film was suppressed by Goebbels at the time Fritz Lang fled Germany in 1935.

"Fantasia" was voted the second most popular foreign-shown film for 1942 in the annual popularity poll conducted by the local trade magazine "Dipali."

Preparations are definitely under way at Columbia to produce the sequel to "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," with the title of "Mr. Jordan Returns." As yet no producer has been assigned to the subject but it is engaging the special attention of Sidney Buckman, now an executive producer at Columbia, who shared an academy award with Seton I Miller for the script of the original.

Warners is to make "Outward Bound," the ghost-ship story produced in 1930 with Leslie Howard. New Version of the famous play and novel about the group of persons headed for the hereafter and not realizing they are dead, will star John Garfield.

R.K.O. is really having their troubles with the Hayes Office over "Curse of the Cat People." Seems that Simon Simono has to return as a ghost and they can't get together on how much the well-dressed ghost will wear.

ON THE SET (continued)

FLASH!!! on an earlier item in this column: Forry Ackerman crashed an exclusive cinema audience of 50 at the Hollywood hideaway the other nite --Fritz Lang, guest speaker -- and succeeded in talking with the far-famed scientifiilm director. Full report will be featured in Crozettis #1 VENUS (fanne mag). And a fascinating report it is, too, from what I heard him tell in his recent outline of Lang's work which he gave as a talk at the LASFS meeting a recent thursday ago. In the meantime, however, I have unfortunately to publish that all announcements about new Lang scientifiilm are erroneous Hollywood imaginings, according to the director himself. "There will be no new "Girl in the Moon" at this time," said Lang, the explanation to be given in the article, "nor am I doing a future America picture. And Dr. Mabuse is dead." Forry was lucky not only to talk to Lang, bu to see "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari and a reel for the 1919 version of "The Golem".

NEWS NOTES OF SHANGRI-LA BY ACKERMAN (*) AND DAUGHERTY*****

* George Barr proved very short-sighted when he went swimming with Ed Chamberlain with his glasses on. (This actually happened.) Next thing he knew, his glasses were gone out to sea. Now myopic George is more short-sighted than ever.

*When Ron Clyne took the LASFS examination, he almost failed to pass when he gave Tucker's name as the #1 fan. Forry, who was pbsent, raised a fake fuss, till Ron explained that Tucker himself had informed him of this fact. Then Acky "tore" Tucker apart. How the Number one fano fell, though, when the new Widner Poll came out, placing Pong in the #1 position. Now 4e assumes a hang-dog(face) expression and moans "Washed up.....a has-been at 27!"

*A theatre party consisting of Ron Clyne, 4e, Morojo, Don Rogers and Mel Brown attended a revival of THE LOST WORLD, Saturday, September 4. Standing in line, they met Ray Bradbury and insido found Ross Kraig. Same nite, a gabfest with musical accompaniment was being held at Paul Frochafer's apartment, attended by Bruce Yerke, Phil Bronson, Mike Forn, Sam Russell, and, earlier, Ron Clyne.

*And still they come! Latest scrvifan to reach Shangri*la is Cpl. Henry Golman, former Pittsburg fan, who came to our club in response to a telegram dispatched to him at Camp Haan, California, in answer to his inquiry. Astonishing coincidence developed when Pvt Dal Cogor, ex-Michifan, met Goldman in the clubroom, and they learned they were both stationed in the same Battalion at Haan!

*Loss: Ba rhara Bovard heads for the wilds of Fairbanks, Alaska.

*Coming: The momontary personal appearance of PFC John Cunningham is expected here. Card has been received from LASFS' #1 Life member that he has been transferred to Milty's former Californaa camp, Santa Anita

Prize remark for this issue comes from Ruth Crozettie. When she saw Phil Bronson's sister for the first-time she didn't know who she was so had this to say, "Say, shes cute, I wonder why she and Bronson haven't gotten together. They'd make a cute couple.

*Various fans have been bunning the lite-bulb at both filaments lately in the clubroom, up all nite on feverish activities. Latest group to work the whole nite thru consisted of Mel Brown, Mike Fern, Don Rogers, Jimmie Kepner, and on pass, ex-Michifan, Pvt. Dol Coger. Meanwhile, another group of fans, including Sam Russell, Ed Chamberlain, Charlie Dye, Phil Bronson, George Barr and Bruce Yerke have been very busy organizing an experimental fantasy establishment at Morrie Dollens' store-room in Culver City.

* Morojo has started a Sunday morning Esperanto class in the clubroom for interested Stfans. Jimmie Kepner is her most apt pupil; others are Mike Fern, Don Rogers and Mel Brown.

*The cover of this issue was inspired by Walt Daugherty's new girlfriend Tillie Jacobson who has had the male members on their heads in a spin since her first appearance at the L.A.S.F.S. clubroom. She's quite a dish but well gaurded by Daugherty.

