

STEFANTASY

The Heliotrope-scented Magazine That Is Milder--Much Milder.



FEBRUARY, 1959

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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

LIGHTNING, it is said, never strikes twice in the same place.

Floods do, though. As a matter of fact, it should be fairly obvious that a place that gets flooded once is likely to get it again. My cellar is no exception, and in the disastrous floods that swept this part of the country on 1-21-59 the well once more became a gusher.

All that day and the next the water flowed out over the floor. But though it was months before I finished cleaning up after last summer's flood, this time everything was mopped up and back to normal by the 24th. During the summer, you see, I built a lot of shelves and practically everything was stored above the floor. And an improved runoff for the front rainspout kept the water that came through the outside wall of the darkroom to a mere trickle that did no damage at all. The type stands are along the same wall, and the moisture was dried up so quickly that neither cases nor type were the least bit dampened, as they were before. As the water in the well started down I added a chlorine solution, both as a safeguard against contamination and to prevent the wooden well-cover from sprouting the covering of mold which last summer made the whole place musty-smelling for weeks.

For me, this flood was just an inconvenience for a couple of days. I wish the same were true for residents along the rivers in Ohio and western Pennsylvania.

by BOB LEMAN

Henry Gross, Are You There?

WELL, SIR, there are some mighty odd people in the world. And most of the screwballs seem sooner or later to seek me out.

An affinity of like for like, you'll say. Well, perhaps. But then, too, my work brings me into contact with them. I am, in line of duty, regularly visited by harmless lunatics who are willing, for a suitable consideration, to give the company I work for the benefit of their secret devices for finding oil. The business of our company is drilling oil wells—or, to be more precise, drilling what we *hope* will be oil wells, for nine holes out of ten turn out to be dry. Oil is pretty hard to find.

The finding of it is the concern of a small army of scientists: geologists, geophysicists, petroleum engineers and electrical engineers. These learned gentlemen, who include in their ranks an impressive number of Ph.D.'s, devote their energy and expensively-acquired knowledge to the search for oil. Employing a battery of ingenious machines—seismographs, gravity meters, gamma-ray neutron loggers, etc.—to gather data, they painfully map the subsurface strata in their hunt for likely prospects. Every drilling operation is preceded by hundreds of man-hours of intensive research.

But at least once a week I am soberly informed that all this oil-finding apparatus may be dispensed with. And my informant will then offer the services of a device of his invention which will, he says, infallibly locate oil, thus taking the risk out of drilling. His doodlebug may be a simple twig or an elaborate goldberg, but it is always alleged to be absolutely reliable and dependable, the final answer to the oil indust-

ry's long search. As a matter of fact, the inventor would drill his own well, only he doesn't have the money, so he is willing to allow us half the profits if we'll do the drilling. He is invariably astounded and hurt when this generous offer is refused.

A desire for good public relations precludes giving these screwballs the bum's-rush, and I am the unfortunate employee who has been selected to interview them and to refuse their offers as diplomotically as possible. Occasionally the mad inventor becomes so wrought up that I go out with him for a demonstration. All of these have so far been—to put it as kindly as possible—inconclusive.

Most of the doodlebugs are variations on the water-witch's dowsing rod. I have had displayed to me branches (both forked and straight) from every possible kind of tree and shrub, sometemes in a state of nature, and sometimes wrapped with tape or wire or tinfoil. Occasionally they are painted. In every case the dowser is passionately convinced that this lumber will seek out and point to an oil reservoir (which in most cases he appears to visualize as an underground cavity or tank with liquid hydrocarbons sloshing around in it.)

Some of the more ingenious brethren have not gone to nature for their rods, but have fashioned them of metal. These also are both forked and straight, and are likely to sprout wires, which the inventor attaches to various parts of his person. A refinement of these metal rods is the whirling device: this is usually a simple L-shaped rod, with a loose grip affixed to the short end of the L. The dowser takes hold of the grip and marches across the terrain being investigated. When oil is found, the long end of the L begins to spin; the faster the spin, the nearer the oil.

