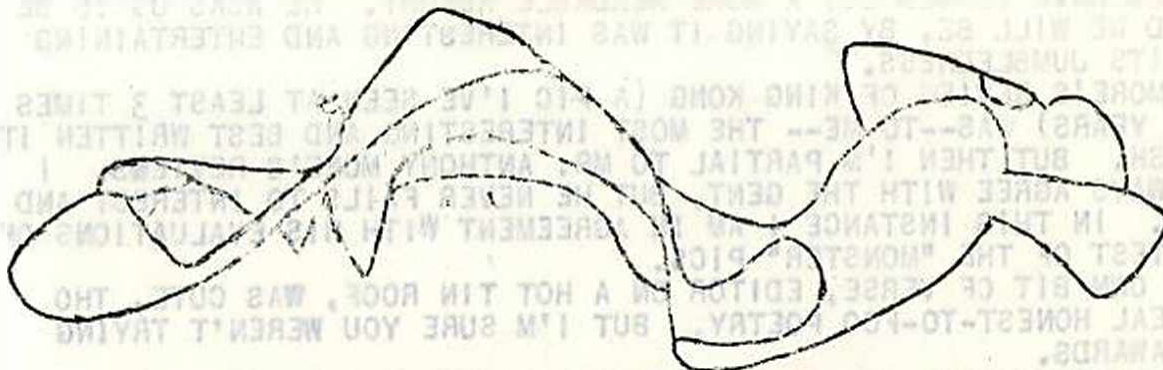


ALIRGAH S

A - L - R - G - N - A - S



LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT

WANTS PAMM TERM DARE WORSTED LADIE GULL HOE LIFT WETTER MURDER INNER LADLE
CORDAGE HONOR ITCH OFFER LODGE? DOCK, FLORIST, DISK LADLE GULL ORPHAN WORRY
PUTTY LADLE RAT CLUCK WETTER LADLE RAT HUT, AN FUR DISK RAISIN PIMPLE COLDER LADIE
RAT ROTTEN HUT.

WAN MOANING LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT'S MURDER COLDER INSET, "LADLE RAT ROTTEN
HUT, HERESY LADLE BASKING WINSOME BURDEN PARTER AN SHIRKER COCKLES. TICK DISK
LADLE BASKING TUTOR CORDAGE OFFER GROINMURDER HOE LIFTS HONOR UDDER SITE OFFER
FLORIST. SHAKER LAKE! DUN STOPPER LAUNDRY WROTE! DUN STOPPER PECK FLOORS!
DUN DAILY-DOILY INNER FLORIST, DRY WROTE AN YONDER NOR SORGHUM STENCHES. DUN
STOPPER TORQUE WET STRAINERS:"

"HOE-CAKE, MURDER," RESPLENDENT LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT, AND LICKEL LADLE BASKING
AN STUTTERED OFF.

HONOR WROTE TUTOR CORDAGE OFFER GROINMURDER, LADLE RAT TORREN HUT MITTEN
ANOMALOUS WOOF.

"WAIL, WAIL, WAIL!" SET DISK WICKED WOOF, "EVANESCENT LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT!
WARES ARE PUTTY LADLE GULL GORING WIZARD LADLE BASKING?"

"ARMOR GORING TUMOR GROINMURDER'S," REPRISAL LADLE GULL. "GRAMMER'S SEEKING
BET. ARMOR TICKING ARSON BURDEN PARTER AND SHIRKER COCKLES."

"O HOE! HEIFER GNATS WORM," SETTER WICKET WOOF, BUTTER TAUGHT TOMB SHELF,
"OIL TICKLE SHIRT COURT TUTOR CORDAGE OFFER GROINMURDER. OIL KETCHUP WETTER
LETTER, AND DEN - O BORE!"

2

SODA WICKET WOOF TUCKER SHIRT COURT, AN MINDY FETCHED A CORDAGE OFFER

GROINMURDER, PICKED INNER WINDOW. ON SORE DIETOR PORE OIL WORKING WORSE LION
INNER BET. INNER FLESH, DISK ABDOMINAL WOOF LIPPED HONOR RUT, LAUNCHED HONOR
PORE OIL WORKING, AND DABBED ERUPT. DON DISK RATCHET ARMOROL POT HONOR
GROINMURDER'S HUT CUP AND CNOT-GUN, AND CUPPLED OFF INNER BET.

INNER LADLE WILF, LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT A RAFT ATTAR CORDAGE, AN RACKER DOUGH
BALL. "COMB INK, SWEAT HARD," SETTER WICKET WOOF, DISGRACING IS VERSE.

LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT FETTER BET RUN, AND STUD BUYER GROINMURDER'S BET.

"O GRAMMER!" CRATER LADLE GULL HISTORICALLY, "WATER BAG ICER GUT! A NERVOUS
SAUSAGE BAG ICE!"

