

WE JUST HAD TO DO IT

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STATEMENT BY THE PUBLISHERS

This is our first venture into the fmz field. Our wallets, like those of all true slans, are much, much, thinner than they have any right to be. Also we (or one of us, at any rate) have other interests which strain our treasuries. Therefore, we do not contemplate making wjHtdi a permanent venture. We understand that the best insurance against this is not slandering or insulting other fans so that they do not return the same and thereby force us to reply.

SO

We thought and consulted and pondered and hemmed and hawed and blew on our thinking caps (filched) to remove the dandruff and THIS is the result. If you think apologies are involved, please send them air mail. In case of a mortal insult we will pay for the stamps.

HOT TIP FROM THE EDITORS OF SCIENTIFUNCTION FANNY

This may be the last FAPA mailing. It may be wiped out.

messy, isn't it?

If it is, we want our six bits back. --Mel and Mike.

HERE WE SIT, like a couple of stoops while: Phil works on WUDJY TALES and FAN-NOTES; Morojo Gutets, Ackerman is still writing that D--N serial, MADMEN OF MARS, Sam hammers away at the Fantasy Critic, and even Freehafer is putting out Vol I no 1 of Presenting Ronald Clyne (Be sure to see Vol II no 7--advt.) (unpd.) What are we doing working on a dopey sheet called FAN SLANTS which is just not hyper like Wudjy Tales and nearly as intellectual as Presenting Ronald Clyne nor informative as Rogers' Cosmic Circle.

Have you ever had the misfortune to have to sit in what is usually a room full of sane if simple people and then suddenly be subjected to a sudden deluge of corn known as FAPA mailings.

Well, we did.

Why do fans suddenly go nuts and start turning out such crud for some droopy outfit no respectable slan ever heard of. Of course, if they let us in, that will be different. Or will it?

Anyhoo, we have to write something, so here goes: Phil Bronson is thinking of dropping Fantasite in favor of that more manure mag (Oops...) Wudjy Tails.....Ye oldie Steffanny is rolling out. 850 sheets in this roll. The BEST minds are et work on it. No effort is required however; their minds will not have

to change position.

Read the last FAPA mailing over Ack-Ack's shoulder. There is something in the air. PU. The only good thing was Wudjy Tales. Or was it? Daugherty is dreaming of a White (horse) Xmas. We're dreaming of his gal Tillie. By the way, Walt is in the cinny-maw. There is a shortage of corpses (at \$11 a day, so would we.) Walt almost quit acting (?) the part. He got to Ronald Clyne's before we did and managed (as he generally does) to snatch everything within radar range. Clyne was introduced to the Ackerman garage this morning. Ackerman is singing. ("We're in the money") Hyperfan Don Rogers was introduced into the mysteries of Filmville yesterday p. m. by y^r eds. He says Bob Hope is a liar. Seems Don made it across Hollywood & Vine without getting spattered all over the Taft Building or being smothered by a Warnerbros starlet.

Sing a song of Trolley Cars,
Seats were full of chaps
4 & 20 sweater girls (mmmmmm)
were hanging on the straps.
Slans, no doubt.

Bronson (yes, Bronson) is having nervous prostration these days. Seems that there are, yep many luscious young things out at Douglas where he works who haven't found him out yet. After all, any guy (even a slan) who wears a sign saying I AM FOUR F & AVAILABLE is sure to get mobbed.

CUTE SAYINGS BY NEW MEMBERS:

After viewing at great length the obvious charms of one Beverly Bronson, little Joe Woe was heard to remark: Mm, that girl is cute. Wonder why she and Phil don't get together? He was finally informed ---much to his embarrassment---that there was very little chance, as they were not on the best of terms. Sisters and brothers never are. Or are they?

VoM is out again. Which means more of Ackerman's puns. All week he collects them from unsuspecting slans....and then prints them in the Fort MacArthur (Cal.) Alert. (Alert is that new fanzine the army pays for.)

Hold it!
Daugherty just came in with a sweater girl over each shoulder.....
He wishes.

Ronald Clyne is in a corner drawing monsters. Yerke is in another corner drawing flies. That is a lie---Clyne is not drawing monsters. He's drawing the club members.

No doubt the makeup of this FAPazine has you wondering what brand of homebrew was palmed off as 4 Roses or perhaps Calvert tother nite. Suffice it to say that it is a case of reverse flush.

ALL WE SLANS ARE DIFFERENT THAT WAY.

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