While some of these cloudlanders explain the operation of their dowsers by simple recourse to the occult—"vibrations" or "rays"—others have worked up a sort of demented rationale for their lunacy. For example, there was the old couple from Kansas, who were peddling their discovery around Denver the summer before last. They came into my office with a box about four feet long by six inches square, and began to explain to me the theoretical principles behind their contrivance. They were such a nice old pair—sort of Norman Rockwell grandparent types—that I did them the courtesy of listening closely. They had their pitch down pat, and rattled along at a great rate. They started off soberly enough, with an accurate, if oversimplified, explanation of the geological origins of oil-bearing strata; but immediately thereafter they were off into the wild blue yonder, adducing as proof of their theory a fantastic melange of superstition, half-truths, and sheer ignorance. There was something Alice-in-Wonderlandish about it: quite clearly they felt they were laying out the thing with perfect logic, reasoning from a known beginning to a necessary conclusion, but their logic was as unearthly as a Martian's, and not one step of the way could I follow them. But I listened in baffled wonderment to their conclusion: they had just proved to me, it seemed, that rocks have a sexual nature, some being male and some female. And sandstone and limestone—in which oil is found—are female.

Now! In rocks, as in all nature, the male seeks the female; and the hunt for oil should therefore be pursued by a male object. And their device was exactly that.

I had a hunch before they opened the box, and when they opened it, sure enough, there it was: an enormous representation, in wood or rubber, of a male member. And there stood the little old Grandma and Grandpa, looking at the damn'

thing as proudly as Marconi must have looked at the first wireless.

Then there was the alchemist. He was one of those who insisted that I see a demonstration of his veeblefetzter, which appeared to be nothing more than a six-foot length of lead pipe, capped at the ends. I took him to a spot where the granite lies about twenty feet under the surface, and where a gusher of oatmeal is far likelier than oil. (I always take them there for demonstrations; now and then one of them knows enough about the geology of the area to spot the ruse, but most of them have gravely selected locations for drilling.)

It was a cold, nasty day, with a bitter wind whipping along, and I was anxious to get the thing over. The esp machine, however, wasn't primed for action. From the back of the jeep the demonstrator took a footlocker, which he opened to reveal hundreds of small unlabelled bottles. He uncapped one end of his pipe and began to load it with powders and liquids from the bottles. It was slow work; he used the tip of a pen knife to put in the powder, and an eyedropper for the liquid, and he must have put in a pinch or a drop of at least a hundred different substances. Meanwhile I was becoming colder and testier with each passing minute.

Finally he recapped his pipe, shook it vigorously, and indicated that he was ready. He hoisted it into a right-shoulder-arms position and began to trudge across the field, with me close behind. It was beginning to drizzle.

After about a half-hour of fruitless marching I ventured the remark that there evidently wasn't any oil here, and that we might as well go back to town. My screwball leaped as if stabbed. No, we couldn't quit now—we hadn't proved anything; something seemed to be wrong. Probably he'd forgotten something when loading the pipe. He'd re-load, and we'd

try it again. No, no, he insisted. He'd brought me out for a demonstration, and a demonstration I would have. It was starting to get dark.

It was pitch black when we started home, and I was soaked to the skin and half frozen. But the dowser was happy; his pipe had finally dipped for him, and he'd driven a stake at the proper place to locate a well. His demonstration had been a great success. And if I had broken the news to him that there was a great deal more oil on his hair than we'd ever find under his stake, he would simply have loftily advised me that drilling would bear him out.

And then there was the man who wrapped several hundred feet of fine copper wire around his body to pick up the vibrations, and the one who picked them up by lying spread-eagled in the mud. There were the two brothers who disdained equipment, and purported to locate oil by having one brother kneel in prayer, while the other gazed over the landscape, seeking what manifestation I know not. And the fellow who had aluminum shoes which picked up "rays". And the one who used a little bucket of dried chicken bones.