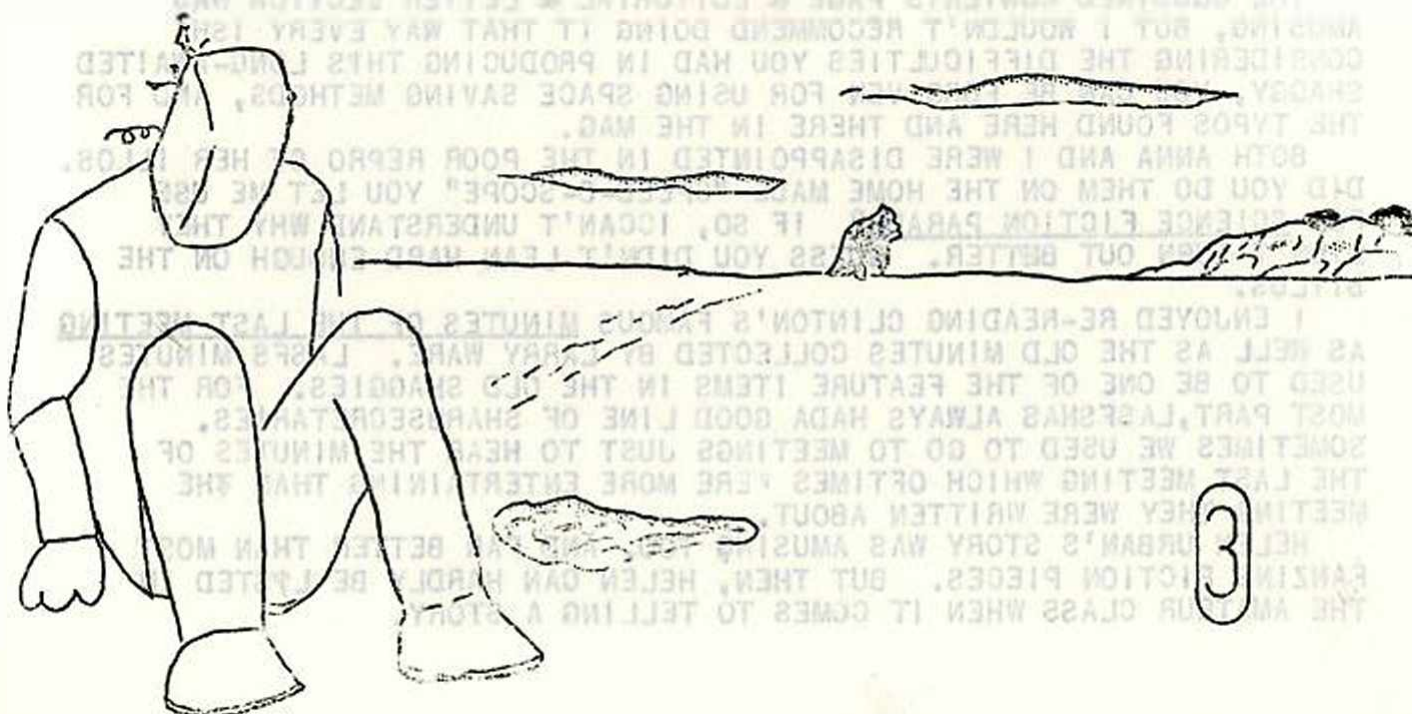
"BATTERED LUCKY CHEW WHIFF, SWEAT HARD," SETTER BLOAT-THURSDAY WOOF, WETTER
WICKET SMALL HONORS PHASE.

"O, GRATER, WATER BAG NOISIER GUT! A NERVOUSE SORE SUTURE BAG MOUSE!"

DAZE WORRY ON-FORGET-NUT LADLE GULL'S LEFT WANTS. OIL OFFER SODDEN, CAKING
OFFER CARVERS AND SPRINKING OTTER BET, DICK BOARD-HOARDED WOOF LIPPED OWN PORE
LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT AN GARBLED ERUPT.

MURAL: YONDER NOR SORGHUM STENCH'S SHUT LADLE GULLS STOPPER TORQUE WET
STRAINERS.

from the "Anguish Languish" by H.L.Chase(Prentiss Hall)



ONE THOUSAND MINUTES AGO selected by ANNA S. MOFFATT

We were located at 1055 Wilshire Blvd. on AUGUST 7, 1942. On this date, our leading member and fandom's Number One Face was inducted into the Army. Previously Mr. Ackerman was feted in the usual manner of the dear departing. The disposal of the magnificent...Ackerman...collection has already been widely publicised, but it will do no harm to mention here the worthy project of the Science Fiction Institute. If Forry is carried into actual combat and is thereby liquidated, one thousand dollars and the actual collection is to be the embryo of a Foundation dedicated to the preservation of Science Fiction.

AUGUST 16, 1942. Club members convened in the Ackerman garage to put the Collection in order.

DECEMBER 13, 1942. Milt Rothman's mag was run off, after which a small group of fans conducted ESP experiments with the Duke University parapsychology cards. Results were not extraordinary, though several encouraging scores were made.

JANUARY 3, 1943. After a dinner in Chinatown, members returned to the club to conduct experiments in ESP. (Apparently they were still trying to communicate with each other.)

JANUARY 10, 1943. Minutes of the previous meeting having been written by Sid Dean, who was not presently present, Bruce was forced to proceed with the reading. After omitting several passages which promptly raised a howl from the members, Director Freehafer ordered the passages read. After proceeding, interspersed with remarks such as "At this point Mr. Dean lapses into Sanscrit", the ordeal was completed. The meeting broke up early, last members out forgetting to turn off the gas heat which burned for two days, much to the annoyance of the landlady.

We then moved to 637 1/2 South Rixel Street.

APRIL 1944. Contrary to rumor Jimmy Kepner is still a dues paying member of LASFS.

OCTOBER 11, 1945. The condition of the mimeograph was discussed, this wayward machine having gone nuts and bolted a few days ago.

NOVEMBER 15, 1945. Treasurer Ackerman announced in reverent tones that the cash on hand amounted to \$52.13. I could not vouch for the intensity of the resultant gasp of delighted amazement as this startling news penetrated our brains, but I heard the next day that residents of Pomona complained of a violent windstorm.

