

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES 5

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MINUTES OF THE LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, 1938 - 1942

or, Why Science-Fiction Fans are Science-Fiction Fans

As Written by T. Bruce Yerke, & Edited by Arthur Louis Joquel, II

In the beginning...

The Los Angeles Science Fiction League had Secretaries before the advent of T. Bruce Yerke. They included, the old records show, such individuals as Wanda E Test, K.E.F. van Lutz, an obscure individual who signed themselves "FJA," Perry L. Lewis, and Roy A. Squires. The minutes signed by these scribes during the period of February, 1936 to May, 1938, have only one peer for thrilling, dynamic, gripping, breath-taking reading--and that is the financial page of any Sunday newspaper. They were faithful reports--they just lacked ummph!

But with the advent of the boisterous Bruce, matters picked up considerably. Members, who had been a bit erratic in their attendance, now came steadily, in order to be in on (or just in) the informal, chatty, sometimes slightly censorable minutes that TBY produced steadily for three years. Herewith follow some of the highlights from the files of this unique chronicler of a science-fiction organization.

May 19, 1938...

There developed a minor riot on the subject of "What can Imagination! Do To Enlarge Its Variety of Articles?" The argument soon drifted to the fantastic side. The final bomb was having the newboys going down the streets Sunday's yelling "Examiner, Times, IMAGINATION!"

June 2, 1938...

Many members, hearing mysterious rumours of what happened at Morojo's house on a special meeting in September 1937, flocked to Morojo's new abode. The entire meeting was an air of utmost informality. Finally the expected refreshments were served. Ice Cream &----- ROOT BEAR (It is called Root Bear to avoid any embarrassment) After the Ice Cream was consumed, Ye Secretary, who had no chance to repeat his amazing stunt of last year, when he crammed down nine do-nuts and three glasses of Root Bear, he beat it for, he reasoned, "Science-Fiction fans are batty enough without Root Bear, think what it'll be like with everybody full of root Bear."

On his way out he turned out the hall lights in hopes some fan would break his neck.

While across the street waiting for a bus he heard loud shouts and hysterical laughter coming from a brightly lighted room directly above a Drug Store, and now and then a bottle or some confetti would fly out. As the bus rounded the corner he saw a long black car loaded with uniformed men pull up to the Modern Apartments. "No Sir," he reasoned, "the League ain't wot it used to be."

Saturday, August 13 & Early Sunday the 14th (1938)...

First, but by no means last, official beach outing of the local chapt. The party went to the desolate sand dunes of Playa del Ray. Here all victuals were unloaded and the party climbed down the treacherous cliffs, picked their way across the RR Tracks, and slid down to the 50 ft beach. Here the members hastily turned clams and built a sturdy sea wall to keep back the ever coming closer King Neptune.

The average consumption per capita was two bottles of Pepsi Cola, not less than three hot dogs, several Potato Chips and as many marshmallows, all sprinkled over with delicious Sand. After the eating had died down the party, as usual, split up into separate groups. Frank Brady wading down to the sea to watch the bunions, or whatever those fish are called, float in, Harryhausen, Yerke, & Pogo, discussing why we were here, whatfore, and because of what? Finally it was decided to go home, if anyone was going to be able to work on IMAGINATION the following day.

August 18, 1938...

One of the most discouraging, down-heartening, disgusting, disconcerting, dreary, disabling meetings in the history of the local chapter. The meeting at which one of our most popular members died: Beloved of all, the enlivener of many dreary hours, of service and assistance to the cause of scientifiction many times, missed and mourned by all, we take this moment to bow our heads in silent memort of our former beloved member, IMAGINATION!

NOTE: This issue of Shangri-L'Affaires was dummied on Joquel's typewriter, and stenciled on Willmorth's, which squeezes several more lines on a page. Finding ourselves with extra space at the bottom of each stencil, they were filled with some typical examples of the "humour" that bounces about at every LASFS meeting.

