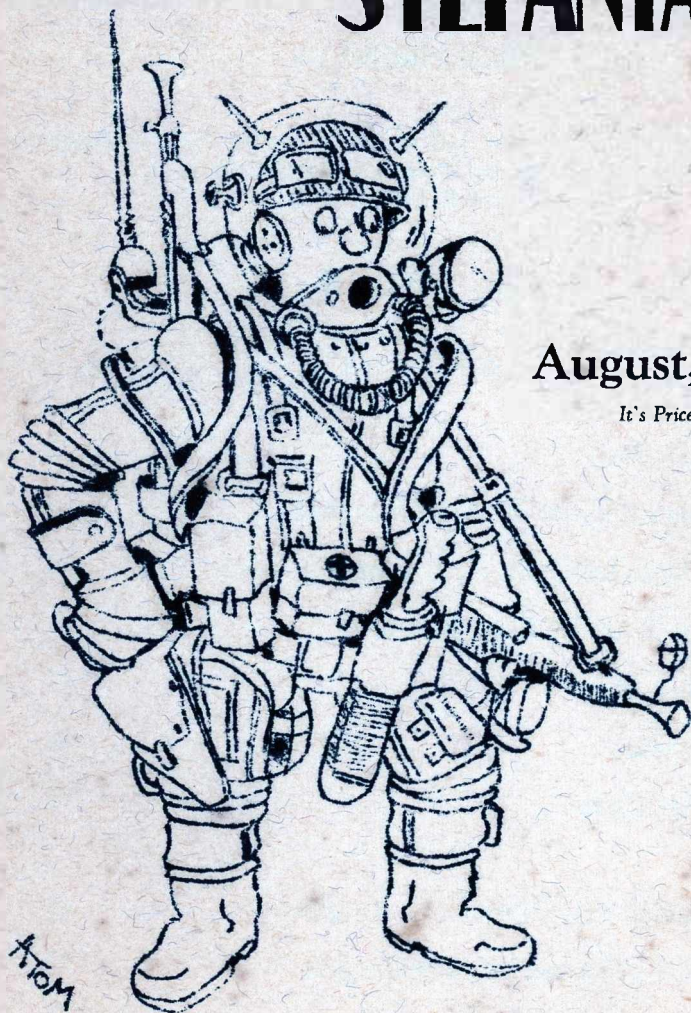


# STEFANTASY



August, 1958

*It's Priceless*

THE MAGAZINE THAT IS MILDER--MUCH MILDER

# STEFANTASY

Volume 14

August, 1958

Number 2

Whole Number 41

Published and printed for the hell of it and for the Fantasy Amateur  
Press Association by William M. Danner, R. D. 1,  
Kennerdell, Pennsylvania.



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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

**A**S I BEGIN to write this in the stick, at about 8:45 pm on 7-15-58, much of the cellar floor is under water and I'm waiting for the volunteer firemen to come and pump it out.

As you may have read in the papers, southern Venango county this morning had a storm of near-cloudburst proportions that dumped 2½ inches of water in six hours. Many houses and cottages in low sections were swept away or inundated by flash floods and one small child was torn from his father's arms by the water and drowned as the family escaped from their flooded home.

This place is quite high, but the rain came down so hard that a couple of small streams of water came right through the 21-inch stone wall in the corner where I am building a dark-room. This was bad enough, but a lot worse is the dug well, which has become a gusher. When I got up this morning it was overflowing; now it is flowing even faster, though the rain stopped some ten hours ago.

NEXT DAY: The firemen didn't make it. After pumping out cellars all day one of the trucks broke down, and the men had to help hunt for a 13-year-old girl who disappeared.

However, the water level in the well is now below the floor (just barely) and I have siphoned out most of the flood-water with the garden hose. A big fan is doing its best to dry things out.