Cpl. Ack-Ack rates red ribbon! He gives various answers regarding the meaning of the ribbon, such as that he is a communist commando, a member of the Chaplain's Division who has been washed in the blood of the lamb, or that he is now a red lensman (still unattached)-but in actuality it indicates a year of irreproachable conduct in the service.

No less than nineteen former members of the LASFS are now in the armed forces. The latest entry being Franklyn Brady.

*Visitors to the club: Pvt. Alden Ackerman, Forry's 7-years-youngor brother (but an inch taller) who is an engineering student in the Army at Berkely, California. This was Sunday, September 5. In the morning Ack-Ack Brothers visited "Dejah Thoris" (LN-or O'Brien), spent the afternoon at the clubroom and in the eve went to china-town with Morojo, Walt Daugherty and Bruce Yerke. That nite Forry, Alden and Morojo took in "I Walked With A Zombie". While elsewhere T/4 Bob Hoffman, also down from Northern California, was spending the day with Paul Frechafer and Beverly Bronson. On Sunday, Sept. 12, LT. Grady McMurtry and wife "Foxy" showed up, were "Showed" by Paul Frechafer to a matinee of Bela Lugosi in Arsenic and Old Lace, in compa ny with T. Bruce Yerke.

Forry passes up three LASFS acquaintances without speaking to them!! Just a short time apart he saw Virginia "Jimmie" Lancy, Ron Clyne (browsing in a second hand book store) and Paul Frechafer's room mate, Adrian, but failed to signal any of them. Reason for this remarkable un-fannish conduct? He was intent on tracking down Fritz Lang and would let nothing deter him from his course.

Members are looking here there and everywhere to locate another table or two and a book case for the club. The one large table that sets on one side of the room is rather overloaded when the three typewriters that are on hand along with the speed-o-scope and the mimeograph are all placed thereon. The two book shelves are now overflowing into boxes in every corner of the clubroom.

*Because of his ~~Ternsichorean~~ abilities Daugherty has been dubbed the Science Fiction Fan/Dancer.

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE *by* T. Bruce Yerke

The Manpower Draft was passed by the Government because workers have the annoying habit of always wanting to get better pay and working conditions. Workers, of course, should be content with a seventy hour week at twenty-five cents an hour. After the war, they will work on this matter more thoroughly.

Among the more horrible aspects of the Manpower Draft was the discovery by an agent of the OPA of the LASFS clubroom. He happened to wander in one day shortly after the bill became law, thinking that the clubroom was the local ration board. (The volume of noise emanating from the place gave him this misimpression.)

He looked the place over quickly. "This is just the thing we have been looking for," he shouted. "We need a factory to print useless Government forms!"

Two days later several of the members were surprised in the middle of a lazy afternoon of dummyming by the sudden invasion by fifty-three government investigators crowding into the clubroom. They assayed the typewriters, mimeograph, speed-o-scope, stencils, letter guides, styli, and samples of our work. At the end of a week of such investigation, the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society was declared a War Emergency Branch of the Government Printing Office. Members stood around and gaped.

Immediately things began happening with true bureaucratic thoroughness. All members of the LASFS with mimeograph and fan publishing experience were drafted to man the three shifts which were to be operated. This, naturally, included just about all of the members.

Each fan had to fill out a twenty-six page questionnaire, was photographed and fingerprinted by the FBI, given a six hour physical examination (in which George Barr was rejected because of dropsy of the spinal column), and finally furnished with a typical war plant badge and I.D. card.

While this was going on, FBI agents investigated all persons living in the adjacent five apartment houses to make sure the inhabitants were American citizens. Government sign painters erected a huge red white and blue sign over the cherished club emblem on the window, stating: "GOVERNMENT PRINTING BRANCH. EMPLOYEES ONLY." A barbed wire fence was erected on the sidewalk in front of the door. Then typical defense plant efficiency was commenced.

Forrest J Ackerman was transferred from Fort MacArthur to sentry duty in front of the clubroom from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. The other twelve hours were assigned to Marine Private Rusty Baron, who was transported from San Diego for this purpose. In addition to this, Eddie Chamberlain was hired at \$30 a week as Fire Warden, because all Government offices must have a Fire Warden. Charlie Dye was hired at the same salary as an Airplane Spotter, since Government regulations provide that Government offices must be protected from aerial surprises. Their duties required permanent encampment on the roof of the apartment house where they had to live in the shade of a large beach um-

rella, sleeping on cots furnished by the Army.

