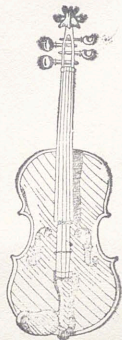


The "HEYDE-away"
134 North Valley Street
Burbank, Calif. 91505



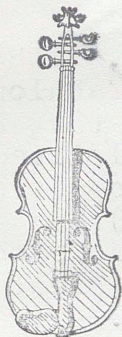
Bunny MacCulloch and June Mazer
3271 North Raymond Avenue
Altadena, California

91001



35A





The "hEYDE-away"
1134 North Valley Street
Burbank, Calif. 91505

August 15th, 1984

Hi, Bunny and June!

Thanks for your recent note, Bunny, identifying the man who posed beside me in the snapshot you took. I recorded his name, the date the picture was taken and the occasion on the back of the photograph. I like to do this, but have sometimes been lazy about it, much to my annoyance when I look at the snapshots years later and can not recognise the subjects or remember the occasion and date.

Yes, I would like to have the photo of just me that you mentioned, if you have an extra one. I do not have any black-and-white pictures of me as a Senior Citizen.

An amusing thing happened to me awhile back on my way from the Burbank (Magnolia Park branch) post-office. I would like to share it with you two, as I know you will get a laugh out of it. On my way to my car, I noticed a girl alight from a parked car. She wore a T-shirt with red printing on the front and I was startled to read:

"I'm the one your mother told you about."

As she marched briskly past me, I stopped dead in my tracks, my head swivelling to follow her progress. Yep, she was a gay gal, sportily attired in shorts, knee-length socks and sturdy shoes. As I turned around to resume my way, a second girl popped out from the car and said, "Cute shirt, eh?" to me. I think she expected some sort of negative response from me, as my hair was drawn back in an "old-maid" bun, I wore a faded housedress (I had been clearing the land in front of my cottage) and I probably looked

(flip it)

like a follower of Anita Bryant. I replied, with a hearty laugh, that I thought the shirt was fabulous and that I had a favourite T-shirt at home that had "Everybody Meows at My House" on it, since I lived alone with 18 cats. This girl then said she adored cats ("worshipped them" were her very words) and that she had 3. She then stuck out her hand, shook mine vigorously and immediately went into a print shop, outside of which we had been standing. I think she realised that she and her T-shirted friend had tickled the funny-bone of a kindred spirit, but did not know quite how to acknowledge the recognition. How I wish I could have gotten their names and address, as I would have liked to send them a notice about the upcoming Santa Monica Cat Club show in September, but what can one do in a case like that without appearing nosy? Anyway, I chuckled over the incident for many days afterwards.

Have you ever seen a T-shirt with that provocative message on it? Maybe they are quite common with the gay crowd and new to me because I don't get around much any more.

Cheerio for now!

Edythe