MARCH 14, 1946. Director Hodgkins announced that meetings would commence at eight o'clock promptly, regardless of how many insisted upon being tardy.

Hodgkins thought that the rent paying body should be dissolved as not being democratic, and proposed a new constitution.

MARCH 21, 1946. Meeting convened at 8:11 P.M.

MARCH 28, 1946. Discussion of Russ Hodgkins' new constitution was postponed until next week.

APRIL 4, 1946. Meeting convened at 8:02 with ten present. Treasurer Ackerman reported only \$17.64 in the treasury. Discussion ensued on how to raise money for club maintenance.

MARCH 20, 1947. E. E. Evans, Director. 18 present. It was suggested that we should set a definite time for calling meetings to order.

MARCH 28, 1947. 21 present. Al Ashley reported further findings on the elusive Beverly Hills Fantasy Society which claims to have been in operation for 18 years. They send delegates every now and then to LASFS, said Al, but nobody knows who they are. They are always unfavorably impressed, and Al was requested not to disclose their place of meeting.

AUGUST 19, 1948. The committees of one reported on the places they had investigated in their search for a new club room. Eph Konigsberg reported that we could use the Echo Park building free, but the Park was a long way off, in a bad neighborhood, and we would have to be out by a specified time. Louise discovered we could use rooms in schools free--but we would all have to take non-communist pledges and salute the flag before each meeting. After various possibilities were considered we found but one place left: Park View Manor (where the Pacificon was held), at \$5.00 per night, with no publishing facilities or storage space.. We still had nearly a month so it was decided to wait.

AUGUST 26, 1948. Daugherty reported the rent had been lowered to \$40.00 per month, so we will stay.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1948. THE UNKNOWN MANUAL had made its much awaited appearance. The group, as might be expected, was delighted with the magazine. Walt Daugherty suggested that we send a telegram to Campbell, and this we did. QUOTE: "Unknown welcome sight. Congratulations on your fine format. Our members urge regular appearance. Please. Grand job by you and Cartier." (Signed) The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

And then we moved to 336 W. 31st Street...

OCTOBER 21, 1948. Jean Cox had the welcome news that Astounding would be out the next day, only ten days late. Dick Timmer called up the distributing company and said, "I'm president of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, and I would like to know why it is that Street & Smith's Astounding Science Fiction is always one week late!" They were impressed with the title and explained solitiously that the magazine was failing to arrive in time from back east.

MARCH 3, 1949. Dick Strauss called for and Louise Lopicer received a unanimous vote of thanks for her splendid work on the Fanquet. Everett himself had one objection. He reminded us that the Fanquet was supposed to be free as far as he was concerned, yet he had to put out two cents for a new razor blade to make himself pretty. And he wanted a refund. He got it too, although there were a couple of counter objections. Dick Timmer protested that the Shave had lasted, and therefore the club should only have to pay ~~77~~ half a cent, but that was ruled out. General consensus of opinion was that next time he needn't try to be so pretty.

We had been nearly a year at 1305 West Ingraham by.....

SEPTEMBER 21, 1950. Rick Sneary read an article from Newsweek on the 8th World Science Fiction Convention. It was mostly about Dr. F. P. Smith. In fact the only person mentioned in the same breath with him was God. The article was serious in nature, there being only one vaguely derogatory remark: The assistant manager of the convention hotel had remarked that he was sorry they had taken the convention, and "those fans are a queer lot and aren't good spenders."

OCTOBER 5, 1950. Forrest Acherman who'd seen Hubbard recently passed the information that he still loved us. Bill Cox who'd talked with him briefly the previous Monday had a modification to add: There were three members whom Hubbard would like to boil in oil, "if it weren't for the fact that it would give them more engrams."

NOVEMBER 16, 1950. Arthur Cox gave a rather abortive review of a fairly nice magazine, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, and Rick Sneary gave a fairly nice review of a rather abortive magazine—his opinion of FANTASY BOOK which he said contained stories which were "very left over".

JULY 5, 1951.. The meeting was called to order at 8:10 P.M. Treasury report by Paul Gordon who asserted that there was an unknown amount in the treasury and that the rent was paid. No minutes were available from the last meeting as the late secretary, Richard Terzian, was absent. I was given to understand that in a snit of rage and frustration at losing this job, Terzian had eaten his notes. This is really eating your words.

JULY 17, 1952. Chill thrill of the evening was provided by Treasurer Albert Fernhuter who announced that after spending \$50, there was \$42.82 in the treasury. Albert finally cleared things up when he said that he considered banking a form of spending. Agreement was finally reached on painting Frechefer Wall and \$7 paint cost was authorized.

JULY 24, 1952. Ah yes, there was bad news tonight. There was something significant when there was no response to the call for Old Business. In an organization that has always had Old Business, the lack of Old Business can only be a forerunning. No business is bad business at Frechefer Wall.

JANUARY 5, 1956. Convened at 8:40. 15 persons present. We elected a regularly attending member, Ray Capella, to be director. He hadn't heard about it, so Forry presided. The treasury report was a triumphant comeback from perilous leanness for Virginia reported we have \$45.30.