Not much business was discussed. Later Pogo requested that the usual sherbert be brought up, which turned out to be plain putrid. From an old malt mixer Ray Bradbury and Ye Sec mixed up a glass of that highly delicatble and rare treat, Ghoul's Broth, which goes, so says the menu, thusly; One half glass of old lemonade. 1/4 glass of stale coffee. 1 strawberry sherbert float, sprinkled with pepper, salt, sugar, and topped with ten drops of green ink. To this sprinkle some vinegar, Stir and add another float, more ink, a dose of pepper, some vinegar, torn paper, a stale tea bag, and juggle between glasses, then putting up in a malt jar and let it rot. When putrifaction has set in hold nose and drink, then run like ho-- for the nearest hospital. All members were nauseated by the mere sight.

September 1, 1938...

After due nonsense the meeting was call to order and the minutes were read and approved, after some controversy over the recipe for Ghoul's Broth. The things I get away with.

April 28, 1939. (Special Activity--Metropolis)..

Members proceeded to the New Academy Review Theatre where the showing of the (to quote from brother Ackerman) greatest of all scientificational films, even superior to Stuff to Come, and Oh boy! that city, was being held. In short, METROPOLIS, film epic of 1926.

METROPOLIS, alias TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM, or "How to Laugh off that Loggy Feeling." It seems that public taste has changed sufficiently in the last 13 years to make Forrie's masterpiece of cineamphantasy appear on the level of a flash Gordonized Great Train, Robbery. It was a galle night for film jokesters, and everybody came out with a sore throat, though all were glad to have seen what scientificion was like on the screen in 1926.

May 21, 1939...

Minutes were read and approved.

No old business.

No new business.

No Entertainment.

Nothing on the Program.

No reason why members should come.

Meeting adjourned.

Members walked out, leaving a glass of water upsidedown on the table.

June 1, 1939!..

A total of nineteen people showed up. There was nothing to do, but members were so glad to see something besides vacant chairs, that they stayed and stayed. Speeches were given, but nobody was listening.

Saturday, August 12, & Early Sunday, the 13th (1939)...

Aprox. one year ago to this date, the Science Fiction Chapter in L.A. held its first Beach Party. Last year fourteen persons went. Showing the great popularity of these occasions, fifteen people went this time.

When it was decided that all who were coming were present, the members flowed out en masse to the waiting busses. There were two of them. One was Hodgkins' official TECHNOCRACY CAR, with the rumble seat full of fire wood, and the front seat full of food. Capacity--TWO. The other, Capacity--SEVEN. Stf. fans wished ardently for a size reducer. Volunteers to ride the fenders were signing NO RESPONSIBILITY contracts when a terrific noise was heard and a huge thing, as big as a street car on wheels, roared up the street, and rumbled to a stop. This proved to be Herman Doepke in a '29 LA Sallo, Capacity- TWENTY OR THIRTY. Those riding in the Doepke Giant had the invinsible feeling that one has when riding on the front of an avalinche.

Those who went to the party last year were quite glad to see that the strip of beach this year was more like Kansas, whereas the site of our last year's outing resembled nothin' so much as the Matterhorn.

There was no pitched sand battle as of last time. Possibly the intellectuals present had this effect. Hodgkins, Ackerman, Morajo, Binder, Schwartz, Bradbury, & Kuttner formed a human pile during the greater part of the evening. They said that they were comfortable, but our guess why they didn't unpile sooner is because they were so tangled up that they couldn't.

After several hours of this and other trivia, it was found to be 2:15, though members were inclined to favour Mr. Olson's watch, which said 9:20. The lucky ones got home between 3:30 & 4:00.

August 21, 1939...

Conversation changed to individual groups Mojo and Tobojo talking about tobacco, and Fojo, Pogo, Morajo, Rojoho, & Moko talking about various topics. (I hope there are plenty of newcomers this meeting, so that the true asininity of the famous Esperanto nicknames will come to the fore with abrupt and embarrassing vigor) Finally it was decided to have a meeting, wich started off and ended with the minutes.

Fan 1: Have you seen the new Amazing Stories Quarterly yet?

Fan 28: Yes, staggering, isn't it?

Fan 1: Well, I certainly hope so?

September 21, 1939...

