

# STEFANTASY

The Magazine That Is Milder--Much Milder  
★ It Lets You Sleep ★ It's Soft As A Grape

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# Stefantasy

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"Everyone's queer but thee and me, and even thee's a little queer sometimes."

## THE FIRST PAGE

"You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time, **but you can't fool some of the people some of the time.**"—AMBROSE J. WEEMS

"TWO SCORE and one years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this nation a new tax, conceived in desperation and dedicated to the proposition that all men are fair game. Now we are engaged in a great mass of calculations, testing whether this taxpayer, or any taxpayer so confused and so impoverished, can long endure.

"We are met on Form 1040. We have come to dedicate a large portion of our income to a final resting place with those men who here spend their lives that they may spend our money. It is altogether anguish and torture that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot evade, we cannot cheat, we cannot underestimate this tax. The collectors, clever and sly, who compute here, have gone far beyond our poor power to add and subtract.

"Our creditors will little note nor long remember what we pay here, but the district director of internal revenue can never forget what we report here. It is not for us, the taxpayers, to question the tax which the government has thus far ignobly spent. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these vanishing dollars we take increased devotion to the few remaining; that we here highly resolve that next year will not find us in the higher income bracket; that this taxpayer, underpaid, shall figure out more deductions, and that this tax of the people, by the Congress, for the government shall not cause solvency to perish."

# On the Feasibility of Coal-Driven Power Stations

By O. R. FRISCH

## *Introduction*

The recent discovery of coal (black, fossilized plant remains) in a number of places offers an interesting alternative to the production of power from fission. Some of the places where coal has been found show indeed signs of previous exploitation by prehistoric men who, however, probably used it for jewels and to blacken their faces at religious ceremonies.

The power potentialities depend on the fact that coal can be readily oxidised with the production of a high temperature and an energy of about 0.0000001 Megawatt day per gramme. That is, of course, very little, but large amounts of coal (perhaps millions of tons) appear to be available.

The chief advantage is that the critical amount is very much smaller than for any fissile material. Fission plants become, as is well known, uneconomical below 50 Megawatts, and a coal-driven plant may be competitive for small communities (such as small islands) with small power requirements.

## *Design of a Coal Reactor*

The main problem is to achieve free, yet controlled, access of oxygen to the fuel elements. The kinetics of the coal-oxygen reaction are much more complicated than fission kinetics, and not yet completely understood. A differential equation which approximates the behaviour of the reaction has been set up, but its solution is possible only in the simplest cases.

It is therefore proposed to make the reaction vessel in

the form of a cylinder, with perforated walls to allow the combustion gases to escape. A concentric inner cylinder, also perforated, serves to introduce oxygen, while the fuel elements are placed between the two cylinders. The necessary presence of end plates poses a difficult but not insoluble mathematical problem.

#### *Fuel Elements*

It is likely that these will be easier to manufacture than in the case of fission reactors. Canning is unnecessary and indeed undesirable since it would make it impossible for the oxygen to gain access to the fuel. Various lattices have been calculated, and it appears that the simplest of all—close packing of equal spheres—is likely to be satisfactory. Computations are in progress to determine the optimum size of the spheres and the required tolerances. Coal is soft and easy to machine; so the manufacture of the spheres should present no major problem.

#### *Oxydant*

Pure oxygen is of course ideal but costly; it is therefore proposed to use air in the first place. However it must be remembered that air contains 78% of nitrogen. If even a fraction of that combined with the carbon of the coal to form the highly toxic gas cyanogene this would constitute a grave health hazard.

#### *Operation and Control*

To start the reaction requires a fairly high temperature of about 988°F; this is most conveniently achieved by passing an electric current between the inner and outer cylinders (the end plates being made of insulating ceramic). A current of several thousand amps is needed, at some 30 volts, and the required large storage battery will add substantially to the cost of the installation.

There is the possibility of starting the reaction by some auxiliary self-starting reaction, such as that between phosphine and hydrogen peroxide; this is being looked into.

Once the reaction is started its rate can be controlled by adjusting the rate at which oxygen is admitted; this is almost as simple as the use of control rods in a conventional fission reactor.

#### *Corrosion*

The walls of the reactor must withstand a temperature of well over  $1000^{\circ}$  in the presence of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon monoxide and dioxide, as well as small amounts of sulphur dioxide and other impurities, some still unknown. Few metals or ceramics can resist such gruelling conditions. Niobium with a thin lining of nickel might be an attractive possibility, but probably solid nickel will have to be used. For the ceramic, fused thoria appears to be the best bet.