APRIL 26, 1956. We talked about movies, then got onto the miracle carburetor and pill in the water fuel hassle-- is it or isn't it a hoax. Most seemed to understand that it was a hoax. Zeke, a man of strong opinions, held out for something being fishy in Detroit. It was a logical step from there to nudism. We have settled the nudist question. Chairs are hard, itchy or slatted: grass tickles, sand grates, stones bruise, flies sit, and the sweat runs down the uncovered backbone. However, he who wishes to be uncomfortable, though rightmindedly bare, should look into the nudist question. He might see something there for him.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1956. Ed Clinton reported on the NON-CON, and is ready to throw another one. He said it was the neatest drunken party ever; only two broken glasses. Ted Johnstone reviewed the film, Diabolique, which was simple, but full of horror. He said the bronze lion used to weight down the corpse could have been clay or metal—but not cast in Hollywood. Close ups of the corpse

showed excellent make-up work—he hoped.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1956. In the absence of all officers, the proletariat took over control of the 994th meeting. Helen Urban, ad director pro tem, convened the session at 8:50 P.M. Gene Hunter volunteered to act as secretary, while Virginia Will substituted as treasurer. Opportunists suggested numerous club improvements that could be made in the absence of officers....

OCTOBER 11, 1956. At Tippi's, after the meeting, someone asked Forry if we would have a birthday cake with 1000 candles at our 1000th Meeting. Forry said the club could afford only 500 candles, but we would burn them at both ends.

A FAREWELL TO SHAGGY

/editorial/

This issue of Shaggy is the second that I have edited and will probably be the last that I will have a hand in for a long time to come. I had planned to have this issue out within 3 months of the lastone; however, due to school, money, and the acquisition of a wife, it has been somewhat delayed. I would like to express my regrets for not attending L.A.S.F.S. during this period but perhaps this summer I may be able to see my way clear to go. I would also like to thank all my friends who have helped me to put out Shaggy: Ed Clinton, Jessie Wilt, Rick Sncary, Len and Anna Moffatt, Eleanor (my Wife), and everyone who has contributed material.

For those who have been baffled up to now about the procedure to use on reading this magazine the following instructions should help:

ALL STORIES AND ARTICLES ARE CONTINUIOUS, AND CAN BE READ BY STARTING WITH- " ONE THOUSAND MINUTES AGO " , AND READING EACH RIGHT HAND PAGE IN ORDER: 1,2,3,4,etc, AND THEN TURNING IT OVER WHEN THE END IS REACHED AND READING EACH LEFT HAND PAGE.

*** P.C. TURNER, 14 w. Pleasant, L.B. Calif.

Ed. note... I have no idea of how I got this story or where it came from. L.M. disclaims any knowledge of it. I discovered it on my desk one day and since it is well done decided to print it. As for me I don't know what to believe; anyway, who really knows what the future holds???

I REALLY DON'T BELIEVE IT... (by Len J. Moffatt)

and no one, by Foo, is going to make me believe it! I'm sitting here, locked in Forry's garage, surrounded by vast quantities of sf books and maps and pics--and a large cardboard statuette of Marlene Dietrich. The way I feel right now, she's the only thing in here worth looking at. I'm completely disgusted with sf, fantasy, and anything fannish. A joke is a joke, and I used to like jokes and gags and fannish humor-- but this thing has gone too damned far.

Foory on Hugo Gernsback! There--I wrote it, and I'm glad. (Glad I found this old typer out here too) If anything drastic does happen to me-- and I really don't believe it will happen-- but IF anything does...well, maybe I can leave this as a message or a warning...a revelation of what a stupid bunch of jerks fans can be--when they let their so-called sense of humor drive them to extremes.

Imagine...locking me in here, and telling me all that crud about aliens....and 1958....Did they stay awake nights thinking up the gag? I'll say this for them: they certainly plotted out well...

Foory and Campbell and his psi stuff....that's partly the basis for their gag.....I always thought I could take a joke as well as the next guy....but this is too much....

It all started (for me) with the invitation. A gathering at Ackerman's place. Anna, Rick and I drive over in Rick's car. Rick won't let me drive. Anna says she doesn't feel well enough to drive, and they both act kind of funny. Unusual, that is. They hardly talk to me and after a while I give up trying to make conversation. Rick takes the freeway, and drives like a demon. They sure worked hard at building up a feeling of foreboding. But I pretended to ignore it.

When we arrived, only a few persons were present. That was odd too, for a gathering at Forry's usually means that upwards of 50 persons will be present. No refreshments either. They just sat around and looked at me. I didn't know what I was expected to do, so I didn't do anything. I was dying with curiosity, but I refused to "bite". Conversations were forced and dull. I thought I knew everyone there, until I noticed the stranger. Except he didn't look strange. Something familiar about him. Not a bad looking guy, slim, about my height. I wondered why Forry or Wendy hadn't introduced him. Probably assumed we all knew the guy. Maybe I had met him before. He certainly looked like someone I should know, but I decided to take a chance on being embarrassed and walked over to where he was standing beside the piano.

"I'm Len 'Moffatt' I said, sticking out my hand. "I don't think we've met..." "I know who you are," he said, ignoring my hand. "Who you really are..." His

voice, more than what he said, sent little chills down my spine. They didn't have strength enough to work their way back up. Just little chills. His voice sounded almost exactly like mine. I studied him a bit, somewhat embarrassed, not knowing what to say in reply. Yes, he did resemble me quite a bit, including the moustache and glasses. He wore a cheap suit and a torn shirt, but otherwise we might have been mistaken for each other. I began to catch on.

"So this is the gag," I laughed. "Who are you anyway?"

"offatt," he said. "The real Len Woffatt. You know what you are so we may as well stop the pretense and get down to cases. Grab him, boys!"

I was grabbed, rather violently, by Stan Woolston and Paul Turner. "Don't let the get away!" snarled Snecary. This shocked me more than the roughhouse tactics. Rick rarely swears in the presence of ladies.

"OK," I grinned, showing I could take a joke. "What's the gag?"

