

1924 20 hp ROLLS-ROYCE (See page 13.)

# Stefantasy

The Magazine That Is Milder—Much Milder

**Whole Number 38**

It Lets You Sleep

**Volume 13, Number 1**

It's Soft As A Grape

**February, 1957**

It's Priceless

# STEFANTASY

Volume 13

February, 1957

Number 1

Whole Number 38

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## errata

(... the ones I caught, at least)

Page 3, line 13—insert “in the rear” after “leg-room”.

Page 51 (10), line 32—“your’e” should be “you’re”.

Page 15, line 9—for “1936” read “1926”.

See “The Last Page”.



“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. WEENS

**A**S INDICATED in the footnote on page 20, I think Lee Shaw is probably surprised at the close resemblance of many of the 1957 Detroit monstrosities to her customized Phewillac in the May, 1956 *Stef*. Of course, the trend has been clearly apparent for some years, but noone except Detroit's "stylists" (and how the engineers must hate *them*!) dreamed that any designs would take such a giant stride toward the utterly ridiculous.

As many of you have found out, the American automobile has become the world's largest four-passenger vehicle. As though the drive-shaft tunnel (ever higher because of the mania for making cars ever lower) were not enough for the passenger to contend with, the popular "hard-top convertibles" have so little head- and leg-room that they are really only two-passenger vehicles. For two people my little Metropolitan, which performs well, is fantastically easy to drive *and to park*, and gets 30 mpg or more on the cheapest gas, makes a hell of a lot more sense than anything built in Detroit in the last 20 years.

Completely disregarding safety (as the "stylists" are doing) today's cars form a strange contrast with those of the mid-thirties. The latter would seat six normal humans in comfort, and the six didn't have to tie themselves into knots to get in and out.

*No wonder foreign-car sales increase by leaps and bounds!*

by DEAN ARCHER ARMSTEAD

## THE SKEPTIC TANK

### Fifth Tankful

**I** YIELD THE FLOOR in favor of Miss Clementine Paddlefoot who has just accepted a position as *Stefantasy's* Food-and-the-Finer-Things-of-Life Editor. Miss Paddlefoot says:

RECENTLY, while driving through southern Ohio, I decided to visit a gustatory landmark which is, not unjustly, celebrated from Meddibemps, Maine, to Saticoy, California, and perhaps, even, a bit beyond.

I refer, of course, to Caspar Glozzik's "The Greasy Spoon," mentioned some years ago by my worthy colleague Mr. Druncan Heinz. I was on Route 74 at the time, en route from Marble Furnace to Tranquility, so I doubled back through Lawshe, Peebles, Jaybird, Rarden, Mount Joy and Bear Creek to Crabtree, where I had to confess myself thoroughly lost and inquired for directions from a passing native. Unfortunately, he didn't know either, being a stranger there himself. Eventually I blundered my way across the Little Scioto National Forest to Pools Corners, and while headed for Minford I impulsively turned off of Route 335 up a little rutted gravel road whose entrance was all but overgrown with ragweed. Perhaps it was just as well.

The road presently crossed and traveled alongside Daddy-bear Creek, and when it reached the confluence with the Ornerly Hossfly River there, sure enough, was the town made famous by Caspar Glozzik's "The Greasy Spoon." I stopped the car for a moment to admire the sign at the city limits which said:

WEST SHOTGLASS  
POPULATION 114, UNINC.

"The Brass-Plated Grommet Capital of the World"

A person with uncommonly well-developed cheek-muscles might well spit the length of West Shotglass's Main Street from one city limits sign to the other so I had no difficulty in finding the establishment I sought. There was a sign sticking out over the sidewalk at a rakish angle saying:

"THE GREASY SPOON"

Caspar Glozzik, Prop.