#### *Health Hazards*

The main health hazard is attached to the gaseous waste products. They contain not only carbon monoxide and sulphur dioxide (both highly toxic) but also a number of carcinogenic compounds such as phenathrene and others. To discharge those into the air is impossible; it would cause the tolerance level to be exceeded for several miles around the reactor.

It is therefore necessary to collect the gaseous waste in suitable containers, pending chemical detoxification. Alternatively the waste might be mixed with hydrogen and filled into large balloons which are subsequently released.

The solid waste products will have to be removed at frequent intervals (perhaps as often as daily), but the health hazards involved in that operation can easily be minimized by the use of conventional remote-handling equipment. The waste could then be taken out to sea and dumped.

There is a possibility—though it may seem remote—that the oxygen supply may get out of control; this would lead to melting of the entire reactor and the liberation of vast amounts of toxic gases. Here is a grave argument against the use of coal and in favour of fission reactors which have proved their complete safety over a period of several thousand years. It will probably take decades before a control system of sufficient reliability can be evolved to allay the fears of those to whom the safety of our people is entrusted.

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## —And Look At It Now!

ON AUGUST 26, 1953 the Franklin (Pa.) *News-Herald* celebrated its 75th anniversary with an edition of 134 pages. Of course there are older papers in the nation—Pittsburgh's *Post-Gazette*, for instance, is 168 years old—but I feel that few of them started out as did the *News-Herald*.

The first edition of the *Evening News*, which consisted of four two-column pages about 5x7, was printed before and after school hours by James B. Borland, James B. Muse and J. Ross Barackman, who dropped out on the fourth day.

In other words, the *Evening News* was an amateur paper. Thanks to Borland's hard work and determination and to one of his high-school teachers, it soon became a successful full-time project. This instructor, after advising the young publisher to put more time on his studies and forget about the paper, failed to provide help in the solution of an algebra problem so Borland quit school instead of the paper. His convictions were well-founded; he continued as managing editor of the *News* (combined in 1919 with the *Venango Herald*) for 61 years until his death in 1939 at the age of 77.

Under the title "Amateur Headings of 1870's" are reproduced the mastheads of several earlier productions by the same group: *The Venano Star*, *The French Creek Daily*, and *High School Monthly*. Also shown are two later *Evening News* mastheads with three- and four-column pages.

Members of the NAPA will be interested to note that the founding of the *News* coincides roughly with that of their organization, though I find no mention that Borland was ever a member of it. Possibly he never heard of the NAPA or, if he did, he may have reasoned (and rightly) that a real daily newspaper would be out of place in its monthly bundles of crud (though they probably weren't so bad then as they are now). Nevertheless the two pages of Vol. 1, No. 1 (dated Feb. 18, 1878) reproduced in the Diamond Jubilee issue look very much like some of the pages produced by present-day amateurs. News items are necessarily terse and in some cases somewhat baffling:

"—Report is that Mrs. Stock (Carrie L. Smith) who figured quite conspicuously in the bigamy case, last week, is not expected to live."

"—A stranger upon entering King's office would think each of the 'statuary' owned a 'Big Injun.' But, upon inquiry, he would learn that it is all 'wind.' Keep on, gentlemen, and you will, bu'st the brokers yet."

"—The telephone concert\* held at the Court House, Saturday night, was a success. A well-filled house went away well pleased with the entertainment."

"—Be at the polls early to-morrow morning. 'Vote early, and vote often.'"

The nine extra sections of the Diamond Jubilee issue contain many articles of interest even to those unacquainted with the district the paper serves. The customs and manners, the kinds of entertainment and the inevitable fires of the early days of oil production and such things as the great ice jam in

\*Anyone know what a telephone concert is?—wmd

the Allegheny the winter of 1926 are all interestingly presented. There is a photograph of one of Pennsylvania's ghost towns, Pithole City. Though in 1865 it had the third largest post office in the state, there is hardly a trace of it left today.

It is encouraging to see that this progressive paper is still produced by linotype and letterpress instead of by typewriter and offset as are many papers today even in larger places. Though I believe its typography has won no prizes the *News-Herald's* pages are attractive and easy to read.

So far as I can see there isn't a moral in all this. I just thought that some of you might be interested to learn that at least one amateur paper has grown into the real thing. James Borland achieved success by quitting high school to run a newspaper. If any of you who are amateur printers and/or publishers decide to do likewise don't blame me if you don't succeed.