Since it was all rain and well-water there is none of the mud and silt left by a river flood, and none of the inevitable stink. But things are still pretty damp!

by DEAN A. GRENNELL

# THE SKEPTIC TANK

Eighth Tankful

## ON TEACHERS AND THEIR INTELLECTUAL STATURE AND STUFF LIKE THAT THERE

**R**ECENTLY THERE HAVE BEEN several comments and expressions of astonishment in the amateur press concerning the apparent dearth of literacy on the part of other contributors purporting to be duly constituted educators of the young.

The burthen of the comment voices startlement that a teacher not only could but would take and split an infinitive even as you and I and the other mortals. When reading these, I can but speculate that several years have elapsed since the astonished one completed his or her formal education. For my own part, I might impute a reasonable degree of literacy to professors at the college or university level (probably because I ain't never been to no college) but if I were to encounter a display of correct grammar from a primary or high school teacher that would *really* astound me.

This is not a condition of recent origin. I can offer no aid and comfort to those such as Our Revered Editor\* who stout-

\*You mean *me*? If so, dare I mention that old saying, "When I went to school . . . ? In those long-gone days the Pgh schools had an excellent reputation (and still do, for all I know.) The teachers *knew* grammar and spelling; if the students didn't when they graduated it was not for lack of good example and constant drill. There *has* been a speedup in education as in everything else, and with overcrowded classes everywhere there is less individual attention than formerly. It may not be a new condition but it is a steadily worsening one. With only semi-literates available for teaching jobs how could it be otherwise?—wind



ly assert that things have only recently started to go to hell ever faster and faster. I can testify from personal experience that as long ago as a quarter of a century the grade school teachers I encountered at that time did not display particularly more—or less—acuity than they do today. Recently at hand I can submit a piece of PTA propaganda inviting parents of children enrolled in the local grade school which our children attend to come listen to a lecture entitled “A LITTLE KNOWLEGE IS A DANGEROUR THING.” We went to hear it and I learned that the knowlege (sic) thay had in mind was of how mammals propagate rather than of speling.

Of the harpies and harridans who guided my way through the first few years of grade school I remember relatively little save that there was one who enforced discipline by nearly ripping the ears from her little charges’ heads. My sojourn in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades is still vivid in memory however.

The dominie who shaped our green and plastic minds in that era was a Black Irish lad with the foine auld name of Murphy. He was a lean man, with features of the sort that western story writers love to term “hard-bitten.” He looked, in the face, a bit like an emaciated version of the late Senator McCarthy. It would be charitable to attribute to him a rudimentary degree of personal fastidiousness but it would be rankly incorrect. He wore the identical black turtle-neck sweater and pair of shiny black serge trousers through every single school day of the entire three and a half years I knew him—at least to the best of my recollection, he did. He may have occasionally doffed the sweater on warm days in the spring or fall; I cannot swear to this.

He had bad teeth and worse digestion and with a sharp

exhalation, he could easily have pitted stainless steel at a range of thirty-six inches. We early learned that it was best to work out knotty problems by yourself rather than appeal to him for help since that meant that he would come lean over your desk and breathe on you. Only when a heavy head-cold brought the welcome relief of anosmia did we dare ask for individual assistance.

It may be that his olfactory idiosyncrasies were pardonable to a degree. A one-room country school full of Wisconsin dairy-farmers' children is no bed of roses in any case and it is possible that we offended him about as much as he did us.

Oftentimes today, when I encounter a tirade by Dr. Frederick Wertham on the evil influences of comic books or a stirring philippic by Gertrude Carr on the necessity of suppressing all literature not sanctioned by the One True Church I recall listening to Mr. Murphy reading the saga of Little Red Riding Hood to a clutch of wide-eyed second graders. "... and so, with a terrible howl, the Big Bad Wolf JUMPED OUT OF BED AND ATE LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD ALL UP!" He snapped the book shut: "Now, wasn't that a nice story, boys and girls?"

His interpretations of Literature were no less startling than his bland sanctioning of anthropophagy among *C. lupus*. Going through Whittier's "Snowbound" we came to the lines describing the schoolteacher:

Her slender hand and tapering wrist  
Had facile power to form a fist.