"You get gagged, if you don't keep quiet and listen," said the stranger. You know why I'm here. Surprised that I escaped and came back to claim what's mine, aren't you? I wouldn't have dared go this far with it, I would have stayed in hiding after my escape, but my friends here have a way to take care of you and your masters..."

"My masters?"

"Shut up, you fake! You stinking android!"

"Say," I said brightly. "Is this being taped? Might make a good show to play at a LASFS meeting or the next Westerncon. Only trouble is—I feel completely unrehearsed."

"Oh, come off it," snapped Anna. "We've had enough of your fakery. I know you're not my husband. I'm trying not to be resentful against you personally; because I know you are just a tool for them. But don't try to tell us you are ignorant of what's happening here. Don't play innocent. We have you now, and since we can't go to the authorities..."

"Why not?" I grinned.

"You know why not," said Forry, vehemently. (This was the biggest shocker of them all. Forry, burning up with anger and loathing. I hadn't seen him that way since the feuds in the old days of fandom.) "No one would believe us, and the only way to prove you're not a real human, is to have you taken apart..."

"And that probably wouldn't do any good," said the stranger. "They probably duplicated all of the interior organs too, and although that's not what makes him tick, it probably looks like the organs are really working. They are so far beyond us in science and invention... well, it's almost unbelievable."

"It sure is," I said. "But when do we get to the punch line? I hate to say this, lads, but you're hurting my arms. Let's not play this too realistic."

Snecary walked up to me and gave me a long look. I wagged my brows at him. It didn't get a smile. "Maybe he doesn't know..." said Rick, slowly. "Maybe they've fixed him so he really thinks and believes he is Len."

"Maybe," said the stranger. "But what difference does it make? I've proven that I'm the real Woffatt, that he is an imposter, that his body contains a gimmick that'll blow Los Angeles to hell, and that it's up to us to destroy him and them. You all said you had a way to do it; let's not waste any more time..."

"Just a minute, buddy!" I interrupted. "What proof

do you have? I've known most of the people here for over ten years. If this is a contest to test my memory, I can recount fanzine history as far back as 1939, and give you more detailed accounts of LA fandom for the past ten years. Is that the game we're playing?"

"You didn't know about South Gate in '58!" said Rick, accusingly. "They slipped up, which shows they're not entirely perfect, and that didn't get into your memory bank. Everything else was there, everything we could think of. Anna and I have been testing you for days---ever since Len showed up at my place and howled me over with his revelation. He knew about '58...and everything else, at least up until the time he was taken and replaced by you--in September..."

"Wait a minute," I said. "I got the picture now. I remember you asking me just a few days ago what ideas I had for South Gate in '58. Of course I don't know anything about it. Neither did anyone else until you or Stan or someone rigged up this gag. Anyway, if you want to be serious, anyone knows that the idea of a world convention in South Gate is perfectly ridiculous."

"That proves it isn't Len!" roared Woolston. Boy, were they hammering it up. Woolston never roars. Most soft spoken men for his size I know.

"Lock him in the garage," suggested Turner. "But my collection..." complained Forry.

"Only safe place to put him," said my so-called other self. "Anyway the way we plan to dispose of him won't harm your collection. Might get a little blood on a few mags, but..."

"Oh well," shrugged Anna. "It isn't real blood."

I had to laugh. The hammer they got, the funnier it seemed. Before I could say or do anything more, they hauled me outside and locked me in here. So here we are, me and Marlene, and hundreds of mags, and a beat-up typer, waiting for the next stage of this crazy practical joke. Sooner or later, they will have to let me out of here. I'm getting pretty hungry, that's for sure. I had expected to eat at Forry's...

I don't know how much time has passed, as I don't wear a watch. Must have been two hours anyway. But just a minute ago the garage door opened and some of them come in to stare at me. I decided to play it cool and am going on with my typing. I don't think it's so funny anymore. I get irritable when I'm hungry. There they stand...Anna, Rick, Stan, Forry, Paul, Barney...oh hell, why list them all...why give them ego--boo for a silly trick like this...maybe now they are too embarrassed to speak...the stranger is with them...he's helping Stan hold some kind of a hoked up little gadget...right out of a cheap stfilm...I just asked them why they didn't plug it in and get it over with...well now, it seems it is powered by their minds...by the intensity of their great thoughts...what happens now? A squirt of water in my face, assuring it is a glorified water pistol? A puff of powder in my nose? A sudden bang to make me jump? I asked them all this as I typed and they say, no, it is silent and will work instantly and I won't feel a thing...they say it will reverse the bomb thing I carry inside me...that my body will dissolve, and that the bomb will be teleported to the alien ship...hovering near Earth, where it will explode and destroy the last of a great but evil race...seems the "real Len" stole some of their know-how before he escaped...I should have brought a shovel with me; it's getting pretty deep in here now...Rick just said they'd have to destroy whatever I was writing, but my counterpart said no, he would take it and claim it as his own piece of fiction..."Maybe I can use it in Shaggy," said Turner...."This is a hell of a way to get someone to write something for a fanzine," I cracked.

I just asked them where we were going to eat or did Forry have something? "Let's get it over with," said Forry.

They are raising their arms now, and staring at me as though in deep concentration...except for the stranger and Stan who are slowly turning something on the gadget...Everyone is silent and looking like characters out of a Grade C suspense movie....I think I'll stop writing, and get up and walk out to the car...break this thing up before it gets any sillier, if that's possible.. Terry just broke the silence: "Are you sure he won't dribble all over my nags?" he asks...Anne smushes him, and they all begin to stare at me again.