The sad part of all this is that these witless creatures are all so *sincere*; they deeply and genuinely believe that their looney contraptions will do what they claim. And it strikes them as a grave injustice that they should remain poor when they *know* where a fortune in oil is waiting. As the man whose job it is to tell them that the company must refuse their offers, it is upon me that they focus their sense of outrage. I am from time to time the recipient of some fairly harsh words, and not infrequently of threats. I sincerely hope none of them ever goes to work on a death-ray. You can't tell, there may be something in it, after all.

by HARRY WARNER, JR.

A TERRIBLE STORY

"IM TELLING A TERRIBLE STORY," Major-General Stanley sings near the end of the first act of "The Pirates of Penzance," "But it doesn't diminish my glory." There are three ways in which "a terrible story" can define "Flight to the Moon," published three years ago in the U.S.S.R. It's a terrible story, in the sense that it's a lousy attempt at science-fiction. It's a terrible story in Major-General Stanley's sense, because it's filled with big, big lies. But it's a terrible story in another application: it's a sinful fact that the United States lagged in satellite activities while Russia was spelling out its intentions in publications like this.

Actually, this 181-page volume is on the very borderline between fiction and non-fiction. It's a tale, in that it tells about the first trip to the moon in narrative form, complete with a cast of characters, conversations, suspense and climax. But it's non-fiction, inasmuch as it's actually a series of articles by various Russian authorities, speculating on the prospects for the exploration of space, sugar-coated into story form. I'd judge that it's intended for reading by boys in their early and mid teens.

I suspect that the most outright fiction in the book is that which deals with the past. The early pages are filled with glorification of the real hero of space flight, Constantin Edvardovitch Tschiolkovski. The first section of "Flight to the Moon" tells how this gentleman published in 1903 a work entitled "Investigation of Space by Rocketships" which founded the whole science of rocketry, even down to settling once

and for all the superiority of liquid fuel over powdered fuel. Apparently this gentleman existed. I have been unable to find him in biographical dictionaries, but I ran across a reference to him in Drew Pearson's "Washington Merry-Go-Round" a while back. Pearson told of embarrassment in Washington over the jump that Russia had gotten on the United States, and quoted someone as blaming President Chester Arthur for the lag, because "a Russian scientist named Tschiolkovski wrote a speculative paper on rockets and satellites back about the early 1880's." The Russian book gives only passing reference to rocket research in any nation except the U.S.S.R.

The first penetration of space, however, has occurred pretty much as the book predicted back in 1955. The only serious deviation between the book and the course of events so far has been in the first living creature sent into orbit by Russia. "Flight to the Moon" says that it was a monkey.

Normally, publications out of Russia don't hint at differences of opinion among the leaders of that land. However, this semi-fiction work describes in detail the struggle waged between the scientists who favored creation of a space station and those who preferred a trip direct to the moon as the first major space project after the success in launching satellites. The trip to the moon was chosen instead of the space station in the final decision, although a space station was still being planned for future use, according to the book.

The first space ship, if you believe this book, will contain a crew of four men of impregnable loyalty to the fatherland, will take flight November 25, 1974 (just ten years before George Orwell's celebrated year arrives, you'll notice), and will land quite safely on the moon, without finding anything unexpected on the satellite's surface. That's where the book ends, except for a message from the editors to the reader.

"The heroes of this book don't exist," the message says, "but interplanetary travel is being born, and some of the heroes, perhaps, will read this book. And, in any case, many of our readers will take part in the construction of interplanetary ships, sending to the moon the work of their own hands."

Quite a bit of effort to make the book a believable account of reality was put into this volume. There's a somewhat clumsy paste-up job intended to imitate the front page of a Russian newspaper telling of that first trip to the moon, and a series of "phototelegrams" dealing with major points in the story. I confess that I don't know whether these are today's method for quick communication in Russia or something that has been dreamed up as a gimmick of the future. They look like stretched-out regular telegrams. There are dozens of illustrations, in the general style of prozines of the late 1930's, and a silly front cover* which shows an impossible annular eclipse of the sun by the earth as viewed from the moon.