Friction was occurring between the director of the organization (Hodgkins) and the Librarian (Bradbury). It seemed to be in the form of a little game. The Librarian would say something aimed to make the Director quite highly excited. When this had proceeded far enough, the Director would then try to hit the Librarian's hand with the club's meat cleaver, most often missing, and causing a great dent to be made in the fine table work of Mr. Clinton's Cafe.

September 29, 1939...

Ackerman had with him a Polish version of Flash Gordon which was read aloud to all by Bradbury. It was flippantly remarked that it sounded something like the Secretary reading the minutes.

After this the minutes were read and Morajo asked that they be re-read as she hadn't been listening. They weren't.

October 26, 1939...

The biggest news of the years. Headlines in the HOLLYWOOD GAZETTE announce that the first rocket to the moon has returned. "Moon Rocket Returns! 4sj Feted." 4sj looks at the headlines and gasps---"At last. I knew man could do it. We've reached the moon!!!" Then he noticed that 4sj is not the number of the rocket at all, but one of the numerous horrible nicknames that he and others have thought up for him. The Hollywood Gazette also has some vulgar gossip about a cult raid of some sort--utter balderdash. (ED. NOTE: Headline was: "Yerke, Pogo, and Morajo Arrested in Cult Raid.")

February 1, 1940...

The Treasury was at a new low, and the embryo Technate at 638 S. Broadway was faced with a problem somewhat like the government's, only uniquely different. Whereas the government is trying desperately to balance the budget, the SFL is trying equally as desperately to have a budget to balance.

The club is stuck. What will the new magazine be named? Such concoctions as Shangri-La, Terra, Revel, Critereon, Futiran Fantasia, Terrestrial, The Damned Thing and numerous others to trivial to mention. The discussion continued for a while, but the more names that were suggested, the worse they all sounded. Finally, the whole thing was covered reverently with a wet blanket (to keep all the smell in) and sheveled to be ironed out again some other time.

LOS ANGELES CHAPTER, SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE,
LOS ANGELES CHAPTER, AND CHARTER CHAPTER NO. 1, THE SCIENCE FICTIONEERS,
LOS ANGELES BRANCH AND OVERSEAS BRANCH NUMBER ONE
THE SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION, FIRST SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE CHAPTER,
TECHNOCRACY INC., 11834-33.,
MINUTES FOR THE MEETING OF FEBRUARY 15, 1940, are now in order...

God!

usual hour, the meeting was called to order, The reading of the minutes followed, with due criticisms.

"Any unfinished business," inquired the Director (Daugherty). (Who knew damn well we had a horrible mess to clear up this meeting.) The Secretary was requested to re-read the list of the names from the preceding minutes. After the reading of the names... (Well, well, here comes the Heinleins... time out while the usual felicitations are passed about) the field narrowed down to two names... The Damned Thing, and Shangri-Blah! The sweet title of Shangri-Blah was inaugurated and L.A.'s little bundle of innocence and tranquillity will flow from the honey dew of the southland once every two months.

The Losse Angellesso Pchappterre, Yo Psychyense Phicktion Leaggue, Congregation of Februearrey 22, 1940...

The club had been expecting Chas. B. Mornig, that tall, blond, Scandanavian, at this meeting, but in his stead, totally unannounced, we had Robert A. Erisman.

Los Angelus.... Well, what'll I call it?, Meeting of March 7, 1940...

When the Secretary walked in, he found that member Ackerman was struggling to keep a picture on top of one of the fancy torch-holders which the brown room is adorned with. The picture would no sooner be set up than the draft from the ventilator just above it, would blow it down. This battle between science fiction and the brute forces of nature continued until the very manifestation of Christian Science appeared--Mr. Mind-Over-Matter Daugherty, who with the air of one used to besting nature, reached up and pulled a chain, thereby shutting off the damned thing. However, at this time Mr. Ackerman decided the picture would look better over on another torch, so all the work was in vein.

There were a number of items which had to be threshed out, the most important of which was/and is: What in Hell are we? Are we a Chapter of the Science Fiction League, or are we a chapter of the Science Fictioneers, or are we something else? At the present time the club has no name. It merely IS.

Joquel (puzzled over detail on Shangri-L'Affaires stencil): Where did that dummy go? I want to check this.

Howard: Take your pick. The room's full of them.