Patronizingly, he explained to us that this meant that the teacher in question "... could screw her face up into a fist." Looking back, I can see that it would have been the better part of valor to let well enough alone, but the thought of countless following generations of children growing up with

the concept in their minds of that fist-faced teacher was more than I could bear. Hesitantly, I suggested that perhaps he was confusing facile ("easy to do; expert; fluent") with facial ("of, or pertaining to the face"). Contemptuously, he shouted down this absurd theory. I called in Noah Webster, ever a staunch ally against fuggheads. For a bit there I honestly believe he considered shouting down poor dead Mr. Webster as well, or at least writing a stinging letter to the dictionary's editors but finally he grudgingly conceded my point. But he never forgave me.

I could cite other instances, such as Mr. Murphy's stubborn insistence that the word "espionage" was properly pronounced "e-pissonage" (here he scowled both Webster and me out of countenance, declaring that "esp-y'n-aazh" may have been the original French pronunciation but his version was the one favored by popular usage); I could mention the high school chemistry teacher who grotched at being reminded that *aqua regia* was compounded of nitric and hydrochloric acids, not nitric and sulphuric as he claimed ("Gold dissolved in the stuff forms gold chloride," I quibbled. "Where could the choride ions come from?" "There's a transformation takes place!" he insisted). Another time, in Physics class, the question came under discussion as to which of three tanks would float the highest in water: one full of compressed air, one containing air under standard atmospheric pressure, or one "containing" vacuum (for the purpose of discussion it was stipulated that the evacuated tank would not shrink from outside air pressure). The Physics teacher held that the tank of compressed air would, of course, float the highest, ". . . since air has a natural buoyancy to it." In vain, I argued that, since air possesses a slight but specific amount of weight, the compressed air would be heaviest and would sink deepest and the

vacuum the least. One imagines, in such a case, the air is intagibly rent by silent shrieks from the shade of Archimedes. I seem to remember that Willy Ley once told how an officer on the British General Staff pooh-poohed the idea that a steel cylinder full of compressed (actually, liquefied) chlorine gas would be any heavier than the same cylinder, empty. The difference in weight was around seventy pounds, I think, and a major tactical debacle developed because the technicians simply couldn't carry as many cylinders apiece as the General thought they could.

There is an old saw beloved by cynics to the effect that, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." In too many cases this comes sadly close to the truth. So it was in the days of Tom Sawyer; so shall it be, quite likely, in one-room schools on the far side of Algol's fourth planet in the year 2972, A.D.

Teachers, in the end, are people just like the rest of us and some of them are even more so.

---

## A FRAGMENT

**T**HE SAINT picked up a cigarette, flipped it into the air and caught it in his mouth without moving his head. He snapped a flame from his lighter and blew out a long feather of smoke. He tried it again, caught the wrong end between his lips, gasped, swallowed and choked. He grabbed a bottle of liquid from a shelf—unfortunately it was gasoline. Well, not so unfortunately as one might think—he's lighter

—CHARLES BURBEE and HOWARD MILLER

---

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

—ROBERT C. INGERSOLL



by A. J. FRANCK

## “My Operation”

**D**ID I TELL YOU about my operation? No? Well, I shall try not to make this account too boring. After all, almost everybody, in this day and age, has experienced some sort of surgery. It is essential, therefore, that if anything at all about an operation is to have even the slightest claim upon the notice of others, its aspects must be singular in some degree. I shall leave it to you to determine whether mine was in any measure unique.

For centuries, I am sure—since even Martin Luther had to bear the same affliction—delicacy has restrained people from the general and open discussion of such operative procedures as mine, except, of course, where the discussion panel was composed exclusively of men. There the matter usually became the subject of ribaldry of a somewhat sadistic nature, and the tendency to refer to it in terms of mechanical procedures such as reaming or re boring, or to pantomime a performance with brace and bit, became virtually ritualistic. In my own case, these characterizations seemed to be less appropriate than the concept of retreading. That, after the many, many years of squirming on a long succession of my employers' successively disintegrating and collapsing swivel chairs, is decidedly more apropos.

