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Volume One

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Number One

Now that we've finished JINX, we find that we've got some 70 odd sheets of pitty boo paper left over, so — since we should let nothing go to waste, or sumthin' like that, we've perpetrated STF HASH. We have no publication schedule, but it will be issued on occasions when we happen to have an abundance of paper, stuff to print, or something like that.

Hey! notice the change in type from JINX to STF HASH? Well, the day after we finished mimeographing JINX, our Royal portable came. It's an Aristocrat, and — it is most delightful to tantalize Gilbert by telling him that "he ain't got no tabulator!" We are immensely pleased with our little elityper.

JOE'S TABOOS DEPARTMENT: Wherein we print anything that we consider worthy of printing that Joe's taboos force out of the SOUTHERN STAR. The first item is the one that Tucker wrote "Fans' Familiars" about, and which, we think is being presented in MILTY'S MAG this mailing. Ok, since we've had our little introduction, here comes the blue-pencilled part of "Mumblings":

"One of the high spots in his ((Elmer Perdue's)) account of a visit by several fans in Philly to an eatery for a midnight snack. Some wide-eyed, supposedly-innocent Philly Phan led the hungry mob into a place . . . and aha! . . . the plot thickened. Elmer reports he seated himself and cast a weary, expectant eye over the counter for the usual hand-painted menu to be found there, — and sat bolt-upright, startled! A juke box in the front of the place was banging away on a tender tune and several pairs of dancers were whirly-gigging about the floor in various stages of heat and excitement. All the dancers were male, and exhibited not the slightest knowledge of the term "plutonic", as they merrily whirled. If there happened to be a girl in the place, she was holding down the kitchen stove.

Perdue endured it for a short while and fled, pausing outside to snap with his over-ready camera the fitting climax: Purity Restaurant!

And that, he said while doubled up with laughter, is the story of Philadelphia and the legend of the Purity Restaurant.

We've often wondered if anybody noticed our mistake in stencilling the Munsey Panorama in the third STAR. Apparently no one noticed it, but we left out a whole line and since it was an error that 99 cases out of 100 would go unnoticed, we are offering two slightly battered tin cans to the person who can discover the place of error. We warn ye, it's a clever error, if such an error is possible.

The Second Edition of the Boskone ought to be quite an affair, if all the people we're expecting to attend are there. We haven't figured out how many people ought to be there, but we guess that the Futurians will most probably be there. However, we haven't heard anything from them, so we don't know. Then, perhaps, — just perhaps mind you — the Hermit of Hagerstown might possibly be dragged there. And Gilbert and Jenkins will be there along with Milty and Speer. Unger'll come up from New Yawk, and Trudy Kuslan will be there, and others and others and others. Oh, we think it'll live up to Art Widner's "greatest one-day conference ever" prediction.

We've often wondered whether or not the Futurians ever got any answers to their ads for women in LE VOMBITEUR. But — those ads are the most boo'ful little things!

Might it be out of place here to just sorta slyly hint that you should write Joe Gilbert to SOUND-OFF!? And might it still be out of place to add the fact that you shouldn't be too hard on STF HASH? Oh — it would? Beg, beg pardon, beg pardon.

Being very subtle about the whole thing, we'll whisper that this is the page after the page that is usually termed as number one. Or, brutally, this is page number two!

We're very busy trying to think of something to fill up this page. We could fill it up with comments on the last mailing, but we've promised that to Gilbert . . .

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HECTOR Q. McSQUINCH'S FAMOUS, FAMOUS FLIGHT IN WHICH HE MET A LOT OF AUTHORS WHO TALK
ED TOO MUCH, or GEE! DON'T THEY STINK?

I am Hector Q. McSquinch. But that's not outstanding in itself, so why should I want to know who I am? I have watched Gilbert, Tucker, Fortier, and Lowndes write stories and I am still alive. Or at least I think I am. But let me tell you the story:

The spaceship from South Carolina to New York wasn't a very large one, and I soared down to W. 103rd St. without a flicker of me eyes. Naturally, since I'm a sooper--man, 'cause I like soup. Slowly I crept upstairs and stopped before a door. What door, you may ask. Well, it was very simple, for painted in red letters on the outside of the door was a large sign! Quiet! Geniuses At Work! Below that was another little sign, "And Damon". Who else could it be than the Futurians?

I timidly knocked on the door and someone jerked it open. I saw no one, but a voice yelled, "We don't want any. The bill's paid. Men at work. Take your pick and then go 'way." I stuttered for a moment and then yelled, "But ... but, I'm Jenkins!!" The voice answered, "Oh that guy from South Carolina, eh?" I managed to gasp out an answer in the affirmative before the voice bawled, "Lock and bar the door."

But I fooled 'em. I had my foot in the door. Resigning themselves to their fate the Futurians allowed me to come in. A very handsome fellow who remarkably resembled Dick Powell was busily typing away. A rather slender guy was reclining on the bed with a drawing board propped up before him. That was Damon, sez I, and I was correct.

Damon arose, walked over to where Doc, for it was he who looked like Powell, was busy typing. "It stinks," he said after glancing at the paper for a second. Doc was laboring under a handicap, for Damon was busy trying to paint his ears a brilliant red.

The door opened behind me and I turned to face someone who held a loaf of bread under his arm. He took the pipe out of his mouth with his free hand and snarled, "Who in the hell is this guy? Why hasn't someone tossed him out?"

"Jenkins is his name," Damon yelled as he started his masterpiece on Doc.

"Jenkins!" Michel screamed. "Hell, you know Gilbert -- in fact, you live in the same city as he does." Johnny dropped the bread and fumbled in his pocket. An ugly looking revolver came into sight and before I could move he had sprayed me with water. God! So that's how water feels.

Needless to say, I escaped, but I was completely defeated. For all of my life I had sworn off water and then ... to be conquered by Michel. Oh golly! I was the defeat, the crush, the ruin!

I dove headfirst into my little spaceship, twisted the rocket controls, and departed in a burst of red, white, and blue circles. I think Damon's still trying to paint 'em.

((This thrilling, super-duper little serial will be continued sometimes in the future. Or it may not be continued; your response will be conclusive. If, and that is a mighty big 'if', it is continued, we'll interview that sterling writer, that "Interplanetary Way Station" guy, that novelist, Bob Tucker.))

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Oh golly! Oh woe! We didn't notice until we had finished typing this stencil that we had made a terrible mistake in the above 'thing'. To clear up the confusion, we'll say that "Hector McSquinch" is a pseudonym of Jenkins. Pardon, please.

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