EAT HERE AND GET GAS

As I parked the car I could see the stools and counter through the large plate-glass window which was cracked at one corner but patched with a piece of red rubber inner-tube, some washers and a stove bolt. The front had been painted white at one time, but it had needed repainting when William Jennings Bryan walked the earth and today it needs it still worse. However, the dilapidated front is partially concealed by signs advertising soft-drinks, cigarettes and a local beer referred to by the natives as "Greasy Dick," and a large, weatherworn anti-freeze thermometer broken and eternally proclaiming the temperature as 47°. I went in.

One of Mr. Glozzik's psychological-warfare ploys got me straight off. I started for a stool and wound up clinging drunkenly to the glass counter containing chewing-gum, cut plug, cigars, salted peanuts, a cash register, a rubber change-mat and a cracked shotglass half-full of nasty-looking toothpicks. This was a bit disconcerting to me because I was stone-sober at the time. Looking back I could see what the dim light had concealed before.; that the floor was canted by perhaps 18°, inducing a drift if not compensated for. My reeling progress had brought a muffled titter from the blase habitués of the cafe.

Grim-lipped, I made my way to a stool and sat down to lean my elbows on the counter as I studied the menu which was blarily hektographed in obscene purple. I could tell it was hektographed because there was still a small blob of hektograph gelatine clinging to one corner. It said:

HASH	\$3.50
STEW	5.00
COFFEE	.25
WITH CREAM	.35
PIE	1.00
A LA MODE	2.00

It also listed hamburgers at a dollar apiece ("with onions, \$1.25") but these were crossed out. A four-letter word, indecipherably blurred, was listed at ~~75¢~~ a bowl. It may have been soup.

A man came up the counter to take my order and I discovered that my elbows and skirt were stuck to the counter and stool (respectively). I peeled myself loose with a hissy crackle.

"How yuh like the stickum?" he asked. "Authentic, huh?"

"Huh?" I asked, momentarily thrown offstride.

"The stickum," he explained. "I make it up from a special formuler, got corn surp in and gum arabic and agar-agar and gook off'n a fly-ribbon and stuff. I sponges it on the counter and the stools to make 'em authentic.

"..." I three-dotted. He shook a sugar-jar under my nose making me faunch backwards.

"Looka that jar," he ordered. "You s'pose it cakes up inside that way by itself? Like hell. Gotta make up a special slooshin 'n put in. Otherwise the customers'll get the sugar out and drink it in their coffee and get diabetes, got calcium chloride and water-glass and hide-glue and collodion and such-



like in there, the slooshin, I mean." He showed me the catsup jar.

"Know how long it takes me to get a ketchup bottle ready to set out here? Three weeks, that's how long. Got to dip the tops in ketchup ever' mornin' and leave 'em set in the sun all day till it gets a coating like that. Otherwise they get the ketchup out and all over ever'thing. Caught a guy the other week unscrewin' the top off one to pour it out. Told him to get the hell out'n my restaurant and not come round here screwin' with my ketchup-jars. Fer crissake, huh?"

Deftly I parried and thrust with the edgewise word. "You're Mr. Glozzik, I guess?"

He wiped his hands on the dishtowel tied about his middle. It was an empty gesture, since neither could have gotten dirtier nor cleaner from the other. He grinned, showing a gold filling and teeth the color of old pilings at the waterline. "That's me, ma'am," he admitted, adding, "M' friends all call me Cass."

I told him that the fame and renown of his establishment had spread with the inexorable inevitability of a bubonic plague from Mountain Home, Idaho, to the banks of the Calloosahatchee River in Florida and perhaps a bit beyond and told him I was there to interview him for a great national\* magazine which I was not at liberty to name. He excused himself to wait on an auto which was peevishly honking at the gas pump in front of the restaurant and, returning, said he was more than happy to be interviewed.