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## FILLERS AN' STUFF

### BOOKS YOU CAN EASILY DO WITHOUT

MAN, THE GRAND SYMBOL OF THE MYSTERIES M. P. Hall. 420 pages. Cloth \$4 00. Occult Anatomy. Embryology & Symbolism of Human Body. Brain & Release of the Soul. Ventricles and Brain Dew. Heart, seat of Life. Blood, Universal Proteus. Spinal Column & World Tree. Kundalini & Sympathetic Nervous System. Solar Plexus & Pneumogastric Nerve. Pineal Gland, Eye of the God.

THE SECRET TEACHINGS OF ALL AGES M. P. Hall. 245 pages. Cloth. \$10.00 Masonic, Egyptian, Jewish, Rosicrucian, Christian, Mithraic, Orphic, Islamic, Atlantean, Alchemical, Eleusinian and other "MYSTERIES"—Their Emissaries, Mystery Schools, Teachings and Initiations. 47 amazing Chapters. 48 full-page symbolical pictures. 190 smaller pictures. Book 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ ". [& all for only ten bucks!]

# THOSE CURVES

## AND CIRCLES

SEVERAL PERSONS have inquired about the method of making the circular lines I have been using on my covers this year. As is so often the case, it's easy when you know how, and all you need is a little ingenuity and some scotch tape. I saw a brief article about it in the Sunday paper last year and figured out my own method.

When the size of the circle has been decided a suitable core must be provided. This can be almost anything of the right diameter and about  $\frac{3}{4}$ " high that is strong enough to keep its shape under pressure. The one for the February issue was an ointment can with the step for starting the spiral built up of progressively shorter pieces of scotch tape. This is pretty tedious but the spiral is a very special case and I can think of no other way to do it without a lot of very special (and costly) equipment. The core for the May issue is a hunk of Plasticplate sawed roughly to size and turned on the lathe and that for this issue was made the same way from a piece of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood. The elliptical one above is cast from type-metal in a mold hand-formed of sheet aluminum. I have just read in the *Model Railroader* of a metal that should greatly simplify the making of oddly-shaped cores. It is *Cerro Bend*, which melts quickly at 158°F. in a pan of boiling water. Thus

a mold may be made of card or heavy paper, which opens up an interesting possibility for the spiral core mentioned above. Once the core is prepared the rest is easy. All the type that is to curve the same way is set in the stick as usual, except that lines with the tops of the letters on the inside curve, (like "AND CIRCLES" on the preceding page) are most conveniently set upside-down and from right to left. Any strip material is then removed from the stick, which is adjusted to the exact measure of the type. A piece of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " masking tape is cut to this same length and carefully pressed down on the exposed surface of type-bodies.

When the lines are thus assembled they are placed in order around the core and a long strip of tape wound two or three times around the whole thing. In making the first turn care should be taken to keep the spacing between letters in proportion. The resulting block of type may be handled just as an electrotpe and may be locked up as though square or rectangular, with no need to fill the corners, provided the form is used promptly. Scotch tape will creep slightly and loosen in time. Though I have not yet tried it I think a clamp easily made from sheet metal and a small screw and nut will hold a standing form securely and indefinitely.



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"There can be but little liberty on earth while men worship a tyrant in heaven."—Robert C. Ingersoll

# Eggs and Progress

By J. J. LANKES

A POULTRY MAGAZINE reports that a Swedish chemist has succeeded in making an artificial egg substance that is considered better than a German concoction—it stinks less. Both are made from fish waste.

The report did not say that the albumen or white was separate from the yolk, nor that the stuff was encased in shells. Casing a glutinous substance presents no problem, as that is done with various vile-tasting medicines. It should be easy to encase the yolk separately and have it swim in the “white,” and then encase both with a stouter cover, preferably not a brittle lime one.

The purpose of Progress is change. Nature was limited to lime for egg casings, and has stopped experimenting in shell making ages ago. She never had the equipment the modern chemist has to play with, hence he can do in a few short years what Nature took long ages to evolve. Because Nature made the yolk separate from the white is no reason why the chemist should, with Progress on his side—since eggs are invariably beaten anyway. So it is an advantage to have beaten eggs. As a matter of fact, the ersatz egg—call it eggola—could as well be predigested too, in line with other predigested foods, thus making the preparation and digesting of this food a simple and quicker process for busy people. So we have these advantages: preshelled, preheated, and predigested. As fresh old fashioned hen eggs are quite tasteless, here is room for greater improvement over Nature. Not by merely seasoning with common garden herbs, however. That isn't Progress. The more exotic flavors and odors should be used—the de-

rivatives of coal tar. With a perfume like, say "Midnight Passion," the eggola industry would take an immense advance. The flavor should be enticing, for after all, it is one of the purposes of Progress to increase consumption, especially of ersatz foods, and to decrease that of natural products. Like butter and oleo, for example. Few people not only don't know the difference, they prefer the ersatz. Bread is another case. Who would eat the stuff if it weren't sliced and fancily wrapped?