LOS ANGELES YOU NAME IT CLUB, Meeting of March 14, 1940...

Some pantywaiste objected to the use of such religious words as Hell and Damn in the official records, which objection was sustained, the religious phrases being turned into American Hecks and Darns.

Discussion about entertainment took up the rest of the meeting. Members suggested things such as trips to the LaBrea Roffing Stuff Pits. The Librarian knows where the picture Her was filmed, and also the location of the triple-mouthed tunnel where Flash Gordon was photographed.

TO ZOZ TO NAME TØZITF OZ FIFIE HEF, FHEATE! CLUB, Meeting of March 2, 1940...

The meeting was called to order, and the reading of the was called for, and executed. (Don't take advantage of the double-entendre of the last word) Thre pres-ent crucial matter facing the Patdoyn a Drandascii Club, that regarding the new title, was delved into.

LOS ANGELES OH GOD, THAT NAME CLUB, Meeting of March 27, 1940...

On this occasion, the title of the club was changed from the Los Angeles Chapter, Science Fiction League, a somewhat coherent and sane-sounding title, to the un-godly horror of Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. After a grueling contest in which all names with the slightest bit of normalcy or sanity were voted down, a Semantic Blank was foisted off on the head of the club. (Mad laughter)

April 11, 1940...

"Any old or new business tonight?" Mono. No cooperation. No enthusiasm. No spirit. Dead, dead, dead.

"Well, how about moving the mimeograph?" Yes! No! Yes! No! Yes! No! He's up. He's down. He's up. He's down. Left Right Left Right. All right, we'll leave it at Hodgkins.

WHOP! Director Daugherty's gavel falls limply to the table. "The meeting's adjourned! And so am I!" he says, which means that he has quit. However, that isn't official as yet, since it was done after the meeting. What meeting? Wellllll. (Listlessly reported.)

April 25, 1940...

The Round & Round We Go Club met again on Thursday. Why? QUIET! The Director Pro Tempore (Yerke) let drop the gavel on the table, and the meeting was in order. Minutes were called for. The Secretary gave a weak excuse to the Director that the minutes had been misplaced at home, but that they would surely be present next time. The Director F.T. gave the Secretary a dirty look, and the Librarian (Yerke) sat back and laughed and laughed, because he knew that the Director knew that the minutes had been misplaced all the time.

May 2, 1940...

Mr. Daugherty announced that he would run against Mr. Ackerman for the coveted position of Director of the LASFS, LASFL, LSP. By a vote of (?) to one, Mr. Daugherty became the latest President of the Latin-American-Like-League. We now have a whole host of ex-officers: Ex-Director, Ex-Ex-Director, Ex-Director Pro Tem, & Ex-Ex-Ex-Director, reelected. (Doubtfully Submitted.)

May 30, 1940. (Special Fifth Thursday Meeting)...

About 7:00 the first bell rang, betokening the first of the thunderin hoard. Opening the door timidly, I quickly closed it. Outside was a country bumpkin in a red hat. Something from an Egyptian tomb, in clothes. Dracula's Daughter. "Oh Well," I sighed, "I guess war isn't much worse," and I stopped aside to let them in. (A group of unsympathetic neighbors across the street were enjoying the situation immensely)

A picture was taken. Mr. Daugherty decided to assist the photographer in the manner of illumination. First taking the light and securing the illumination, he removed the Mazda Light and quite gaily proceeded to screw in the flash bulb. There was suddenly a blinding flash of light, a startled yelp from Mr. D., and fifteen cents had been spent. While the crowd was laughing, he must have turned the power off. The photographer seeing what had happened, quickly leaned over and pulled the switch which shut off the power, he thought. However, Mr. Daugherty having already turned off the power, the photographer's actions turned it back on again. Quite gaily, Mr. Daugherty commenced to screw in the light. Another blinding flash and startled yell. Fifteen cents had been spent. Members were in stitches.

The Entertainment Committee left for Hollywood to get foodstuffs. This little side excursion is of interest due to the effect that costumes had on the worthy burghers of Hollywood. When we assured the policeman that it was only a costume party, he let us continue on our way.