In the process of retreading, as any informed person knows, the surface to be retreaded requires preparation. My case was no exception. There arose some initial uncertainty as to the area involved, but it all came out right—in the End. An orderly endowed with exceptional tonsorial talent restored the glow and polish of babyhood to my cheeks and assured me

that although the operation was still sixteen hours off I had no need to entertain any concern over the possibility of five o'clock shadow. My request for aftershave lotion was ignored. Later that evening enema action took a heavy toll in what had been begun as a rear guard penetration. From a philosophical standpoint, it must be conceded that the high ratio of return, approximately four to one, exemplified the preferability of giving over receiving. Mankind should be more widely infused with this verity, it seems to me.

In the ensuing period, I discovered that while, in law or accounting, many procedures are cut and dried, in surgery the subject is often dried and cut. I was given little or nothing to drink. Post-operatively, however, the first concern of all those charged with the patient's management seemed to be to bring him into liquidation. Failing ordinary persuasion and the suggestive effect of a running tap, recourse is had to a red-hot ten-penny nail. That sometimes gets results. In my case, all these methods failed, and the only beneficial result was to render me oblivious to the fact that my recently operated regions were fastened up with bobby pins, like a new permanent. It hurt even more, elsewhere!

Even so, forgetfulness was not to be my portion, even with demerol and the barbiturates on my side. My room looked out upon a twelve-lane super-highway which all day long and throughout the entire night is a roaring, pulsating Niagara of automobile noises, sometimes rising to tremendous crescendi. A short distance to the left, the world's heaviest rapid transit trains beat out a thunderous diapason on their steel structure to a counterpoint of clanking third rail shoes. At about the same distance to the right, the railroad's multiple-unit trains clatter over its rock-ballasted main line. Day and night, scores of airplanes, low on take-offs and landings

from and at the nearby airports, tear the air to shreds. It is in a setting of such sounds that one awaits the First Movement and hopes for the reestablishment of potty regularity.

As I said, sleep does not come. An invisible demon armed with an incandescent rattail file hovers by and waits and watches. Whenever the patient arrives at that moment of relaxation which lies at the threshold of sleep, the demon jabs him at the scene of the operation. It occurs a hundred times a night. He jabs him whenever he clears his throat, tries to blow his nose, or merely raises his hand.

Inexorably, the day of blood, sweat and tears arrives. It is not, as some say, like passing handfuls of razor blades or a completely undone paper of pins. Either of those would be downright comfortable. No, it is the passing of a nail-fringed bar from a twisted curtain-stretcher, and the quivering wretch who knows this agony for the first time, knows also that it will not be the last for several weeks yet before him, and he stumbles back to his bed to wonder whether life is, after all, worth all the trouble it takes to live it.

The ultimate indignity comes with the realization that after a lifetime of control, one has to learn all over again to discriminate between wind and rain. This dawns upon one with the very first betrayal of confidence by a supposedly dependable mechanism. The trial run culminates in disaster—a washout, to be literal—but it is the first of many lessons in humility. Really, one *must* start at the bottom.

The nice thing about it all was that everybody wished us reams of success even though it was evident that my doctor was a little behind in his work.

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## PLASTICASKET OF TISQUATASKET

(Subsidiary of Fetor Delmorte)

Tisquatasket, Wisconsin



by CARL BRANDON

## Hunger Talk

**T**HE OTHER DAY I was talking to a young woman who is a classmate of mine here at the University of California. (I often talk to young women who are classmates of mine, or even who are not classmates of mine.) I was telling her that I was very hungry, it being then something like 3:00 in the afternoon, because I had had classes straight through since 10:00 that morning, with no break for lunch.