For thousands of years the housewife has been forced to use eggs of the same monotonous size, shape, and color: no aesthetic pleasure attaches to handling or looking at them. So eggs, in the guise of eggola, are ripe for aesthetic improvement also. When Nature designed the ovate form she gave no consideration to its space wastefulness, as storage cost less at that time. Consider how much space a dozen eggs take in their containers! A prism, or a hexagonal shape would take but a fraction of the space. Incidentally, by adding sufficient preservative to eggola there would be no need for cold storage. It would be made to last indefinitely.

There is no reason why eggola should be cased in the shape of an egg because of the limitations Nature imposed on hens. Nor the size. If a man hankers for a sizeable breakfast he should be privileged to eat large-sized eggolas, say a No. 6, equivalent to six eggs. Also he should have the privilege of selecting the shape of his hard boiled eggolas.

If a hard-headed business man, he would see no object in a fancy shell, shaped say like a shamrock, except on St. Patrick's Day. We should bear in mind that eggolas are not going to be laid by hens but by men. By modifying the shape of the molds, almost any form will be possible. Brick-shaped for a builders' convention; sausage-shaped for meat dealers;

star for fourth of July; heart for St. Valentine; and so forth, to endless possibilities.

The hard-headed business man's wife is a horse of another color. She is art minded. In her lies the future of our culture and appreciation of the Fine Arts. When she throws a luncheon nothing but the best imitated orchid-shaped, pastel colored eggolas will serve her purpose. So fastidious a person would never serve so plebian a refreshment as hens eggs, even if served on a solid sterling silver platter. Fanciful eggolas flavored faintly with her favorite perfume would set her apart, not only among all other hard-headed business men's wives, but any kind of wives. She would start a fad as to who could offer the most attractive *piece de resistance* in eggolas. Again, the artists who emerge from their cold attics to brighten by their designs the lives of this so exclusive strata of society.

In the meantime this new food could egg on, so to speak, a new industry, and build up related ones. New machines would have to be designed and built, new factories erected, and miners would again be gladdened for the opportunity to go down into the bowels of the earth to bring forth the necessary ores and coal. Admen could create a new line of fantastic falsehoods, magazines profit by extra advertising, hosts of awkward typists in need of beautification would expand the cosmetic business. All along the line multitudinous trades, arts, crafts, occupations, businesses, etc., would be called upon to serve and outfit the army of labor necessary to make eggola a success.

There will be carpers. They will ask why all this tremendous pother is so necessary. We, they will say, used to dump fish waste in our cornfields. It made corn. Corn made hens. Hens made eggs!

That's true. But it isn't Progress!

There is the possibility, as the industry expands, of a fish waste shortage. Science can be depended upon to produce an artificial fish waste—perhaps from stockyard waste matter now being processed into fertilizer.

It is Progress.

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“The trouble,” he resumed, “is that *nothing* works. Not faith, not intelligence, not saintliness, not even villainy—nothing. Faith’s just organized and directed stupidity. . .”

“. . . if human beings were shown what they’re really like, they’d either kill one another as vermin, [[as in wars, for instance?—wmd]] or hang themselves.

—ALDOUS HUXLEY: *Eyeless in Gaza*

“. . . Men can’t live by bread alone, because they need to feel that their life has a point. That’s why they take to idealism. But it’s a matter of experience and observation that most idealism leads to war, persecution and mass insanity. Man cannot live by bread alone; but if he chooses to nourish his mind on the wrong kind of spiritual food, he won’t even get bread. He won’t even get bread, because he’ll be so busy killing or preparing to kill his neighbors in the name of God, or Country, or Social Justice that he won’t be able to cultivate his fields. Nothing could be simpler or more obvious. But at the same time,” Mr. Propter concluded, “nothing is unfortunately more certain than that most people will go on choosing the wrong spiritual food and thereby indirectly choosing their own destruction.”

ALDOUS HUXLEY: *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
CTHULHU,  
YOG-SOTHOTH  
& CO.

Formerly YE GODS, INC.