Comparative quiet reigned while partaking of the pastries. Then the dancing started again. Finally the jiving jivers were pulled out of the rut, er, the groove, and made to pose for a group shot. Announcers on the radio were now saying, "Good Morning, Kiddies."

Joquel: What do you clean your typewriter keys with, or do you?

Willmorth (reclining): With that dope on the floor.

Joquel: I'm afraid it may mangle you somewhat if I do.

June 6, 1940...

The meeting was called to order, and commenced with the pledge of allegiance-----er, what am I thinking of----commenced with the reading of the Minutes. (Since the word Minutes goes for one set, it is only obvious that Minutes should apply to two sets) At any rate, the Minutes were read, first for the meeting of two weeks prior to the meeting of June 6, or three weeks prior to the date of the reading of these, or two weeks prior to the date of the second set of minutes as of the date of the reading of these minutes, hereinafter printed above, or else a week after the date of the date above or two weeks before this date and a week before that, making a total of twenty-one days ago as of the date being read or a week later than the date printed above. After that the minutes of the meeting one week later than the minutes of one week before, or one meeting before the meeting for which these are being written or else two weeks after the date of the occurrence of the second set, or perhaps better located by saying one week after the week of the date printed above, and one week before that---in short, the week after the first set of minutes mentioned above were read. (You know, the house party)

Well,

they were accepted (both the minutes of one week before the house party or four weeks ago by date above, one week afterward, and the minutes of the house party taking place two weeks ago, or one before the date above, or a week after the first set of minutes taking place four weeks ago to the date above-----).

June 20, 1940...

Items included the announcement that the meeting of July Fourth happens to fall upon some obscure holiday, celebrating an occasion several centuries ago or less when some rebellious farmers and merchant men staged a revolt against the organized Government and set up an illegal affair which is today the champion of all status quos. Anyhow---it seems that everybody celebrates this occasion by blowing off fingers, ears, teeth, and eyes, so that finally we got around to making preliminary arrangements to final arrangements for a 4th of July Beach Party on the 4th of July. We were now puzzled by the strange actions of Mr. Ackerman, who shortly followed by the Librarian arose and dashed out of the Brown Room. They both came back shortly, and what ever Mr. Ackerman was toting was completely concealed by a large cloth held over the object by the Librarian. When they nonchalantly got as far as Morojo they suddenly stopped, whirled, stripped off the covering, and thrusting a cake in her face, they shrieked in her ear "Guten Nachmittag!"

Being of a

small stature, it was decided that the cake was too big for Morojo, so after some more scurrying, a knife, forks, and paper towels were produced and forthwith the cake was divided equally among those present.

Meeting, or whatever you want to call it, of July 4, 1940...

At the home of Hackerman, the fireworks were being discussed when a phone call was received, an S.O.S., to be exact, from Dishington & Party, who were trying to find the Ackerman House. They requested that something that they couldn't miss seeing be sent down to flag them in. Being a democratic organization, voting was taken, and Pogo, adorned in a sort of ridiculous beach attirement, was elected to act as light house. Dishington eventually docked.

We were now wondering if Hodgkins would be coming or not, so it was elected that he be called up. The first time, nothing but a series of Bronx Cheers could be heard, and the Secretary decided that if that's the way Hodgkins felt about the matter, we were glad he isn't coming. However, Michael Ellsworth enlightened the matter somewhat by explaining that the alleged "Bronx Cheers" were simply the "busy signal."

Beachward wending, the little party of hardy fans soon approached Santa Monica. Then, they froze in their tracks. What was that?? To all outward appearances, it was the Barrier, beyond which lay Coventry. Huge, wicked-looking fogs were inching in from the beach. Lights were turned on. Members began to wonder how we would know when we were at the shore. It was finally figured out that as soon as the fog started to leak in through the floor boards, we would be quite on the shore. The caravan kept closely together as they wend their way up the dunes.

Doors were quickly flung open, and the adventuresome party leapt out, to sink waist deep in the sand. Madly crawling forward, a few of the group got to the top of a plateau-like place, where it was decided to make camp, as at this spot one only sank in up to the knee bone. The food, the armoury of high explosives and what not were ferried up to the encampment, and a fire was started. Members now felt like the first explorers on a foreign planet. Sitting in the cool sands in a mist-en-shrouded world, with the sound of a vast ocean in the distance and the solitude of the desert around us, it was as cold and damp as hell, and if half the members don't show up with rheumatism or double-pneumonia it will be a miracle.