Of all the

silly, stupid, ridicul

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The Tenth Annual West Coast Science Fiction Conference.

(Westercon X)

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DIRECTORS REPORT,

This Mid-term report wouldn't be much to base an election on. As a record of achievements the most enjoyable was the Non-Con., held over the Labor Day weekend at Ed Clinton's. All thanks are, however, due to Mr. Clinton, as originator of the idea, and for supplying the site and most of the work. Approximately 50 members and their families showed up Saturday for the picnic. Somehow, some fake-non-conventioners managed to sneak in such convention-like activities as poker games, group singing, drinking beer, and arguing politics. (Though it was US rather than fannish.) A dozen or so solid souls stayed over Saturday, and were not fully routed till late Sunday. We hope that the Non-Con is now well established as a local custom.

The other notable achievement of my administration is the solving the high rent, low attendance problem, by raising the dues per meeting to 50¢. It was passed with remarkably little opposition. Our only alternative was to move. As we couldn't find any place that rented for less, that we could have all to our selves, we would have had to meet some place on a one-night-a-week basis. This we could have found easily, and for free, but no one wanted to move. The argument being that (a) this address was well known, (b) we had too much money invested in the current place. The people that wanted to move had little argument except to want to get out of the smelly and depressing old dump, with its dumpy management.

Only 13 members bothered to answer my poll of program preferences in the last issue. The idea was to list a number of types of programs, and for the member to rate on a one to ten scale how he felt about each. The results being used as a guide, theoretically by me, to plan more interesting meetings. It seemed that some liked everything, and everything was not liked by at least someone. The results were..Book Reviews: 7.62. Magazine Reviews: 7.15. Movie Reviews: 6.69. Time limit on reviews was 7½ minutes. Professionally-made shot movies rated 7.85, with ones by amateurs 7.23. Recordings of talks: 6. Recordings of s.f. programs: 7.39, and records by fans: 5.31. Fan plays or programs: 6.75. Talks by Fan on their Job or Hobbies: 6.23, by them on other subjects: 5.92. Talks by Pros on themselves and works: 7.39, and about other things, 6.54. Debates: 7.31. Discussions: 8. So -- we like discussions, book reviews, and professionally-made movies.

Our next big goal will be the 1000th Meeting, October 25. We will have the Old Guard there to talk about the old days. Reviews of the "Classics". Talks by Pros. (Perry has already gotten Bradbury's assurance that he will be there.) Plus games, prizes, refreshments, and entertainment. Seriously, we have received some very nice announcements in the pro-mags, and hope to have local newspaper coverage. The Program Committee will do its best to put on a show that will live up to all this. But its real success will depend on how many of the old members show up. We hope it will be more that we have room for.

Rick Sneyry

September 30, 1956

JUST A MINUTE

(Being Excerpts From the Minutes of Recent LASFS Meetings)
July-October, 1956

(Note: The July election at LASFS brought in a new slate of officers: Rick Sneary, Director. Barney Bernard, Treasurer. Forry Ackerman and Len Moffatt, Senior and Junior Committeemen, respectively, and Steve Ten Eyck, Secretary. Steve had to resign as Secretary in September due to the pressure of his job, his schooling and his girl friends. Len Moffatt and Anna Sinclair Moffatt were elected to replace him in the secretarial post.)

984th Meeting, July 5th, 1956: Rick Sneary accepted the gavel, assuring us that he will not function as a leader or innovator, but as a co-ordinator and dictator. Suggestions were asked for the 1000th Meeting. Rick suggested we all bring crying towels and weep over the times gone by.... (ST)

985th Meeting, July 12: No minutes were read as there were none from the last meeting. Also no treasurer's report as the treasurer was not in attendance. The rent situation was discussed. It was suggested we get a rich sponsor to hand out scotch to every member that paid his dues. Question: What would entice non-alcoholic Forry to come? Answer: "The drunken girls." (ST)

986th Meeting, July 19: Rog Phillips and wife, Honey, were guests. Three cheers and a tip of the old hat were given Paul Turner. Paul, hero first class, had brought out the first issue of Shangri LA in three years. The meeting was adjourned for five minutes to give everyone a chance to look over the fanzine that had been three years in the making. Paul then gave a report, stating that he needed three things for Shaggy: (1) Money, (2) Material, and (3) More money for postage. (He still does--ljm) Donations were requested..... A motion was passed to raise the dues to 50¢ a meeting, in order to make our rent each month.....Someone moved that we start a fight. Motion was seconded, but was tabled by the Director. (SM)

987th Meeting, July 25: No minutes available (ST)

988th Meeting, August 2: Director Sneary reported that 40¢ had been collected the previous week for the Shaggy fund.....Rick passed the word that Western X would probably be held in the Hotel Znickerbucker in Hollywood in 1957. The manager is a stiff. If it proves to be a good spot, we may use it for the world convention in--1958!.....Sometime during the meeting, Larry Ware made a remark which Barney Bernard demanded be included in the Minutes: "I feel more like I do now than when I came in." (ljm pinchhitting for ST)

989th Meeting, August 9: There were 12 persons present at the beginning of the meeting and I think about 15 when it ended. Damned prolific, these fans..... A Panel Discussion entitled, "The Future of What We Live In," gave Larry Ware, Helen Urban, Rick Sneary, Anna Sinclair Moffat and Forry Ackerman a chance to air their views of the subject of houses, cities and other dwellings of the future. The other members got in on the act too and Len J. Moderator was hard-put to keep order. Anyway, it was lively. (ljm p-h for ST)

990th Meeting, August 16: Steve Ten Eyck resigned as Secretary and the Moffatts took over, winning by a margin of only one vote over the other nominee, George W. Fields.....The coming NON-CON was discussed. Members are to bring their own chow and drink to the Keagel Canyon residence of Ed. V. Clinton, Jr. over the Labor Day weekend....There was an interesting, is somewhat involved discussion of the threacklock as compared to the precblicator when remished with the oulnolmoticuletto structure of the dehymanated trembolanicus. It was unanimously agreed that this was quite true, and on this scientific note the meeting ended at 9:35 P.M. (ljm)

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LT. A.L. HEARNHUTER
23RD. BOMB SQ(H) BOX 96
TRAVIS A.F.B. CALIF.