"It is very unnerving," I told her, "to have to sit through a lecture when you are hungry." I went on to tell her how my stomach would growl in tune with the drone of the lecturer's voice; how he would mention the theories of Malthus and I would think of all those people starving and thus begin to imagine myself starving too; how the subject of food would begin to obsess me, so that I would miss whole segments of the lecture; and how I would get home and in going over my notes would find things like "Convergent evolution opposed to divergent evolution—different, but attained similar big juicy steak—Tree Shrews, Lemurs, Tarsoids, Parapithecus and Miocene Apples," and similar esotericisms.

"It is very unnerving," I concluded, "to have to sit through a lecture when you are hungry."

This young lady agreed with me, and sympathized with me. We went on to discuss the distracting effects of the natural impulses upon societal living. We mentioned the difficulty one often has in trying to study when one would much rather sleep, speculated upon the length of time one could go without water, and I was even so bold as to mention that some of my less artistic colleagues often had trouble concent-

rating upon the acting abilities of Maria Schell (though she said she never had such problems, at least with regard to Miss Schell).

"Man," I said, "is basically an animal, who has certain functions he must perform. Failing this, conflict is set up within him which manifests itself in such symptoms as hunger, thirst, and bloodshot eyes."

"You mean," she said, "that people don't necessarily have to eat or sleep or anything?"

"Precisely," I said firmly. "Man is an animal. Animals are animals. I looked penetratingly at her. "Animals have instincts," I said.

"Yes," she said mildly.

"A careful analysis of the instinctive habits of animals," I continued, "will show that many of them are meaningless, have nothing whatever to do with survival. They are irrational impulses."

"Yes," she said. (Which was fortunate, because I was just then trying to think of some examples, but couldn't.)

"Well, then," I said, "it seems highly likely that the so-called 'natural' or 'necessary' actions of animals and men are mere irrational instincts, that it is not necessary for us to eat, not necessary for us to sleep. And certainly," I said a bit shyly, "it is not necessary for people to have sex."

"No," she said thoughtfully.

"My theory is this," I said, tapping the tip of my pencil against my teeth. "At one time, in the distant past, when men were still in the animal stage, there was no need for eating and sleeping and that other. But, since they were still animals and therefore guided by emotion rather than reason, men began to take pleasure in eating and sleeping, and even in that other. They began to enjoy them so much that they develop-

ed the habit of eating and sleeping and so forth. You know that animals are creatures of habit, as has been amply proven by many research projects."

She cited a few examples for me, and I thanked her.

"Right," I said, "So it seems perfectly clear to me that human beings do not *have* to submit to such things as hunger and thirst. It is merely a basic instinct in them. When they refuse to submit to such instincts, a psychological conflict begins." I paused. "You have heard of psychosomatic medicine?" I asked.

"Of course," she said.

"Well," I said, "psychosomatic medicine has proven that there is a great deal of control of the body by the emotions. In just this way, people who go against the grain of their natural instincts raise within themselves psychological conflicts which in turn affect the body, causing in many cases malnutrition, physical exhaustion, and even death."

"Do yo mean," she said, "that people die of hunger for psychological reasons, rather than simply because the body needs fuel to keep it alive and functioning?"

"That is what I mean," I said decisivly.

"Why, that's ridiculous," she said and walked off.

I went on home, thinking of the silly ideas I can get when I am suffering from the pangs of hunger.

---

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## THE MAIL BOX

### EGOBOO AND OTHER STUFF

From CARL J. (for Jupiter) W. LONG

Pittsburgh 10, Pa., 3-1-58

It has been, hasn't it? Your last and fascinating *Stefantasy* has prompted me to take my writing stick in hand (OLDE EXPRESSION) and produce this note. Maybe you didn't realize it but you are getting over into my domain.

Let me explain. You can see from the enclosed card that I'm a member of the Board of Directors of the Air Force Association. The AFA conducts high-powered conferences, the latest of which has just been concluded down in Ike's territory. A look at the enclosed program will show you that we are literally out of this world.

As a matter of fact the last session took us out of the solar system. . . even though it did leave me whirling like a dervish.