Have YOU read today's selection from the *Necronomicon*? It is Cthulhu 46, Verses 23-29. Read it now, before you forget. Remember—billions of others all over the Galaxy are reading this same passage.

## STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE.

Yep—they're from TYPO GRAPHIC again.

Smith's symptoms were alarming enough to take him to a doctor for a check-up. Having fortified himself at a tavern, he went thru the examination and awaited the report in the reception room. When the doctor appeared, Smith asked eagerly: What does the report show, Doc?

Doctor: According to this analysis there is every indication that a small percentage of blood is getting into your alcohol system.

A traveling salesman ran out of gas one evening on a lonely road, says *Parts Pups*, and asked at the only farmhouse in sight:

"Can you put me up for the nite?"

"I reckon I can," said the farmer, "if you don't mind sharing a room with my young son."

"Good heavens," gasped the salesman, "I'm in the wrong joke!"

In a traffic snarl one of the inevitable horn-tooters began blasting away. A man in a car alongside looked over and politely inquired: What else did you get for Christmas?

Very tactless, indeed, was the editor of a small newspaper who printed the following item in his paper: Miss Hanna Smith, a Batesville belle of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother, age thirty-two, in Jonesville.

She: If we get married will you give up smoking? He: Yes.

She: And drinking, too?

He: Yes.

She: And will you stop going to your club in the evening?

He: Yes.

She: And what else are you thinking of giving up, darling?

He: The idea of getting married.

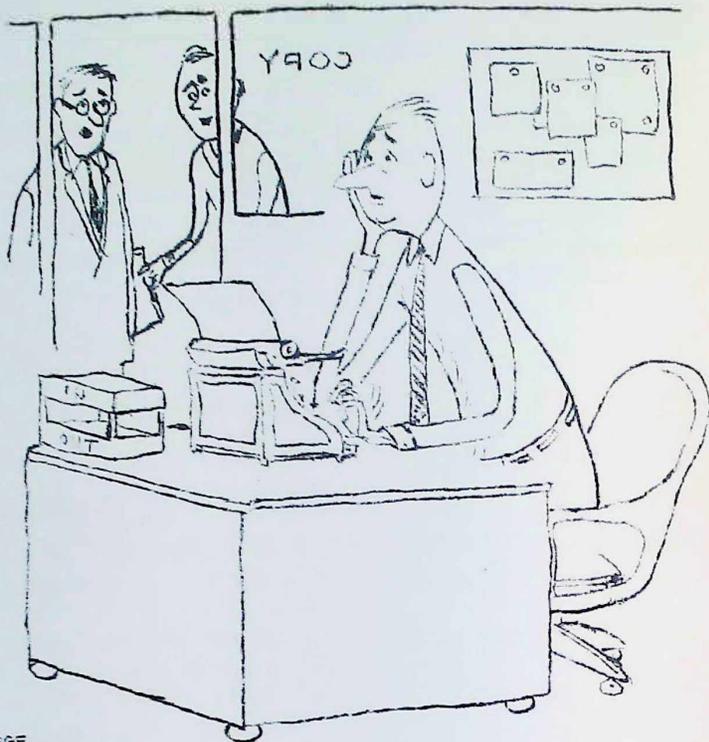
A soldier, just in from a tiny Pacific isle, was passing a big rooming house when he noticed the letters "B-B-B" on the front door. He stopped and tried to figure it out, but found it impossible. He thought the best way to find out what three B's stood for was to go to the door and inquire.

He knocked and a good-looking blonde, clad only in a negligee, answered and asked what he wanted. He asked her to explain what the letters stood for.

"Well," she said, "they stand for Blondes, Brunettes and Beer."

The soldier thanked her and started to walk away. He was deep in thought and feeling the money he had in his pocket he hurried back to the house and knocked again. The same blonde came to the door and with a come-hither expression in her eye, asked what he wanted.

He replied by asking, "Say, is that draught or bottled beer?"



GEORGE  
STEWART

"FRED'S IN A LITTLE SLUMP THIS WEEK. HIS BRAIN STARTS WORKING LIKE MAD THE MINUTE HE GETS UP IN THE MORNING—AND STOPS THE MINUTE HE GETS TO WORK."  
—TYPO GRAPHIC

## FILLERS AN' STUFF

IN A LEAFLET advertising books on Freemasonry Edward R. Jordan, more of whose wares are mentioned on page 9, says in part: "The books described concerning Freemasonry reveal no secrets and are of value and interest to Mason and Non-Mason alike." Yet, of "THE NEWLY-MADE MASON" he says, among other things: "Conains all any Mason needs to know: . . ." Perhaps Mr. Jordan's brain had suffered from a heavy dew.