Lest the strange planet be invested with dangerous monsters, the armoury was opened and grenades were brought out. From across the lonely plains, a feeble beacon was seen. What manner of life held this beacon? Was it intelligent? At the same time large flashes of light and thundrous detonations from neighboring dunes betokened the fact that the

Yerke: Did you see that article in here about haemo-goblin?

Hoffman: NO! You mean L. Sprague deCamp's written another one of those pixie stories?

desert was alive with life. To demonstrate that we, too, were armed, members began to set off our own grenades.

When the works had been shott off, things died down awhile. With nothing to do, it was decided that the encompment of the of the habittues of this strange world be hailed. Answering yells were heard--IN ENGLISH! Mlle. Holliday faded into the gloom. Time passed, and she failed to return. A searching party was sent out.

The desertites were fascinated by our civilization's song, when expressed by Miss Holliday. After each series of song, they would give her a container of some sort of brew, labeled ECKERTS. Seeing that there wasn't any danger, the searching party returned. A short time later Miss Holliday returned.

With her, she brought a science of this race, of telling the physio-psychological complex of a person by the person's name. Whether this science was inspired more by the visit or the bottle, we were unable to tell.

Finally, after all the members and guests had been analyzed, Bradbury suggested that we go to some sort of Pier on the neighboring planet of Venus.

July 18, 1940...

The meeting was written in Andante time, starting out with a slow introduction in 3/4 time. A discussion on the futility of watermellon was held. A trumpet entered this slow movement and the tempo changed to a light Allegretto when Ackerman entered.

The tumpanni began to rumble, which meant that the tables were being re-arranged, and a peculiar noise from the Basson Comique section introduced Daugherty. A rasping on a bass viol was written into the theme to represent the minutes.

Now a Bacchanial lilt entered our Opus. There was to be a scientific-dinner. Nothing definite was done about it however.

August 1, 1940...

After the Forryspendence had been taken care of, a matter of \$3.50 was brought up, to be spent to secure a generally blank space in a convention booklet. Why the club should buy a blank space in the booklet is a perplexing problem. From all indications it will be a blank, for nothing to put into this half page has as yet been decided on.

About this time, Unser Fuehrer stalked through the door and a helluvaboo, erh--caugh cough--a hulabaloo arose.

August 15, 1940...

Supporting the belief of Einstein and simialar worthies who think in circles, or at least, think that the universe is a circle, we need only to refer to minute book (that Egyptian Rosetta Stone without the key, into which all happenings are entered but out of which it is quite impossible to glean the faintest idea of what occured at such and such a meeting without first consulting the Secretary as to just what in hell that particular sentence is supposed to mean) (in case you are now lost because of the lengthy parenthetical insertion, we are now picking up where we left off before going into the long parenthetical insertion) to find that local doings seem to travel in yearly cycles. In short, for no good reason we had eighteen present.

No one, hardly, expected the presence of Tom Wright and J.J. Fortier. However, the two chaps sitting on the wall side of the table were none other than Tom and J.J.

The matter of photographs at the beach party was brought up and all appeared to be going smoothly until that inquisitive chap Hornig asked for a detailed and technical account of why members were going to be soaked 6¢ per print. This led into a discourse which was quite a dark mystery to all present, and was an utter waste of wordage since the price will still be 6¢ a print.

Daugherty arose and began a long valedictory about Tom Wright & J.J. Fortier & The Mercury & The Comet & Dawn. ON and on. Yes, we know all about the magazine, and the hard struggles of our poor friends in cruel, isolated Northern California. All about the excessive cost of stencils. All about how Shangri-La watched these two struggling fans strive to produce a fan mag attempt. And then Director Daugherty related in tearful tones how ashamed we down in Shangri-La became. Here we are with a mimeograph and stencils, and there they are with nothing! And we all felt like dogs, depriving these two struggling youths of their chance to make a fan magazine. With magnificent compassion Director Daugherty told us how we had \$38.98 in the Treasury. What will we ever do with all that money? Wouldn't \$28.98 be enough? An awful sense of guiltiness crept through us. What right had we to \$38.98, when these two fellow fans had nothing! Such a situation was unbearable. Were we Wall Street Autocrats to sit calmly by with \$38.98 in the Treasury. NO! By all means no! Let us indeed give these struggling young publishers the sum of \$10 from the bulging coffers of our Treasury. As that great profit barolo Marxo once said: " 'Tis better to stand with only \$28.98 than to sit with \$38.98 while a fellow worker has nothing." This tremendous offer left everyone dumbfounded. Especially our visitors.