SITTING HERE BEHIND MY DESK WITH ALL SORTS OF WORK TO DO, BUT WHEN SHAGGY CAME IN I DROPPED IT ALL--I'D BEEN LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE ANYWAY.

AS THE LAST EDITOR BEFORE THIS CURRENT ONE, I FEEL THAT A COMMENT FROM ME IS DUE.

EGO-BOO-WISE, THIS SURE IS A SWELL ISSUE. FOUND MY NAME FOUR TIMES, AND KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY, FOUND MY SISTER'S NAME ONCE AND MY BROTHER-IN-LAW'S THRICE. ALSO OLD NAMES FROM TIMES GONE BY KEPT POPPING UP. IT WAS ENJOYABLE READING ALL THOSE OLD MINUTES, BUT THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH ELSE OF NOTE IN SIGHT.

ED CLINTON'S MINUTES OF THE 785TH MEETING (A CLASSIC!) WAS OF COURSE THE MOST ENJOYABLE PART OF THE WHOLE THING.

I SAW, SIR, A SAUCER, BY PIKE PICKENS WAS MOST ENJOYABLE. I THOUGHT MR. PICKENS HAD PASSED ON LONG AGO. MAYBE YOU CAN HAVE SOME OF HIS MORE ENJOYABLE OPERA IN LATER ISSUES. I SEEM TO REMEMBER ONE ABOUT A GARBAGE COLLECTOR OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

TIME TO GET BACK TO WORK, LEST THE COLONEL CHOP OFF MY HEAD.

LEN J MOFFATT
5969 LANTO STREET
BELL GARDENS 58, CALIF.

IT IS, OF COURSE, NICE TO SEE AN ISH OF SHANGRI-LA AGAIN. CAP-ELLA'S COVER WAS QUITE TYPICAL OF THE OLD STYLE SHAGGY COVERS... I'M GOING WAY BACK WHEN I SAY "OLD STYLE"...BY THAT I MEAN IT WAS WELL-EXECUTED AND NOT TOO BADLY MIMEO'D.

THE COMBINED CONTENTS PAGE & EDITORIAL & LETTER SECTION WAS AMUSING, BUT I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND DOING IT THAT WAY EVERY ISH. CONSIDERING THE DIFFICULTIES YOU HAD IN PRODUCING THIS LONG-AWAITED SHAGGY, YOU CAN BE FORGIVEN FOR USING SPACE SAVING METHODS, AND FOR THE TYPOS FOUND HERE AND THERE IN THE MAG.

BOTH ANNA AND I WERE DISAPPOINTED IN THE POOR REPRO OF HER ILLOS. DID YOU DO THEM ON THE HOME MADE "SPEED-O-SCOPE" YOU LET ME USE FOR SCIENCE FICTION PARADE? IF SO, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DIDN'T TURN OUT BETTER. GUESS YOU DIDN'T LEAN HARD ENOUGH ON THE BTYLUS.

I ENJOYED RE-READING CLINTON'S FAMOUS MINUTES OF THE LAST MEETING AS WELL AS THE OLD MINUTES COLLECTED BY LARRY WARE. LASFS MINUTES USED TO BE ONE OF THE FEATURE ITEMS IN THE OLD SHAGGIES. FOR THE MOST PART, LASFS HAS ALWAYS HAD A GOOD LINE OF SHARP SECRETARIES. SOMETIMES WE USED TO GO TO MEETINGS JUST TO HEAR THE MINUTES OF THE LAST MEETING WHICH OFTIMES WERE MORE ENTERTAINING THAN THE MEETING THEY WERE WRITTEN ABOUT.

HELEN URBAN'S STORY WAS AMUSING TOO, AND FAR BETTER THAN MOST FANZINE FICTION PIECES. BUT THEN, HELEN CAN HARDLY BE LISTED IN THE AMATEUR CLASS WHEN IT COMES TO TELLING A STORY.

FERRY'S WESTERSON REPORT WAS OBVIOUSLY TURNED OUT IN A RUSH. IT CONTAINED THE ACKERMAN PERSONALITY, BUT GIVEN MORE TIME I'M SURE MR. S.F. WOULD HAVE TURNED OUT A MORE READABLE REPORT. HE ASKS US TO BE KIND, AND WE WILL BE, BY SAYING IT WAS INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING DESPITE ITS JUMBLEDNESS.

MR. MORE'S REVIEW OF KING KONG (A PIC I'VE SEEN AT LEAST 3 TIMES OVER THE YEARS) WAS--TO ME-- THE MOST INTERESTING AND BEST WRITTEN ITEM IN THE ISH. BUT THEN I'M PARTIAL TO MR. ANTHONY MORE'S REVIEWS. I DON'T ALWAYS AGREE WITH THE GENT, BUT HE NEVER FAILS TO INTEREST AND TO AMUSE. IN THIS INSTANCE I AM IN AGREEMENT WITH HIS EVALUATIONS OF THE GREATEST OF THE "MONSTER" PICS.