"What y'want to see first, the kitchen?" he asked. Assuming, correctly, an affirmative answer, he led the way back into the reeking regions to the rear where the grease smoke was thick enough to pelt cats with and introduced me to

*\*International, Clementine.—wmd*

The Red King [William the Second—wmd] was false of heart, selfish, covetous and mean. He had a worthy minister in his favorite, Ralph, nicknamed—for almost every famous person had a nickname in those rough days—Flambard, or the Firebrand. Once the king, being ill, became penitent, and made Anselm, a foreign priest and a good man, Archbishop of Canterbury. But he no sooner got well again, than he repented of his repentance, and persisted in wrongfully keeping to himself some of the wealth belonging to the archbishopric. This led to violent disputes, which were aggravated by there being in Rome, at that time, two rival popes; each of whom declared he was the only real, original, infallible pope, who couldn't make a mistake. At last Anselm, knowing the Red King's character, and not feeling himself safe in England, asked leave to return abroad. The Red King gladly gave it; for he knew that as soon as Anselm was gone he could begin to store up all the Canterbury money again for his own use.

Wherever the united army of the Crusaders went, they agreed in few points except in gaming, drinking, and quarreling in a most unholy manner; in debauching the people among whom they tarried, whether they were friends or foes; and in carrying disturbances and ruin into quiet places. The French king was jealous of the English king, and the English king was jealous of the French king, and the disorderly and violent soldiers of the two nations were jealous of one another; consequently the two kings could not at first agree, even upon a joint assault on Acre; but when they did make up their quarrel for that purpose, the Saracens promised to yield the town,



# STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE.

Yep—they're from TYPO GRAPHIC again.

A Laborite defending the government's socialized medicine program in Parliament, reports Coronet, cried:

"In Britain today, we have more babies than ever before. Why?"

Before he could answer, a Tory shouted: "Private Enterprise!"

*There is no question now that vaudeville is dead. Its ghost appears daily on television.*

She was trying on a beautiful fur coat.

"I wish," she sighed, "it was called something else besides broadtail. My husband fancies himself a comedian."

*After you've heard two eyewitness accounts of an auto accident, you begin to wonder about history.*

The woman motorist was trying to navigate a traffic jam. She rammed the car in front of her, then tried to back and knocked down a pedestrian. Then she tried to move over to the curb and ran into a hydrant.

A policeman came up. "Okay, lady, let's see your license."

"Don't be silly," she groaned. "Who'd give me a license?"

*If he still has his appendix and his tonsils you can bet ten to one he's a doctor.*

A woman had 8 children in 11 years. The night the oldest one, 12-year-old Sally, tried on her Confirmation dress, her mother said:

"Sally, honey, I think you're beautiful."

The youngster's face lit up. Then her mother added teasingly, "Of course, I'm prejudiced."

Sally's face fell. "Oh, Mother," she wailed, "not again!"

*Why worry because you're getting older? When you stop getting older, you're dead.*

On a Miami-New York flight was a lively youngster who nearly drove everyone crazy. He was running up and down the aisle when the stewardess started serving coffee and ran smack into her, knocking the coffee to the floor. As he stood watching her clean up the mess, she glanced up at the boy and said, "Look, why don't you run outside and play?"

*A tongue-twister is a word that gets your tang all tongued up.*

After a rather wild date with a charming young lady her escort, a bit worried, asked: "Do you tell your mother everything you do?"

She looked up and said, "Certainly not. Mother doesn't give a damn. It's my husband who's so inquisitive."

*"In 100 years from now women will own all the wealth of the country," says a banker. So they're about to grab off the other fifteen percent.*

Lady Driver (after collision): But I insist it was my fault.

Gentleman Driver: No, my dear lady, it was my fault. I could tell your car was being driven by a woman at least 300 feet away and I could easily have driven over into the field and avoided this.

*Appearances can be deceptive. For instance, the dollar looks just as it did ten years ago.*

A dean of women at a large co-educational college began an important announcement to the student body as follows: "The president of the college and I have decided to stop necking on the campus."

Met by a gale of laughter, the good woman continued, somewhat flustered: "Furthermore, all the kissing that has been going on under my nose must be stopped."

to give up to the Christians the wood of the holy cross, to set at liberty all their Christian captives, and to pay two hundred thousand pieces of gold. All this was to be done within forty days; but not being done, King Richard ordered some three thousand Saracen prisoners to be brought out in the front of his camp, and there, in full view of their own countrymen, to be butchered.