Gus: Gimme a sheet of paper and a pencil---I gotta think.

Morojo: So that's how its done. I've often wondered.

September 12, 1940...

It seems a common human trait to have an aversion to doctors. The doctor is the last person anyone wants to have a run in with, and here on the register we find that there was a doctor featured as the Guest of Honour. The fellow was named Dr. Edward Elmer Smith, Ph.D. Not only that, but he was given a seat at the executive head of the table. All very strange, until it was discovered that he had written some scientifiction stories in the past.

After Walt Daugherty got through introducing everybody to everybody, the Secretary arose and introduced Walt. Walt then arose and introduced our featured guest. Doctor Smith arose and in a witty manner told people how dull he was, that he didn't want to talk all night, and sat down.

Mr. Daugherty then re-arose and announced that Mr. Forrest J Ackerman, a visiting celebrity from Hollywood, California, would tell us all about the convention. Mr. Ackerman took Mr. Daugherty verbatim, and told us ALL about the convention. He took five minutes telling us about the time they arrived. Fifteen minutes on the Friday before the Chicon. Twelve and 1/2 minutes on the Saturday before the Chicon. Twenty minutes on the first day of the Chicon. Eighteen minutes on the Second day of the Chicon. Ten minutes on the day after the Chicon. And spent another fifteen minutes winding up his stay in Chicago. Everyone heaved a sigh as he got on the train for Los Angeles, and we were all there to see him off.

October 17, 1940...

Director Daugherty was no present, and therefore it was up to the Secretary to start the meeting. All eyes turned attentively on the Secretary, who proceeded to read the minutes. After they were through, Hodgkins sat blankly for a moment and then said: (quote) "They're not funny." (unquote) The Secretary replied that if nothing funny happened, how could the minutes be funny.

November 14, 1940...

FORM FOURTY SEVEN, the form which Bradbury, Joquel, Hornig, Crawford, & Yerke will fill out on Draft-Day, was passed around by communist, pacifist, coward, louse, slacker, (as he will eventually unjustly be called) Joquel. The five fore-going members of the club are already making plans for the Concentration Camp #5, Chapter S. F. L. when the day comes.

January 2, 1941...

As the Secretary had Laryngitis, Mr. Ackerman was called upon to render the records redundantly. After a false beginning, which was a malicious reflection upon the resounding, bell-like clarity and unimpeachable rhetoric of the Secretary, he assumed his own voice (thereby losing most of the touch that makes the minutes allegedly famous) and read the account.

January 23, 1941...

A By-law had been suggested to the effect that non-dues-paying members, ex-members, guests who keep coming on and on, etc., etc., be dealt with accordingly.

The discussions regarding this measure were as momentous to the SFL as the present Declaration of Near-War in the Congress is to that Corpse. Every conceivable, and a number of inconceivable items and angles, were thoroughly delved into by Joquel, Bradbury, Morajo, Hodgkins, etc., etc. The promulgator of the thing, to wit, Hodgkins, backed by the chief and most drastic supporters, Daugherty, Joquel, Ackerman & Yerke, became so harsh and unsympathetic to the pleas of the chief non-paying filchers present, Bradbury, Dolmatz, & the latest, Chamberlain, that the latter resister, Chamberlain, who had resigned this very meeting because he didn't want to pay dues, was eventually screaming and groveling on the floor, sobbing pitifully that "I'll pay my dues, I'll pay my dues! Anything! I'm sorry!"