A proofreader on this book, incidentally, must have let his loyalty or spiritualism get the better of him. On page 157, we are told that "much later, interplanetary ships will set out for Marx." A tipped-in slip just inside the front cover explains to the reader that the word should be "Mars."

*See rather silly front cover of this thing now in your grimy little paws. Fairchild engraving furnished, as usual, by Harry Himself, Jr.—wmd

Have you noticed what a good publicity agent the new pope has? Hardly a day goes by that he doesn't land on the front page of the *News-Herald*, with at least a two-line, single column head, for some trivial little act that wouldn't get anyone else even a sentence among the ads in back.

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

—ROBERT C. INGERSOLL

Build an Hierodorous Machine

by W. McCAMPBELL DANNER, JR.

I DON'T KNOW WHY the Hierodorous machine works, but work it does. And it's quite easy to make one so you can try it for yourself.

You will need some sort of box; the size and material are not important. If you want to make your machine an elaborate one you can use one of the neat metal boxes available at radio parts stores, but a simple cardboard box, if not too flimsy, (though the machine illustrated, in a powdered-milk box, works as well as any I've seen) will do as well. As you can see the control panel on the box is very simple, with only an on-off switch and a knob and dial. You need about a foot of small flexible rubber or plastic tubing, and a source of odor, such as an onion or a small piece of limburger cheese. You need also a standard line-cord and plug (or a reasonable facsimile) though it need not be connected internally, and should not, *under any circumstances*, be plugged into any outlet, either AC or DC.

The circuit is a simple two-stage pentode amplifier using any tubes you prefer. The input to the amplifier is a shielded lead whose central conductor is bared for about an inch and inserted in the odor source. The amplifier load is a coil consisting of 10,000 turns of #36 enameled wire jumble-wound on the inner end of the flexible tubing.

This may sound a little complicated to you if you have no experience in electronic work, but you need not become discouraged. A glance at the illustrations will show that it is

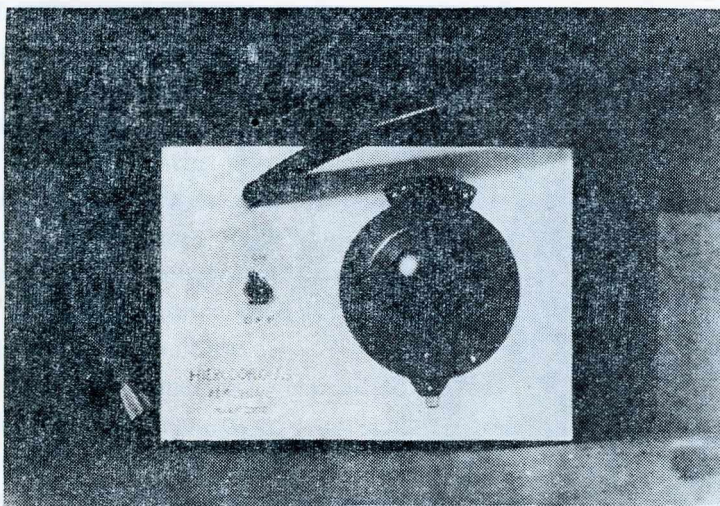


Fig. 1 Control Panel of Hierodorous Machine

not necessary actually to construct an amplifier. It is necessary only to draw the circuit on the inside of the box (this construction is easier if you use a cardboard box) preferably on the side through which the tubing enters, so that the coil may more easily be drawn around the hole for the tubing.

Strangely enough, it has been found that the odor source also need not be real, but may be sketched wherever convenient. You must not forget, however, to indicate the shielded connection from the odor source to the amplifier input.