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King Henry the Seventh did not turn out to be as fine a fellow as the nobility and people hoped, in the first joy of their deliverance from Richard the Third. He was very cold, crafty and calculating, and would do almost anything for money. He possessed considerable ability; but his chief merit appears to have been that he was not cruel when there was nothing to be got by it.

---

The pope, so indefatigable in getting the world into trouble, had mixed himself up in a war on the Continent of Europe, occasioned by the reigning princes of little quarrelling states in Italy having at various times married into other royal families, and so led to their claiming a share in those petty governments. The king, [Henry the Eighth, a "detestable villain"—wmd] who discovered that he was very fond of the pope, sent a herald to the king of France to say, that he must not make war upon that holy personage, because he was the father of all Christians. As the French king did not mind this relationship in the least, and also refused to admit a claim King Henry made to certain lands in France, war was declared between the two countries. . .

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—CHARLES DICKENS: *A Child's History of England*

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Once there was a farmer who couldn't keep his hands off his wife so he fired them and bought a tractor

# PARTIAL HISTORY OF GRK 27

[[On the cover is pictured the fabulous little Rolls-Royce owned by John W. Beatty, Jr., of Pittsburgh. Here is its story as told to me by Mr. Beatty, somewhat condensed because of space limitations.—wmd]]

**I**N MARCH, 1934, I saw an ad in the *New York Times* for a 20 H.P. "Baby" Rolls chassis. I telephoned a very good friend in Rye and asked him to go over to White Plains and look the car over. The next night he called back to report that it had no body, but the motor ran smoothly. A day later I entrained for New York equipped with a heavy ulster, sailor's lanyard, muffler, gloves, etc.

The following day I went to White Plains. Though the temperature was about 20° I drove the car up around the Kensico Reservoir with only an orange crate for a seat. It performed perfectly and I agreed to give the dealer \$350 for it if he would provide some sort of windshield and something better to sit on than the orange crate. So he installed a celluloid shield, with burbank cloth caught under the hood drawn back and tacked to the sides of a pair of coach seats. The spare wheel was mounted flat at the back of the frame, where my suitcase also was lashed.

Friends in New York provided a good time and many martinis, over which they tried to convince me I was *nuts*. Inclined to agree with them as I was, I was now the owner of a *Rolls* and stuck to my deal, *thank God*.

About 12:30 Sunday, with the temperature 20° or less, but fortified with a bottle of Black & White in addition to the ulster and steamer rug, I got away from White Plains. In due time we got to the mountains, and in McConnellsburg the "Baby" quit. But it was only a loose main fuse, and a lit-

tle later we pulled into Chambersburg for the night, with a little Black & White left.

The next morning there was six inches of wet snow on the mountain roads, with no plows out and no cinders. I drove out about 15 miles and then turned back, as it was too risky with the light rear end. I garaged the "Baby" and came home. The next week was mild with no snow, so I went back to Chambersburg and drove home.

After a couple of months I found a 1936 Packard roadster and had the body mounted on the Rolls chassis, painted and set up as it is now. My vacation started when only the first coat of paint had been put on, so I took it out of the shop unfinished and my mother and I started on our first real trip by Rolls-Royce. We drove to New York, got aboard a coast-wise steamer for Portland, Maine. From Portland we drove northwest across Maine to Quebec, then to Ontario, the Thousand Islands, and back home. Since then there have been many other trips in the little car; I've driven her along the Atlantic Seaboard from Quebec to North Carolina, out to Cleveland, back and forth to Nantucket, Cape Cod and Mount Desert, Maine. In the 22 years I have been driving her she has never yet let me down on the road or caused any great trouble. Of course I have changed tires occasionally, but the knock-off wire wheels make that job fast and easy, and subsequent refreshment is available from the "Bantam Bar" built into the golf-bag compartment.