According to these guys we'll be out in the "wild black yonder" inside 10-15 years. And the guys in 1970 will be propositioning the gals with "How'd you like to blast off with me for a week-end orbit around the moon?" It's comin' Charlie!

So you see, whiskers, your last issue of the mag—given over at least partially to the problems of space—was not as imaginative as you supposed. [Who supposed? The contents of *Stef* are always up to 100% actual fact.—wmd] Although I am still wondering, and a bit awestruck, at your initiative in procuring a most realistic representation (on your cover) of an authentic space bird.

However did you do it, Elmer?

From ROBERT BLOCH

Weyauwega, Wis., 3-4-58

*Stefantasy* is good . . . the ink-making scheme exceptionally clever . . . and I think you have printed one of the best articles Grennell ever did. But the cover is simply

## TREMENDOUS!

My compliments to you and to the creator thereof. Been a long time since I've seen anything which evoked so keen and spontaneous a sensation of undiluted pleasure.

From VICTOR A. MOITERDT

Washington 22, D.C.' 3-6-58

Receipt of the latest *Stef* today, which had Rowena and me both in admiration of Spider's cover and in stitches laughing over the piece on the Letters to the Editor (which, it happens, is one part of the *SEP* I always do find time to read completely, even when I don't read another thing—and we've been subscribing to the *Post* for 17 years) makes me want to be among the few who are acknowledgers and fans and grateful audience for your cavortings in type on paper. . .

There's another *Cemetery Rabbit* in process now—an 8-pager in 8 pt.—which will carry on belatedly with the series of Rowena's "London Letters" telling this time of our trip to Ireland. We figure we have to get going on these, because I now have my official orders which will detach me from the Pentagon about the 7th of July and send us right back to England for another hitch in the same job over there. We are thoroughly delighted at the prospect of returning, even though the actual move itself is a hectic disruptive period.

To answer your question . . . YES, we did get to liking small cars from our travels in the Austin A-40. We brought the little convertible back with us and still drive it. It fools people, for one thing—they see me driving the Austin and they are sure I must have a second, larger car at home and just use the Austin for commuting to work. The garage you see in the cut on this stationery is a double garage which the builder who sold me the house personally assured me would "hold two Cadillacs—because I've had two in there at once." He couldn't quite understand my immediate guffaw . . . asked me if I had two Cadillacs. Nope—I told him—I just have one small English Austin.

Well, we've outgrown the A-40, actually, since we added a fourth child in December, 1956. . . We would switch to a Rambler wagon if we were going to stay on here. But we'll wait now and buy a new British wagon when we get over there . . .

---

From AL FRANCK

Mineola, N. Y., Mar. 7, 1958

Got the Feb. *Stef* this morning. Amazed at the cover, a work of art.

Arthur Thomson's discourse on the "dry, very dry sandwiches . . . somnolent under glass cases with a slight curling leer to their edges" shows how far Britain is advanced over the rest of the Empah. For instance, you deplane at Gander, Nfld., and in due course find yourself in the barnlike transit room. Your airline, ever considerate of your wellbeing, has given you a ticket which, if the attendants behind the lunch (you should excuse the word) counter deign to notice you, entitles you to nutriment

without any outlay of cash on your part.

Yes, they have those curled-up sandwiches, but *under glass*? Don't be silly. The flies must eat, and there are swarms of them, all awfully ravenous. Moreover, how, without circulating air, can liverwurst attain the color and texture of pemmican or Swiss(?) cheese achieve the translucency and tensile strength of waxed parchment?

You know, on thinking about it, I would opine that the DC7C, the Super-G Constellation and similar long-range aircraft were developed to eliminate the operational stops in the course of which airborne travelers had been obliged to deal with these travesties on food. After all, he who gets no such sandwiches along the way, may live to fly another day! It's the airlines' way of assuring repeat business.

And how I loved the "Skeptic Tank"!