The dial you use need not be a precision vernier dial like the one shown. As a matter of fact you can cut one out of cardboard, draw divisions from 0 to 100 through 270° , and cement a bottle-cap or a large toothpaste-tube cap to it for a knob. A pencil stub will do for a shaft, and it must be inserted through the box *where the gain control is located on the circuit diagram*. This is important; if the dial is located im-

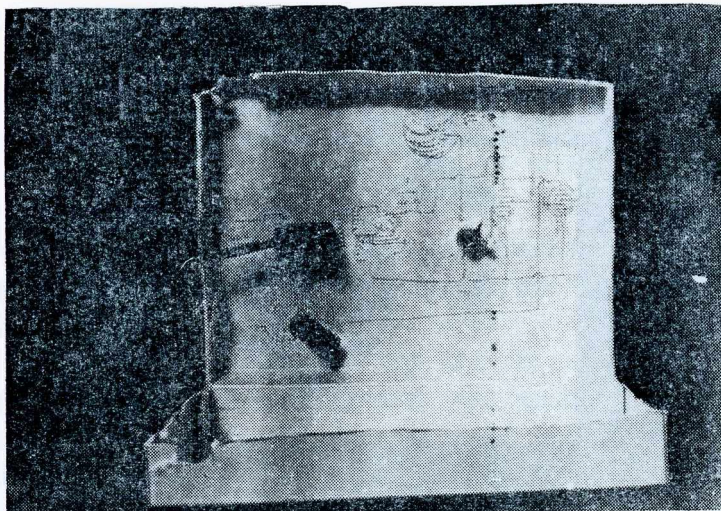


Fig. 2 Innards of Hierodorous Machine

properly the machine won't work.

Using the Hierodorous machine is as simple as building it. Just do not plug in the cord (if your machine has a real cord; otherwise don't plug in the rope or other reasonable facsimile) and throw the switch to "ON". (If you do not have any switch handy when building your machine you can draw it on the panel, but be sure to draw it in the "ON" position.) Then all you have to do is hold the free end of the tube to your nose and *slowly* turn up the gain-control dial.

One man (he just happens to be a practitioner of Pscientology) got a whiff of heliotrope when he had turned the dial just $1\frac{1}{2}$ divisions. As he slowly increased the gain he got flowers and aromatic herbs of every description and, at the upper end of the dial, what he described as a central American jungle. Another man, on the other hand, advanced the dial to 85 before he threw down the tube and said, "This thing stinks!"

These are two extremes, of course, but they show that *everyone* gets some sort of reaction from the machine.

While I have not tried it, it seems to me that a box is not needed at all. Everything can be pictured on either the back or the front of the panel, and perhaps the tube can be eliminated and the nose held to the hole through the panel. And if you can't draw, there's no reason you can't clip out circuit diagrams and components from a radio magazine and an onion or something from a seed catalog and paste them up for a fine Hierodorous machine.

Whatever method you use to build it your Hierodorous machine will reward you with many hours of entertainment and instruction. You will be amazed at the wide variety of responses.

This variety is still greater if you experiment with various odor-sources. For instance, a friend of mine tried a picture of a horse, and everyone who used his machine then said it was strictly for the birds. Later he tried a piece of real coal and managed to throw the whole thing out the window barely in time to keep from being suffocated by coal smoke.

The experimenter should be warned about certain kinds of odor-sources. Bits of popular records will work, for example, but they should be chosen with great care. A friend used pieces of Lieberache and Pelvis records and had to move out of his house until it could be thoroughly fumigated.

You can see that there is no limit to the possibilities of the Hierodorous machine. Just now I am working on a method of adapting it to television receivers. When this is perfected the long-anticipated smellelevision will be a reality. Meantime don't hold your breath, or you will miss a lot of good smelling.

Just one last note: The photos look, in their revelation of

detail, a little like those of top-secret projects released by the armed forces. Don't let this bother you. If you want to make a Hierodorous machine just drop me a postal and I'll send you a couple of enlarged photographic prints. Then you need only paste one of them to the lid of a shoebox and punch a hole in it, and toss the other print inside the box. Just address your card to "Skreughbaul, Rockland, Pa.," and say "I wanna smell!"