In 1939 a tooth, cracked by some mechanic in previous years, came out of the second gear. In spite of the submarine war around England, Derby replied *the same day* to a cable from New York, saying it would ship "two gears, the driving and the driven gear, properly ground together so as to insure the maximum of silence". These came in about a week

by airmail and I was rolling again in about a month. If I had had to depend on Detroit for parts for a 15-year-old car I'd have been lucky to get them in six or eight months, if at all. About the same time I put in a set of new valves and aluminum pistons and about ten years ago I replaced two pinion-shaft bearings. This spring I plan to have the car repainted and the top re-covered again. Then she'll be all ready for another 22 years.

The two-wheel mechanical brakes are perfectly equalized through small *cut-gear* differentials so that there is no grabbing. Nine years ago, after I had driven over 50,000 miles, I had new  $\frac{3}{8}$ " lining installed on both foot- and hand-brakes. At the time of the last state inspection, after another 50,000 miles, there was still  $\frac{5}{16}$ " or more lining left.

The windshield decal, "1924 20 H.P. Rolls-Royce" brings surprised comments from people saturated with claims about 250-300 H.P. Detroit cars. What they do not realize is that these high figures are *maximum brake H.P.*, measured without all the power-consuming accessories now considered necessary, while the Rolls figure is a rating based upon displacement and a formula, and is equivalent to 75-80 brake H.P. I have gotten everywhere I've wanted to go, pushed other cars out of trouble, travel the turnpike at 48-50 MPH and still average 11-12 MPG in the city and 16-16.5 on the road.

I have heard too many cracks about the car to recount, but one of the best occurred one summer as I was returning through Bridgeport, Conn. The top was down and I was wearing a white coat and a sun helmet with an orange band. Traffic was light and workers were emptying out on the sidewalks. Suddenly I heard a man with a carrying voice exclaim to a companion, "Well, for Christ's sake, who the Hell does he think he is—Robinson Crusoe?"

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Trot out *right now* to your nearby, friendly SDB Loser dealer and get at least four or five of these triumphs of electronic design and craftsmanship. The SDB Loser Pocket Hi-Fi costs only \$59.95, or \$719.99 per dozen.

### SDB Loser Mfg. Co.

Comagen, New Jersey





## THE MAIL BOX

EGOBOO AND OTHER STUFF

From H. P. SANDERSON

Catford, London SE6, November 6/56.

How come Grennell can write about anything? It isn't fair to the rest of fandom. I think maybe I'll form a club—the "Limit Grennell To Two Dozen Subjects Club" or some such—so that other people can have a chance. On the other hand Dag is in a class of his own—sort of parallel with, but different from, Bloch, Tucker and Willis—and it would be a shame to lose some amusing articles simply because other fans can't write them the way he does and we have limited him to two dozen subjects. Come to think of it, that would be quite a limitation, wouldn't it? In the meantime there is the question of music as detailed by Dag in *Stefantasy* 37. If one can be serious for a moment about an article that had me laughing out loud (an achievement shared by Dag, the three fans mentioned above, Thorne Smith, Frances Evans and some West End review writers) I'd point out that I missed a lot of the Mambo craze, being overseas at the time, but just the same thing has been happening recently with Rock and Roll. Like *When The Saints Go Marching In* Rock and *Coming Through The Rye* Rock and stuff. Just so as not to lose anything of the fascinating trends in modern music I feel someone should bring out an album entitled "Music for Driving a Souped-Up Hot Rod in Black Denim Trousers and Motor Cycle Boots to a Rock and Roll Shindig and Raping Your Partner on the Floor to." Kind of a Lewd Music Disc.

Who did the "New Model" piece? Yourself I suppose, in which case congratulations—it was great. And the footnotes, footnotes, footnotes, just about curled me up.

Enjoyed reading *Lark* also despite the fact that this time I could only get about half of the references. It's nice to think that quite a large number of Fapans—and all of those who count anyway—send their zines to folks on the waiting list. I like that. If I got less than usual this time it's only my own fault for not writing to everyone last time.