---

From BOB LEMAN

Denver 10, Colo., March 8, 1958

February *Stef* to hand, and much appreciated. I'm flattered that you wanted to send me a copy, and hopeful that you'll keep me on your list. The cover is, I should think, the finest thing that a fanzine has yet produced. (Or perhaps I wrong *Stef* by calling it a fanzine—surely it's a step beyond that.) I wouldn't have imagined linoleum block could have produced such a glorious (and gorgeous) BEM; the heavy layers of ink give it almost the quality of a painting. Of course, this may be usual in linoblock printing; [NO!—wmd] I confess I'm a well of ignorance about such matters. And Webb's account of its making was of no help at all; I haven't decided whether my leg was being pulled or Webb was assuming that everybody is familiar with the technical terminology of this kind of reproduction. Multi-Series Linoleum Coagulator!—this sounds strangely hoaxish, so I guess it's probably a perfectly prosaic and common apparatus, in constant use by the artistic set. [Commonly called a Printing Press, or Press, for short.—wmd] Ignorance, thy name is Leman.

God (you should excuse the expression) bless DAG; The Skeptic Tank is as a fresh clean wind blowing away the miasmic vaporings of the do-gooders whose looney babblings he so skillfully reduces ad absurdum. (His pseudonym this time, by the way, is extra clever, even for Grennell.) DAG is propounding solid common sense, and conveying it in uncommonly funny terms.

Where the hell are the ads? When *Stef* arrived, I first off leafed through it hastily, looking for ads (I always eat the frosting first). Alas, no ads—none at all. Now, maybe nobody sent in any, this time, but I know that some of the best you've had have been your own work. Now, what's your

excuse? [Well, I—uh, the ads—oh, see this issue, Bob.]

... In your comment on Calkins *Rambling Fap* you mention that Prince (your dog, I take it) [a collie] is fond of cats. We've got a bulldog bitch who passionately hates cats, but makes an exception for our own tom. We were given the cat direct from his mother's breast, and he hadn't been weaned. His initial undertaking in his new home was to try to nurse from Dolly's virgin dugs, and if you're one of those who believe that dogs don't have facial expressions, [I'm not] you should have seen the wild outrage on Dolly's face when the cat tried to use her as a provider. Today they're inseperable, and usually sleep together.

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From EMERSON DUERR

Elmhurst, Illinois, March 16, 1958

There's a very nice illustration on the front cover of *Stefantasy* for Feb. 1958, and I was enthralled by the description of the trek from Peetsboig to Kennerdell, not to mention being highly entertained by the account of the cargo cult, but I was driven half out of my mind by the disappearance of the advertising.

Trouble is that I can think of one, but 'tis not in the light, airy vein that characterizes Stef. 'Tis instead, the cold, cutting kind.

#### FABULOUS EASY PROFITS

Easy billions made in foreign aid from U. S. Government

Quick course in twenty short lessons explains all.

1. How to organize a foreign country.

2. How to soften soft-heads in U. S. State Department.

3. How to pull wool over eyes of soft-hearted congressmen.

Etc., my friend, etc.

Anyhoo, glad the move was made so easily and painlessly, and trust you will like your new quarters.

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From H. P. SANDERSON

London, S. E. 6, England, March 27/58

Many thanks for the February issue of *Stefantasy*. Since this was not a FAPA publication I thought it deserved a letter of comment—even if I do have to keep it short. . .

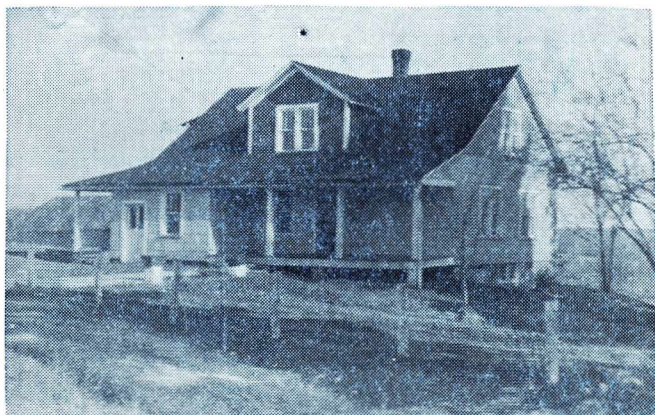
God what a cover! The colour was terrific and even after reading Webb's piece three times I still hadn't got a clue about how he did it! I'll have to find time to drop him a line. Yes, "Pot" does mean teeth.