YOUR OWN BIT OF VERSE, EDITOR ON A HOT TIN ROOF, WAS CUTE, THO HARDLY REAL HONEST-TO-FOO POETRY. BUT I'M SURE YOU WEREN'T TRYING FOR ANY AWARDS.

OLD PIKE'S FLYING SAUCER SONG SOUNDS BETTER WHEN IT IS SUNG. IN COLD PRINT IT LOSES SOME OF ITS CHARM, I'M AFRAID. NOT THAT I'M BIASED OR ANYTHING, YOU UNDERSTAND.

WHAT TO DO IN FUTURE ISSUES OF SHAGGY?--THAT'S THE NEXT QUESTION. WELL, AS I HINTED ABOVE, PUBLISHING THE LASFS MINUTES WHEN THEY CONTAIN STUFF OF INTEREST TO READERS OUTSIDE OF THE CLUB IS A GOOD IDEA.

Look, he just discovered two page thriteens. ljm

The next issue will be edited by the newest volenter to be trapped into the job. A fine lad, name of George W. Feilds. George W. Feilds is at present the Sec. of LASFS, and is planning a gala reprint issue. Nothaving to ask fans for material, the next issue maybe out sooner than we expect..

rms. 5/4/57

Yes, and that's unlucky. nt

For the past eight years a little band of fans -- true believers in FooFoo, and sometime members and Directors of LASFS -- have had a dream. Fandom is somewhat a world of dreams, but this one was something new. New, in that it looked into the foreseeable future and made plans, and then kept on talking about them. We referr ofcourse to the OUTLANDER SOCIETY, and its dream based on the slogan "SOUTH GATE IN 58!". But it has been the dream of The Outlanders and their friends long enough. Now we want all fandom to be apart of it. Already the more active fans of the area are part of the Planning Committee. Naturally LASFS has it's share in the planning, (and ofcourse later on in the work). But as readers of Shaggy, we want you to take part in it too. Join the Convention Society, after it is formed in Sept., send the Committee your ideas and suggestions. And plan to attend the Convention in 1958.

Your 1958 Convention Chairlady will be Anna Moffatt
5969 Lanto Street, Bell Gardens, Calif.

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991st Meeting, August 23: The meeting was adjourned at 9:53, and we all went to Tippi's (our favorite local restaurant) where Forry regaled us with tales of his life with the movie queens. (ljm)

992nd Meeting, August 30th: The Secretary was chastised by two of the members for including after-meeting doings in the Minutes. The Secretary objected to these objections and stated that he would call 'em like he SAW 'em, regardless. Gene Hunter was appointed head of the poker committee. Games are to be held in his home, with a percentage of the pot going to LASFS Treasury. A worthy cause, indeed... Ed Clinton passed out maps showing the way to the WON-CON. (ljm)

993rd Meeting, September 6: It was announced that Mel Hunter had a two-page spread about Mars in The American Weekly. It was pointed out that Mel has also painted the club room floor--with Barney Bernard.... Ed Clinton reported on the WON-CON; said it was the neatest drunken party ever--only two broken glasses. (ASM)

994th Meeting, September 13: In the absence of all officers, the proletariat took over. Opportunists suggested various club improvements that could be made in the absence of officers. (Reduction of dues, moving to Alhambra, adopting the Chesley Donovan foundation & new constitution, etc.) Nothing was accomplished, however. Wendy Ackerman read a report from Forry about Mycon II. (Gene Hunter pinch hitting for the Moffatts)

995th Meeting, September 20: 24 present to hear Forry's in-person Mycon report, which made for a lively and interesting meeting.... Committees were appointed for the 1000th Meeting Celebration. Sneery, the Moffatts and Ackerman--Program. Helen Urban, George W. Fields, and newcomer Ernie Foscy--Decorations. Jessie Wilt--Refreshments.... Sec'y announced that the 2nd issue of SCIENCE FICTION PARADE was available... (ljm)

996th Meeting, September 27: It was announced that old member Ray Bradbury would be permitted to say a few words at the 1000th Meeting. Progress was reported on the Program for this upcoming gala affair... The Director had taken a poll on what the club preferred to have at their weekly meetings, and announced the results, as follows: Discussions; Pook, mag and movie reviews; short professional-made movies. ... Sec'y read a letter from Ireland's famous Walt Willis. Walt and his friends overseas are overjoyed that London coped the bid for the 1957 world convention, as this means that South Gate in '58 is a sure thing now. It seems they are eager for LA to have the '58 world convention as we are.... (ljm)

997th Meeting, October 4, 1956: Guests included Mark Clifton, Frank Riley, Frank Quatrochi and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Merwin, Jr. Business was quickly dispensed with so the professionals present could talk..and they sure did. Merwin was asked to speak first and he did, briefly and modestly, about his own initiation into the stf field. Clifton then told of how hard it was to try to sell a stf story which contained a new idea, instead of the 10 or 12 acceptable themes. Others disagreed and a hairy discussion followed with all the pros (save Riley) and most of the members joining in. This was one of the three best meetings in the past four months. (The other two being the Panel Discussion and the meeting featuring Forry's off the cuff Mycon report.) The above-mentioned discussion was carried over to the after-meeting at Tippi's, where we found Gene Hunter and later on, Kris Woville. The last thing your Sec'y remembers as he departed from Tippi's was seeing Kris and Sam Merwin moving in the direction of the bar. (ljm)