I've just recovered from an attack of Gafia!

Is all for now.

From WIM STRUYCK

Rotterdam, 12/11/56

Thanks for your letter d.d. 15/9/56. That is, you dated it in the American way, 9/15/56. Now I'm quite willing to take over foreign customs

when (or if) those seem to be better than ours. I did so, actually, with addressing a letter. Here in Holland your address would be: Rockwood Avenue 720; the number comes after the street. But, as was explained to me, the postman starts reading the address at the bottom; first the city, then the street, then the number.\* That's logic. So now I do it that way too. But I can't see any reason for your method of dating, or is there.† Anyhow, it's not very important, but as you said in your letter, the settling of minor puzzles may be interesting. To settle another minor thing: My name is Wim, not Wym. The y is a symbol that hardly occurs in Dutch. When it does, it's a kind of alien intruder into the language. As such it's always dumb (not pronounced), as it is in my name Struyck, where it takes the place of the i (an old-fashioned custom). When the y does occur it's written like this: v. In that case it sounds like the English i in wine, mine. In the alphabet it's called and pronounced as your i, whereas y is omitted in our alphabet. When we *must* give it a name it's called ypsilon or i greque (both Greek). In my name the ui or uy is *one* sound. Thus, don't try to pronounce it STRCOYCK. Still better, don't try it at all, because the exact sound is absolutely impossible to you. I had long discussions about this with other American or English fans. As a result I know that you'll never say it right. It comes rather near to Strike; I even suspect that you'd hardly hear any difference between Strike or Struyck. But I assure you that there is a difference and that I *do* hear it.

Yes. I did receive the August *Stefantasy*. Especially interesting to me is D. A. Armstead's article about popular music and lyrics. It's long since known to musicians (as I am) that: 1) really good music (either classic or jazz, either "old" jazz or Bop) never gets popular with the masses 2) most popular music is trash, and 3) if a good idea, or a good thing (as I think jazz is, or South American rhythms, or a good idea for a humorous lyric) does get popular, it's immediately imitated in such avalanches that you get sick of the thing, whereas the imitations are seldom as good as—and mostly debasing—the original. And I'm afraid, as long as people are people it will stay that way. My 14-year-old sister-in-law just now wears her pullover (or woolen vest) buttoned on the back, instead of in the ordinary way. And if you ask her, why this reverse, she says: Why, because all the girls in school do it.

No, I never did read anything by T. H. White. The author is un-

\*Over here some streets are so long the number determines the postal zone. I doubt that's why we put the street number first, but it *does* help when the zone number is omitted from an address.

†The only reason I can think of is that in writing a date longhand we customarily write the month first.—wmd

known to me. But then, Fantasy as well as Sc. F. has always been very scarce in Holland. There're hardly any original, Dutch authors in this kind of literature, and only the very well known ones have been translated. (Verne, Burroughs, H. G. Wells and such.) There are no Fant. or Sc. F. magazines, either original or translated. The only thing we get are *some* Pockethooks (in English). For the rest we have to look for "ways". Subscriptions, changing, second-hand stores that may have been visited by Americans, and so on. Sometimes difficult, but "I get along".