Arthur's letter was nice—'specially that bit about the spoon being manacled to the counter by a length of heavy chain. They even do that in the Canteen at the Law Office. . .

How many vehicles did it take you to move?

I love the way Grennell writes. [So do I.]





**T**HIS PLACE is certainly less impressive than the one shown on page 16 of *Stef* 34. But I don't really need 89 rooms and 37 baths, and even he e I'm way behind on dusting, to say nothing about general housecleaning. Besides, I can't play the pipe-organ at all, let alone playing from two consoles at once.

The cellar is slowly being cleaned up, but as of today (7-21-58) there are still some damp and mildewy (what an apt middle name I have!) boxes of stuff in the corners. Today has been very cool for July so I've had the furrace going to get rid of some of the boxes. There is little damage to the contents except for two large cartons of 78rpm album sets that were on the floor. Even in this case the records are entirely undamaged, having been removed and swabbed off and then stacked with newspaper between; but the albums are pretty sad-looking, for they came partially unstuck and colors ran.

Another session with the furnace and mopping up with disinfectant to kill any remaining mildew (ah, me!) and the place will be all ready for the next cloudburst, which I hope never comes.

# THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

**S**INCE MOVING HERE I've been doing considerable mail-order buying and it has forced upon me the conclusion that many mail order firms have a deep, dark (incomprehensible, in fact) conspiracy to put themselves out of business.

Of course, the P. O. is helping. Thirty years ago I could order something from Chicago or New York and receive it *three days* later. Now a letter to either of those cities takes three or four days and a package five or six.

But this doesn't explain why a catalog I request takes one to four *months* to come, if the request isn't ignored completely. Nor does it explain why, when I order something, my check is cleared within a week, yet after a month I haven't gotten even an acknowledgement. In such cases (and there have been all too many) the only way to get action seems to be to report the matter to the Postmaster with copies to the B.B.B. and the magazine carrying the firm's ad. If any of the stuff is defective, as happens so often in this wonderful post-war world, it takes another month or more to get what is usually advertised as a "prompt refund for defective merchandise."

What I would like to know is: WHY? The fact that such firms advertise in national magazines proves they want mail-orders. Whether they are crooked or just sloppily-managed, they must realize they won't get any repeat orders when customers are treated so shabbily.

There are exceptions, of course, but the *unreliable* firms used to be the exceptions. *Caveat emptor*, sucker!

*The National*

*Twonk's Disease Foundation*

Invites your support!

Statistics show that over 80% of all men, women, and children over the age of 95 die from *Twonk's Disease*!\*

(\*falling of the armpits)

## Stamp Out This Dread Killer!

Thousands of people in America suffer daily from falling of the armpits. Twonk's Disease, the "Crippling Killer," can give you an early death! Watch for these Seven Warning Signals:

- (1) A shrill whistling in the ears around noontime
- (2) Athlete's feet
- (3) Signs of "tilting" in the armpit
- (4) Involuntary levitation
- (5) Discoloration of the armpits
- (6) Hardened armpits after prolonged labor
- (7) Armpits "going rancid"

If you show any of these signs, visit your family doctor immediately.



A Dramatization

*Remember--*

*falling armpits need your support!*

Write to

Thaddeus Sweetbreath  
National Secretary for the  
Twonk's Disease Fund

Weyauwega, Wisconsin

& enclose your contribution.

Dear Mr. Sweetbreath:

I would like to know more about Twonk's Disease. Please send me the free booklet, "YOUR ARMPITS—ARE THEY HOLDING UP?"

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Bank Balance \_\_\_\_\_