THE MAIL BOX

EGOBOO AND OTHER STUFF

From LES COLE

Venice, California

4 August 1958

Came Friday Last and a copy of *Stef* appeared with that ominous note in the front. I wondered why the devil you were being so belligerent; then I began to wonder if my memory were failing—in fact, these days I often try to remember if I have a memory. I checked the files this morning, and though I'm ready to swear I did answer yours of March 11, there's no carbon. So I'm wrong. (But, dammit, I can almost remember some of the funny things I said.)*

Needless to say, *Stefantasy* continues its incredible high-level performance. I'm wondering how you maintain the level. *Stef*, *Slant*, and—of course—*Rhodomagnetic Digest* are the only books I've ever read completely; as far as I know you are the last remaining. After reading number 41, I had a wild desire to do an article. I may do it yet, but not this month. [This year, maybe? Please?—wmd] I'm freelancing for an aircraft company and, as is usually the case, have an impossible deadline. Anyway, I particularly liked DAG and Brandon, and NLK's ad. As for your gripe on The Last Page, sometime when you've got a day or two, I'll tell you how hard it is to process mail inquiries. That's one of my departments, and you've hit me where it hurts.

P.S. KEEP IT COMING!!

*See, Nan; see, Wrai? We're not the only ones who write letters in our heads.—wmd

From SI FEIGENBAUM

Pittsburgh 28, Pa.

8/11/58

I gather that you have had a little difficulty with the rainy season. Lots of people in Mt. Lebanon have had some water in the basement this summer. Fortunately we have escaped trouble; I guess all the water drains off our lot onto the street below.

I presume by now you have become accustomed to the rural life although I suspect you miss the shopping facilities afforded by even such a provincial city as Pittsburgh. Of course as a center of culture, Pittsburgh has declined notably in the last 50 years, but I suppose this is the price of technological progress. When we were in college, as I recall, we had three legitimate theatres in Pittsburgh and you could even see Shakespeare and Shaw on occasion. Now the Nixon shows mostly movies.

I was amused by Grennell's article on teachers, etc. Education in the public schools certainly has deteriorated since we went to school, although I guess Mt. Lebanon is somewhat better than the national average. My main complaint is the use of the Chinese hieroglyphic (word-recognition) system of reading. It takes about two years of effort at home to wipe out some of its bad effects.

Things here are much the same. I am still lending my efforts to the needs of the steel industry. At the moment the level of operations is increasing somewhat; however I suspect that the production of sheet steel later in the fall will hinge on how rapidly the public takes to the new models from Detroit.

From BOB LEMAN

Denver 10, Colo.

Oct. 2, 1958

The issue [Aug.], as always, is first-rate. It's a great pleasure to have the ads back, after the one-issue drouth. Choicest of them were the "Dear" and "Clean" ads; ol' Lafayette will need to be clear as a mountain stream not to feel a twinge when and if he reads these. Knight and Harness have both produced worthy efforts, but they don't have the mordant bite of the other two. You might have done one on "Beer."

By now, I trust, all the flood damage has been repaired and you are warm and dry these chill October evenings. You certainly should have room to stretch; most families of four or six get along with half as much space. In this connection, may I refer you to a most instructive letter to *The SatEvePost* by Eleanor L. Raleigh, of Buzzards Bay, Mass? This letter will doubtless make you ashamed of yourself for possessing so much space.

Al Franck's tail—uh, tale—of his operation was fine, as was the piece by the non-existent Carl Brandon. Grennell was—well—Grennell. Tremendous.

Fabulous Profits!

Get quick billions in Foreign Aid!

Set up your own Commie Threat!

*Win sympathy and easy money from the State Department!
Become a "favored nation" and get in on this easy-touch plan!*

Profits Guaranteed!