From J. J. LANKES

Durham, N. C., Nov. 24, 1956

Here it is 2 hours, 32 min., 19 sec. at the moment of writing, short of one month and one day to the Merrie Christmase Day whereon our Merchants cease to make merry for another year, more or less, and I sit awake fretting over it. Only 25 days more of shopping and all the evils thereof! And wondering how homo Tewler got that way—the Christmas way, I mean! As I wonder my eyes fall on this astounding statement: "How better sleep begins with J & L steel". Well, that is right down my alley. So I read that "sleep is a wonderful thing and no less wondrous when you think that the restful comfort of a good night's sleep begins with the tapping of a J & L open hearth furnace. Etc." I herewith send you the ad. It is from *Time*, Sept 24, 1956. You can take the ball from there and run all the way to hell and back with it—assuming your mind is stronger than mine, and able to come back to reality, intact. There is a weakness in this ad-writer's reasoning—let us call it. I turn a page or so and the lead-line is "How your voice gets there . . . faster! Perhaps you're familiar with color telephones, light-up dial telephones and similar conveniences. Etc." And more of such inanity. Another page. Lead-line asks "Are you glad your husband's an engineer?" You are supposed to be the lady holding a tray with 7 loaves of bread. Her husband is the fellow studying a thick slice of roasting beef. You know damn well that that lady knows no more about baking bread than a bed bug. Boeing uses this to attract engineering help through wife's interest. The implication is that her husband does not have wit enough to be so progressive. Next: "How to Teach an Old Truck New Tricks" showing a huge truck hurtling up a snow-covered hill. Maybe this ad is designed to appeal to the Little Woman too. Next is a whiskey ad. A herd of cows is shown in the foreground of a distillery and we read that "the leisurely life . . . produces a . . . whiskey with stubborn pride and ambition to make the best whiskey in the world. Etc." Page after page of such stuff. This is the sort of nonsense written to appeal to the Great Captains of Industry and their Wives. Is it any wonder the young fry—the teen-age children of these

Great Captains, and the lesser ones, go nuts over such characters as this Pelvis fellow! You can't blame him. He has a fine racket designed to exploit—you take the ball, Bill, and carry it, if you can carry it where it should go. I'm going back to bed. At least I know that these ad-writers belong in the same Lodge with Pelvis, and both deal in the same mentalities. But someone pays for it all. To hell with it.

Merry Christmas. Have a snort of that there ambitious whiskey on me.

FROM AL LOPEZ

State College, Pa., Dec. 17, 1956

May & Aug *Stefantasys* were received and enjoyed very much And here it is practically Christmas before I acknowledge them. I have a bad habit of procrastinating.\* When I get your mag, I enjoy it so much that I feel it deserves more than a postcard of acknowledgement, so I put the mag on the right side of my desk (pile of stuff to be answered or taken care of).† Usually in less than a week's time, it gets buried under another pile of stuff.\* Every once in a while I go through the stack changing the pile according to priority! Well here it is Xmas and there's still 3 inches of stuff under the spot from which I dug your mags.

It is interesting to compare the car in your May issue with the 1957 monstrosities. Did you see a preview of the '57's or was this a gastronomic nightmare on your part?‡

Also—May issue—if you ever find anyone who comes up with a good simple video recorder, I (and my government sponsor) will be deeply interested.§

I also have on hand a letter dated 4-3-56 which I'm not sure I ever answered. You had a few questions, & just in case I never did answer the letter, here goes:

For NLK, I'm not Al Lopez the Chicago manager (and ex Pirate ball-player); wish I were. I love baseball.

For my Alaska pictures I used a Leica III F (company camera).

\*Me too. Al. Anyone else have this sort of trouble?—wmd

†Neither, Al. Look again and you'll see it's the work of Lee Shaw (*nee Hoffman*), and I'm thinking she herself is a little flabbergasted by the accuracy of her prediction.—wmd

‡Guess this settles that question for a while. You there, McCain?—wmd

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“There can be but little liberty on earth while men worship a tyrant in heaven.”

—ROBERT C. INGERSOLL

# BANISH SHAVING WOES!

YES, men! Thanks to Warmgate & Grabble's tireless sales department your shaving worries are now a thing of the past!

