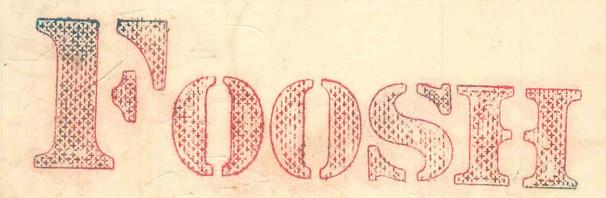


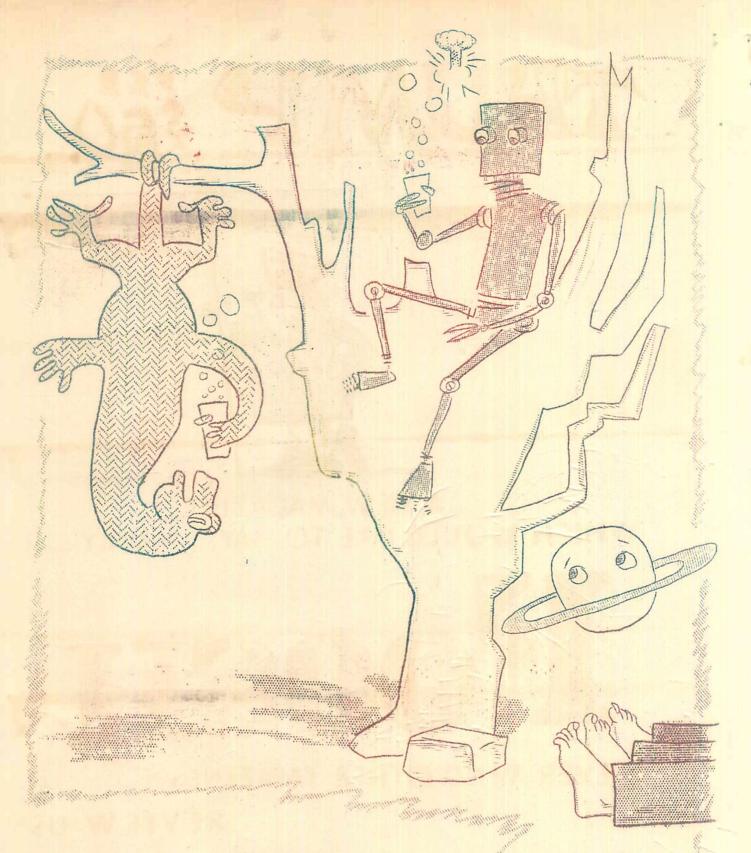


WHICH WOULD LIKE TO SAY ... MAINLY



NEVER MIND OTHER FAPAZINES -

REVIEW US



## LEE SHAW LARRY SHAW

That's the way the distinguished-type editors might introduce liquored gentlemen. Nevertheless, they can numb

your mind.

Remember, snog in the fog with a bottle of Blog...
And read TRUMP...it's MAD...

it leaves you breathless like ether-

A. J. BUD.RYS



## OH THE GLORY OF A ONE-SHOT SESSION

Theoretically this is a one-shot session. It didn't really begin as one. It is a case of several fan-types sitting around and one of them saying, "Let's put out a one-shot." When the laughing died down, the three fan-types involved found themselves draped in stencils, surrounded by obliterine, and madly urging each other on to begin the cutting. Well, I began.

A.J., looking rather sad (probably because it was he who said "Let's put out a one-shot") has risen and taken stencil in hand. He seats himself at the Noiseless and from that corner I hear the sounds of typing.

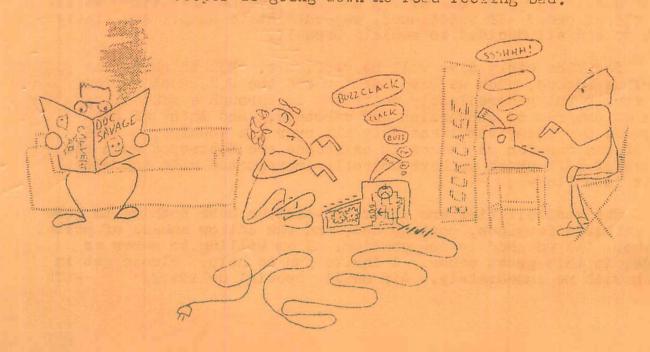
Larry is settled on the sofa reading Doc Savage under the pretext of being unable to work on the one-shot due to a typewriter shortage.