You don't have to be smart or even honest. The only requirement is that you live outside the 49 states and possess a reasonably competent press agent. Send for our free booklet, "A Short Course in International Boondoggling". In just 20 easy lessons we will teach you how to:

- (1) Organize your own foreign country
- (2) Discover a communist cell plotting your downfall
- (3) Issue a proclamation supporting the West, and
- (4) Demand ten million in foreign aid!

You will get it!

Our new additional 21st lesson teaches you how to spend the money quickly and then request more. This too will be forthcoming!

If you write *now* you get a free lesson in laughing up your sleeve—yours to keep whether you buy the course or not!

BUTTON, BUTTON, BUTTON & BUTTON

Foreign Aid Counselors

Washington, A. C.

WHAT DO DOCTORS DO

WHEN PLAGUED BY COLDS, HEADACHES, FLU, ETC?

THAT'S SIMPLE!

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, that's a simple question to answer—almost as simple as y—excuse me. When plagued by headaches, flu, colds, etc., 9 out of 10 doctors do like you do if you got the sense your were born with, they run down to their friendly neighborhood drugstore for the large, economy size of

ANABUFFERDRIS

and get quick, **quick**, **QUICK** relief from the miseries of flu, colds, headaches, etc., with ANABUFFERDRIS. Remember, now—it's ANABUFFERDRIS for quick, **quick**, **QUICK** relief, so don't let your friendly, neighborhood druggist sell you no imitations or substitutes, see?

Get your ANABUFFERDRIS now!

Don't be a drip—get ANABUFFERDRIS and dry up!

ANABUFFERDRIS!

ATTENTION!

Dissatisfied Car Owners!!

SO YOU BOUGHT A CAR THAT LOOKS LIKE A
ROCKET-SHIP BUT DOESN'T PERFORM LIKE ONE?

THE REMEDY IS SIMPLE.

Use EXLUX, the MIRACLE EXHAUST FUME
ADDITIVE, and leave a trail of brilliant light behind you!

Just drill a hole in the tailpipe and attach the handy
compact EXLUX INJECTOR. The injector will spray EX-
LUX LIQUID into the exhaust, imparting a brilliant phos-
phorescent glow to the fumes.

At night your car will flash down the road like a met-
eor, leaving a luminous trail in the air which will persist from
5 to 10 minutes, depending on the prevailing humidity level.

EXLUX INJECTOR, \$22.75, with complete instructions.

EXLUX LIQUID, \$4.98 per pint. Five different phos-
phors to choose from—red, green, blue, white and violet.
Slightly toxic, but think nothing of it; it will all be behind
you.

EXLUX EXHAUST ADDITIVE CORPORATION

Corner Gaspin Drive and Pugh Street
East Stenchmore, New Jersey



\$34,000 Estate Hangs on Ruling In Lancaster on 'End of World'

**Church Groups Get Cash if Judge
Finds Judgement Day Isn't Here**

(Reprinted from the *Pittsburgh Press* for 9-29-57)

LANCASTER, Sept. 28 (Special)—Orphans Court Judge John L. Bowman is faced with a down-to-earth problem of deciding whether Judgement Day has arrived.

Resting on his decision is the distribution of a \$34,000 estate left by Miss Mathilda Painter, 75, of Lebanon.

The elderly spinster died two years ago at a nursing home, placing her will under the jurisdiction of the Lancaster County Courts.

The first part of her will was prosaic enough.

She bequeathed \$200 each to nine church organizations, including the American Bible Society and a church home. The rest would be left in trust to a grand nephew and a grand niece.

But then Miss Painter said that "in the event of The Rapture, all of the fore-part is void."

And the entire estate would go to the purpose of converting Hebrews to Christianity.

She said The Rapture was set forth in the Bible, and she quoted 1 Thessalonians, Chapter 4, Verses 14-18, noting:

We (meaning true Christians, according to Miss Painter) that are alive, and who remain, shall be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, without dying."