After several hours, it seemed, of discussion, nothing definite was decided, except that there appeared to be so many exceptions to a flat, strict ruling, that a committee should be appointed to judge upon all cases of individuals who might be so hard up that they couldn't pay dues. Requirements which have to met before a person is judged sufficiently hard up to aboid paying dues were tentatively set at: 1/ An assessed yearly income of not over 10. 2/ A house that consists of, at the most, one large packing box on the Los Angeles River. (The person is allowed to keep one bundle of excelsior for bedding). 3/ No means of transportation save the large diget on the right hand. 4/ A minimum daily calorie consumption of 1500 calories. 5/ No job for the past five years. 6/ No living relatives who might be able to pay dues for him. 7/ Not more than one pair of pants, one ragged shirt (patches allowed), underclothes optional, no shoes, and only rags from the freightyards to bind feet with, one large and exceedingly dirty canvas for a coat, and 8/ A record of petty theft (due to starving condition) of not less than three counts.

When and if a person can qualify under these conditions, he will be allowed to come to meetings without paying dues, but, he will be unable to vote, unable to use club equipment at club rates, and unable to sit with the rest of the members. That is how the situation stood at the end of this meeting.

Doc: I hear it's rumored that Peggy Finn and Crawford were hitched.

Russ: Yes, so I hear---Fandom certainly is becoming united.

The Interregnum...

On March 20, 1941, Yerke pleaded lack of time to devote to being Secretary, and resigned, amid howls of protest. Joe⁴ II accepted the appointment on a strictly temporary basis. Then Ed Chamberlain held the post until his reports became both illegible and illiterate. Alojo then filled in for a few more weeks, and was followed by Walt Daugherty for about the same period. Then Russ Hodgkins joined the procession, and was followed by Daugherty. Jack Rhodes took over for a time, and Gus Willmorth took the books over from him.

When Willmorth was elected Director on May 28, 1942, a frantic quiz failed to reveal anyone who would willingly accept the post of Secretary. So Bruce, who happened to be in attendance that evening, was drafted for the position. His minutes for that meeting tell the story.

May 28, 1942...

Due to the fact that the Secretary didn't know all this was going to happen, the first half of the meeting is rather hazy, as all good meetings should be.

Main bout of the evening was the ever-tiresome task of electing a Director. Someone did nominate Willmorth, who clamped on his over-present hat even tighter. Being uncontested in the race, he received most of the votes.

First official action on the part of the Cholan Kid was to drag an old, slightly used Secretary out of the storage closet. Weak and dizzy with an array of afflictions rivaling John Barrymore himself, Yerke, veteran of many a year's battle with the club over the keeping of the minutes, once again received the position which he had vacated only a little more than a year ago after a three year incumbency. Yerke is now recumbant, usually upon his back.

So then we went to play miniature golf. Next installment of this thrilling story will be recounted next Thursday night and be sure to attend, or there will be so few around that nothing will happen.

Extra Special Activities Department (Picnic), July 5, 1942...

Confusion existing between God's time and Delano's time, and other confusions existing in the minds of the participants, which is to be expected anyway, brought two conflicting schools of thought into existence, one arriving an hour later than the other.

"My, I thought all along," genial Bob Hoffman deprecated, waving his nose in the air gaily, "that we were supposed to be here at 2:00."

"One," said Daugherty, a sweat bedraggled, broiled creature standing at bay after an hours wait.

Gus Willmorth complicated the scene no end. Daugherty, on hearing that there were some other fans on the top of the Southwest Museum set out to show these enlightened people where we ignorant ones were waiting. Willmorth set out hunting for Daugherty. Shortly thereafter Daugherty returned. They set out hunting for Willmorth. This caused a sort of long-distance merry-go-round which confused the elevator keeper no end.

When we got to the top of the elevator shaft, several Daugherties and Frechaifers got in and a number of Willmorth's and Yerke's got out and started looking for each other. This muddle was fixed up and no one noticed the difference. (P.S. It's done with mirrors.)

Food was abominable. The wieners (named American Stuffed Pig Intestines for patriotic reasons) were perpetually cold.

Conversation went from secret mutterings about Crawford to a discussion of Brahms' works. The Secretary left shortly and the page has run out. (ED. NOTE: So has this one), so, FINIS.

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