The kaput phono has been urged into rendering some Clarance Cooper, at the moment a very nice chain gang item. The TV has its big eye shut and is ignoring us.

A.J. is complaining because the "i" on the Noiseless doesn't work.

I am considering what the put on the phono next.

Larry is wondering whether Monk will outwit Ham, or vi-va. Clarance Cooper is going down the road feeling bad.



The time has come for fandom to secede from the United States Post Office!

For many long, weary years now we have put up with the intelerable conditions forced upon us by our continuing subservience to this dictatorial institution. Yes-subservience! Although history makes it clear that the Founding Fathers originally intended the Post Office to be the servant of fandom, the situation has been exactly reversed. Our proud history has been all but forgotten, the freedom our brave ancestors fought for has been lost, and we who were once the masters have become the servants. Servants? Nay-slaves!

In recent years, fans have not dared speak of this, for fear of reprisals, but it is clear that every fan worthy of the name have occasionally thought of it. Perhaps an especially daring young fan has even gone so far occasionally as to consider the possibility of breaking off all diplomatic relations with the Post Office. However, we live in a climate of fear, and instead of giving voice to such an idea, each of us has undoubtedly reconsidered, and decided that if we did break off with the PO, we wouldn't be able to write letters or send fanzines to each other any more!

This isn't necessarily so!

Courage and long-range planning are called for-yes, and time-binding! What we must do, first, is to set up an underground post office of our own. There will be problems, of course; financing the operation will be difficult, as will be keeping it secret from the FBI. I feel sure, however, that these problems can be solved. Fans are already famous for switching jobs often, and for the amount of traveling they do; what unimaginative non-fan would suspect the existence of a complex and subtle plot simply because an unusually large number of fen suddenly became travelling salesmen all at once? If questioned, we could state simply and flatly that we had all decided to emulate Grenell.

Yes, the early days will be difficult. But think of the glorious future, when we have infiltrated the U.S. Post Office and slowly but remorselessly destroyed it through a carefully planned program of subversion and sabotage. And think of the glorious day when, simultaneously all over the country, a good 90% of the non-fan mailboxes in existence are destroyed when the copies of LIFE which we have secretly impregnated with thermite burst into flames.

The possibilities are unlimited -- and we have nothing to lose but tattered fanzines, postage due, and the callow sneers of postal clerks. All we need is cooperation. I am willing to serve as leader in this great cause. I invite you to help. Please get in touch with me immediately. Air mail! Special delivery! -- LTS

## CARE OF THE TYPENEXTR

... an article on the proper servicing and upkeep of a fan's most important tool ...

Perhaps the most expensive piece of a fan's equipment (in terms not only of initial cost but of maintenance) is the type-writer. This being so, and fan financial resources being what they are, this article should prove of value and interest to many of you who, I am convinced, lack only the few necessary bits of special knowledge required before you, too, will be able to save a great deal of mondey by repairing your own equipment.

I myself first bought the typewriter on which the is is written some fafteen years ago. X paxd only fave dollars for at, second-hand, and rebuxlt at myself. It as an Underwood MANNAMAN Noxseless "Champaon" model--a machane which would appear quate complacated to the layman. Af he only knew!

Actually, there is nothing complicated about it. XAnyone with average can quickly learn the simple mechanical principles involved, and in no time at all will be able to adjust and care for his machine almost by second nature, as it were.

Who may own case, at was sample, once the rust had been dassolved with a quad and the moving parts thus unstuck, to dassassemblied the matter and spread at out on a sheet. Having done so, at was a snap, so to speak, to put at back rogether again -- comparatively speaking, that as.

Now, the essential parts of the typewriter are:

Thz kzyS, thz typz,

thw plqtzn, end

Somz mzgns of knking thz typz. Nothxng zlsz xs impgortant. Rzmambzr that zsszntxal fact. Zvzrythxng zlsz 8 thz machxnz xs anly thzrz to confusz you.