In that case, her estate would be turned to cash and divided among the American Board of Missions to the Jews, Inc. of Brooklyn, the First Hebrew Christian Synagogue of Los Angeles and International Hebrew Christian Alliance of Chicago.

Miss Painter was a Lutheran, as is Judge Bowman.

The judge called in a Lutheran pastor, the Rev. Wallace E. Fisher, for ecclesiastical help, and the spinster's attorney, James R. Koller of Lebanon.

Mr. Koller said he asked Miss Painter what she meant by The Rapture and she replied, "the second coming."

The pastor, who did not know Miss Painter, said The Rapture is used by some people in a fundamentalist sense.

He said Miss Painter evidently believed there would be a second coming and a 1000-year reign by Christ since her interest was in christianizing Hebrews.

Judge Bowman, duly cautious about declaring the world has come to an end, continued the case until Oct. 9.

THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

IN THE LAST ISSUE I mentioned that the winter rollers were badly pitted by mildew and wondered how they would work. Apparently I needn't have worried, for with half the pages of this issue printed those same old rollers seem to be doing pretty well. I would hate to try changing color with them, but this gives me another excuse for using any color, just so it's black. We can't all be Eric Webbs, alas, though if I can find a suitable design I'd like to try his process, if I ever get a new set of rollers.



Fig. 1492 No Eric Webb, this.

Those of you who are letterpress printers might be interested in another use for corn oil. The Flint Snapset Halftone Black I use dries almost instantly on paper and *very* slowly on the press. But after standing for six months the unwashed ink-table had a hard crust on it, and the winter rollers had been scrubbed hastily and sketchily last summer to remove mildew. I scraped the worst from the table, spattered a few drops of corn oil on it, poured a little in the cruddy fountain, and ran the press a few minutes. Page 20 was printed before this treatment and all the rest after it. The oil doesn't seem to affect the drying time of the ink. Judge for yourself.

HEY, LADY—HOLD IT!

Jeez, lady, you're not actually using soap on that delicate face of yours, are you? Soap, in these modern times when you can get Warmgate's new miracle bar, GHU? Shame on you, lady; shame on you for two whole weeks!

Make no mistake, lady—GHU's pale pink, delicately heliotrope-scented, rich, creamy lather is kinder and gentler to your rose-petal complexion than any other soap or detergent can ever hope to be, and it's milder, *much* milder, in its new genuine, simulated, imitation gold-foil wrapper. Take it from us*, we* know what's best.

But that's not all, lady! No, indeed—as an additional bonus new GHU contains the latest miracle substance, D-42, to keep you stinking pretty always, even if you don't bathe three times a day.

Run, lady, run to the nearest drugstore, supermarket or dimestore and get a supply of new MIRACLE GHU with D-42 today!

WARMGATE & GRABBLE
CHICAGO, MINNESOTA

Now on exhibition at

THE FISHEL & BURPER GALLERIES

*The Leander Ingoldsby-Satterthwaite Collection
of Rare Old Vacua*



Item 1—Ming Dynasty Vacuum. The so-called "Dragon Vacuum". Two small holes drilled in the back by a previous owner, unaware of its antiquarian value, for mounting on a bracket as a wall ornament.

Item 2—Maya Vacuum from Chichen-Itza. Carved in the shape of a quetzal entwined by a feathered serpent. Toucan feathers still attached.

Item 3—Early Greek Vacuum from Mycenæ. Tripod mounting. Inscribed on front, "Chilroi ei entautha."

Item 4—African Vacuum from Zimbabwe. Probably a tribal fetish. Apparently represents two fighting okapis.

Also 23 other items. Exhibition ends March 15, 1959. United Vacuum Fabricating Machinery Company and Fishel & Burper customers admitted free.

Please use the Glew Street entrance.



THE
UNITED VACUUM
FABRICATING MACHINERY CO.

Rockland, Pennsylvania

"You don't have to be crazy, but it sure does help."