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# OLD ROTGUT

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(Bottled in bottles; bond won't hold it!)

If you buy whiskey on the chance that it might bring you the companionship of those handsome white-haired, blue-eyed old gentlemen you see in other whiskey ads just turn the page and forget you ever saw this one.

But if, like over 80%, you drink whiskey in order to get drunk, then most assuredly the whiskey for you is **OLD ROTGUT**.

**OLD ROTGUT** makes you drunker faster and cheaper!

**GET A BOTTLE NOW!**

**AMERICAN FUSEL-OIL CO.**

BUNGSTARTER, PENNSYLVANIA

# WHITHER THE MOTOR CAR?

## 3. THE BUSTLE

YOU CAN TELL what sort of American car you are in by the way it behaves entering or leaving a driveway. If nothing happens but a slight bump your car is hopelessly old-fashioned, and may even be a classic or antique. If the rear of the car scrapes the street lightly you've got a modern car in the "low-" or medium-price class. If there is a deafening crash of steel on pavement—well, brother, you've *arrived!* You are driving what is, for some strange reason, the most-desired car in the country, for which homo Tewler gladly pays as much as \$7000.

When trunks first began to inch backward (and forward too, at the expense of rear-seat leg-room) the reason given is that additional luggage space is thus provided (on the theory, apparently, that Tewler and his family will gladly emulate sardines if only they can tote along all their supplies for a two-month vacation.) But now, of course, half or more of the trunk space is taken up by air-conditioning units, 12-volt electrical systems, etc. Even without this excuse bustles are getting longer by leaps and bounds, and there are even morons who pay good money to "custom" shops to have a foot or two of perfectly useless tinware tacked on the backs of their cars, thus making it impossible to park them, instead of merely difficult.

Detroit maintains that it builds the sort of car the Great American Public wants. But for a good many years it has slyly educated the G. A. P. to want the biggest and most powerful car it can manage to co-own with the finance company, not only on a basis of snob-appeal but with hints that only

a big, heavy car is safe, which is the worst sort of rubbish. It is rubbish partly because it is a quasi-truth. A big, heavy car is safest in an actual collision with a similar one, but the cars built here today are, because of their clumsiness and instability, *much* more likely to be the direct cause of a collision than the small, light foreign cars which come so much closer to being what an automobile should be. This is, of course, a means of personal transportation with light, easy handling and steering and, especially with today's traffic congestion, the ability to park easily in a small space. What do we get instead? A bulbous, overhanging, chrome-gadged monstrosity which gets longer, lower and wider each year, though usually without any increase in wheelbase. The power of its engine keeps increasing, too, though for years it has been capable of speeds higher than are safe even for a veteran racing driver. Is it any wonder that traffic fatalities are increasing so rapidly?

These *things* are getting to be killers even when they are motionless. There has been much hullabaloo lately about the danger to small children from abandoned refrigerators. But the parents of children who have been thus strangled did not deliberately leave them in the abandoned boxes. I read recently of a child left in a big, safe American car who was choked to death by touching a power-window button while looking out the window. Personally, when I get too weak to crank the windows up and down by hand I'll stop driving. But even if, as a nation, we are getting so weak that everything about a car must be power-operated there is absolutely no excuse for incorporating power-operated guillotines.

I sort of wandered, didn't I? Or perhaps I should have called this section "SAFETY." The bustle certainly contributed to the lack of safety in today's cars.

# THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

## FANS

ONE DEFINITION of *fan* is, "an instrument for exciting a current of air." Another one is, "an enthusiastic lover of any sport, as baseball."

Science fiction and fantasy hardly qualify as sports, anyway, but the more I look at it the more I like that first definition. Even in the short time I have been a member of the FAPA a good many others have come and gone. Some of these stirred up some pretty fair breezes while they were around and others succeeded in exciting nothing more violent than a dead calm, but each of them, with one possible exception, has disappeared completely from the FAPA's ken. (This excludes, of course, those ambulatory individuals who are admitted, dropped on account of dues and/or activity, get on the waiting list, are admitted, etc. Nobody appears to know what sort of air-current they are trying to excite.)

What would the FAPA be like if all members had to be fans? How long would it last. I don't know, but I could make a pretty good guess. Anyway, most of the old-timers seem to be those who disavow the status of *fan* and have little or nothing to do with fan activities other than publishing.



Fig. 43PC6 Non-Fan