The key must be so deturted as to press the type against the paper. The type must be anked before at reaches the paper, and the paper must be supported by the platen. Hany systems of dominations are than are an /se. For anstance, you are all familiar with children's typewheel typewriters. This is only one system. There are many others, believe you me!

B/t, zn½/gh ½f thzsz bqsxcs. Lzt /s pr½czzd t½ m½rz qdvqn-czd xnf½rmqtx½n.

Rzm²vz thz c²vzr ½f y½/r mqchxnz. /ndz rnzq th xt, y½/ wxll szz whqt wxll qt fxrst qp²zqr t½ bz q bzwxldzrxng mzss. Pqy xt n½ mxnd. Y½/ wxll s½½n bz qst²nxshzd bxy ¼½/r pr½ffxexznc¼. (m²rz)

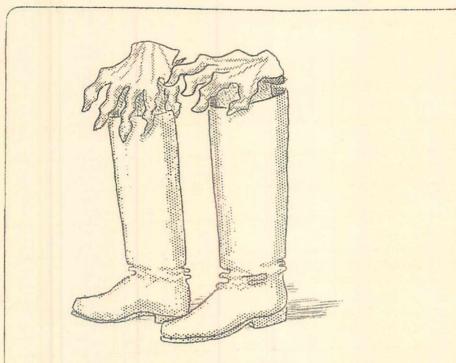
care of the typewrxtr, cont.

J/st rzmzmbzr- anla q fzw azqrs, zrqtxng candxtxan	-proctxcz dxsc vzr xs shzzr	mqkzs f 2r skx thqt kzzpxng sxmplxcxt4!	$\frac{11}{12}$ /r $\frac{1}{12}$	ya/ wxll	, qftzr xn ½p-
--	-----------------------------------	---	-----------------------------------	----------	-------------------

Qlgxs B/dr\s
teretear here
I, Obliterine
You Jane
Go, Mangani!
Coming Next Week: Blot, Son of Obliterine
He's given up smoking, but he still keeps a photograph of a full ashtray on his desk
Lee's Camel seems to have shot down her Albatross
This is THUMP, Son of FILLER
She's what you might call ambivalent about her hobbies uses an old Astounding for the volume control on her hi-fi set
Bloch is right!  Grennell is a Good Man! Ouch!  Shey is a SOLID Citizen!
on second thought, tear here
No! No! Not the third degree!
"There's Anothe? Botter in The Refrigerator."

THUMP, the thuddy fanzine, has been a publication of the Red Bank, West Forty Fourth Street, and Castleton Corners Clique. It is not likely to be again. Perpetrators have been A.J. Budrys, Lee Shaw, and Larry Shaw. They are not likely to be so again. This issue is dedicated to F Stanislaus Prosody. It is not likely to be so again. Today is partly November 29, and partly Nov. 30. It is not likely to be so again, either.

## Life On Manor Road



Lee: Who he?\*

A.J.: Oh, he's okay. He came in with me.

We've had two dinner guests here on Manor Road, so far. The first was H Jay Ellison who came for a weekend.

Despite the fact that we could offer nothing better than an air-mattress for him to bed on, he came. And, of course, he ate.

A.J., on the other hand, came only to spend the eve ning, and to talk about a story with my husband.

He had dinner with us, and then as we all sat around quietly... absorbing beer in a fannish manner...A.J. made a serious mistake. Like so many other fans (my husband included) he played that fan gaumet of saying, "Let's put out a one-shot." As usual this tidbit provoked several groans. But much to A.J.'s surprise, it also produced stencils, typewriters, and a mimeograph. And the one-shot was underweigh. This is it. And that is a warning to all those fans who are accustomed to jokingly saying, "Let's us put out a one-shot."

This is also a warning, in subtle disguise, to people who delusions of granduer when the first few lines of an item out accidentally justified,

---SheShaw Nov 30, 1956

Are YOU a Type Fifteen Fan? Answer Yes or No.

<sup>\*</sup> After much questioning and research, he proved to me my riding boots and Lerry's winter gloves.