Because of the shortage of telephones, the O.T.I. (Office of Telephone Installation) could only get sixteen wall phones which were lined up on the South wall of the clubroom. These Official Government phones were hooked to a switch board operated by Beverly Bronson, Barbara Bovard, and Mrs. Charles, assigned to the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd shifts respectively. In addition, there were seven pay phone booths in the back wall for the use of employees. (The L.A. clubroom is roughly 25 x 15 in dimensions.)

Foremen for each shift were required by regulation, for Bronson, Daugherty, and Yerke were appointed Foreman on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd shifts respectively. Yerke, in addition, was accorded a 5¢ an hour boost over the \$40.00 per week base, as compensation for working Graveyard. Due to confusion in Washington, Yerke was also drawing checks under the names of Fassbinder, King, Penguin, and Bildgewater with the result that he was cordially hated by the other "employees" for the fabulous monies he was collecting.

The clubroom was summarily divided into Office and Shop partitions. The Office was the front ten feet, and was under the charge of Morajo. The back fifteen feet was the "Shop". To visit Morajo from the Shop, it was necessary to get a Shop pass from the Foreman in charge at the time.

The back of the clubroom was subdivided further, for the interests of efficiency. The table with the mimeograph was called the Pressroom. Typewriters were lined against the North backwall, which became the Composing Room. In front of the Pressroom was a small table with a stapler on it. This was the Assembly Room. The various members drafted to these positions were confined to the area where they worked.

As the head typist was always running over the three feet to the Pressroom, he was given a roving badge. However, to leave the shop area for the front of the clubroom he had to phone the shift Foreman from the back of the room to a phone in the front of the room, get the latter's consent, whereupon a messenger (Joe Contreras) would bring a written permit signed by the Foreman to the typist department.

The Speed-O-Scope was set up on an apple box and became known as the Art Department, with Ronald Clyne in charge. This Department worked only one shift due to the manpower shortage of artists.

Sam Russell, Mike Fen, and Claude Degler were in charge of the Assembly Department on the three shifts. All mimeographed material was carried from the Pressroom six feet to the assembly room after the carriers first obtained the proper passes from the Foreman of the Mimeograph. Mr. Russell and Committee would then phone the front of the clubroom when everything was assembled. A special bonded Government Messenger (Mel Brown) then signed forms in octuplicate stating the nature of what he was going to pick up, would be given a shop pass and permitted to walk over to the assembly room where, in the presence of the shift Foreman, the Mimeo Foreman, and one witness from the typing department, he picked up the material and carried it twelve feet to the Finance Department where it would be billed and sent to

the store room.

The Closet of the clubroom, an opening in the wall about three foot wide and five feet deep, was classified SECRET GOVERNMENT STORES. These were in charge of Paul Frechafer and two assistants, who shared the three shifts. Because of the lack of ventilation, a Government Air Inspector was appointed. This was necessarily a sensitive member, James Kepner. His duty was to enter the stores every three hours and take five deep breaths. If he walked out, the air was meeting OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT QUALITY STANDARDS. If, on the other hand, Kepner grew faint, the stores had to be evacuated for half an hour, during which time the workers in it lay down on cots provided for them. To visit GOVERNMENT STORES to get raw stock for the mimeograph, Mimeograph workers had to obtain the proper passes for the six foot journey.

Arden Benson was appointed COMPANY POLICEMAN. When shifts were changing, he sat in a studio director's chair by the door and inspected all entering and leaving fans' badges, I.D. cards, lunch boxes, brief cases, and pockets. A large silver Police badge was attached to his old CCC khaki jacket. Once an hour Benson had to make rounds of the club room, issue citations to fans without their badges in plain sight, or who had strayed out of their area. As Benson was a 24 hour man, it was often necessary to wake him in his chair to get in and out of the place. For this purpose, several bottles of ammonia were kept under the chair for use on appropriate occasions.

Aside from this a time-clock was installed by the door, and a large factory whistle mounted outside above the door. This blew at shift changes and could be heard nine blocks away. This whistle was also blown by the Foreman for the rest period every hour, at which time members filed past Benson and ran down to Mary's for cokes and ice cream.

The L.A.S.F.S. payroll each week cost the Government \$1,280. The phone bill ran high, as every press run and new order had to be verified from the various offices in Washington D.C. and Sacramento. This meant three or four long distance calls each shift.

When production got under way, it was discovered that the thirty-odd members so employed just managed to produce sufficient forms on the mimeograph to keep the Clubroom supplied with the proper amount of passes, reports, and other red tape items to allow it to function.

This, the government proclaimed, was an astonishing record. At least we were self sustaining, if no production for anyone else could be turned out.

Now, Doctor, you may bring me out of this.

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Two Indianapolis fans had to travel all the way to Los Angeles to meet. By chance Leslie Masters of the Indiana city found that another Indianapolis boy who read science fiction was staying at his rooming house. And thus he met Claude Dogler, who brought him around to the clubroom.