No wonder you have had so much trouble with pulling, uncut stubble, nicks, scratches and smarting skin. For all the years since men began shaving both their lather and their razor blades have been *the wrong color!*

Through unceasing efforts and much thinking off the tops of their heads, our sales department made the startling discovery that even the toughest of whiskers shrink from wrong-color lather and attempt to retreat into the follicle at the approach of a wrong-color blade. Read what Mr. Selwyn R. Pushkin said after first using a W & G COLORMATE SHAVING KIT:

"My bright-red whiskers have always had a strong tendency to shrink from ordinary white lather and attempt to retreat into the follicle at the approach of an ordinary steel-color blade. When I first used my W & G COLORMATE SHAVING KIT (Bright Red) the difference was immediately apparent. My whiskers stood up stiff and straight in the bright-red lather and were cut off cleanly and completely by the bright-red blade. It was the best and most comfortable shave of my life and was, in addition, milder—*much milder*. I have not received any remuneration for this statement over and above the standard scale and a lifetime supply of W & G COLORMATE SHAVING KITS.

What better proof could you want, men? This unsolicited and unpaid testimonial is positive evidence that you, too will get perfect shaves only with a W & G COLORMATE SHAVING KIT in **your** color. Only \$2.88 everywhere. Run out and get one now!

**WARMGATE & GRABBLE**  
**CHICAGO, MINNESOTA**

# THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

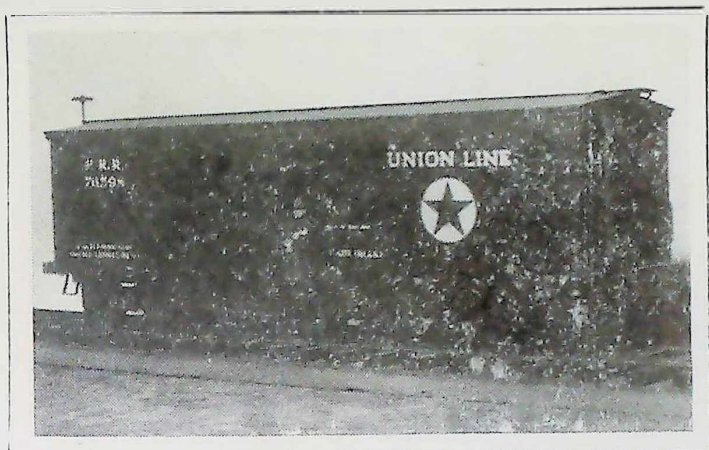
## ERRATUM DELUXE

**F**OR ELEVEN YEARS I have been wondering when I would make the colossal booboo exhibited on pages 10 and 15 of this issue. As a matter of fact I did so once before, but caught it after printing only fifteen or twenty pages. These were salvaged by printing extra copies of the form that should have occupied the space and tipping them in with paste. This time, after making the first copy right for the dummy I make up as I go along, I noted that the stack of paper would have to be turned before printing in order to have page 15 in the right place. Then, of course, I went ahead and printed the whole pile without realizing I had forgotten to turn it. The SDB ad was the only other page printed on that sheet and it would not have mattered if it were upside down. This, however, would have destroyed the continuity of "The Skeptic Tank", and that would *never* do. So I finished the sheet as you find it. Anyone who doesn't like it knows what he can do. Even if my Scottish blood had permitted me to discard the paper and start over, page 15 was all distributed before I realized what I had done. I wouldn't reset all that 8 point stuff for *anyone*.

But what the hell, folks? It gave me material enough to fill this page.

Well, it *almost* fills the page. Must you quibble?





## Miscellanea

THE PICTURE of the Rolls didn't turn out so well, did it? Since I took it myself it's my own fault. When John has had the car painted I'll try again and see if I can't do better.

The cut of the photo above doesn't look any too good, either, having too little contrast. But it's the last unused one of the batch Harry Warner made for me over a year ago. It doesn't seem right to waste either the cut or all this expanse of coated paper. It depicts, as you may be able to see, locomotive engineer Ignatius W. Rau of the Rockwood & Western R. R. snapped as he was taking it easy during lunchtime.

Let me thank all of you who sent me cards last Xmas, the Holiday for Shopkeepers (and have you noticed the propaganda to turn Valentine day, like Easter, into another gift-exchanging occasion?) For several years I have sent out no Xmas cards whatever. Why waste time, money and paper on such things when I can waste them so much more advantageously in putting out this peerless rag?

