

# STEIFANTASY

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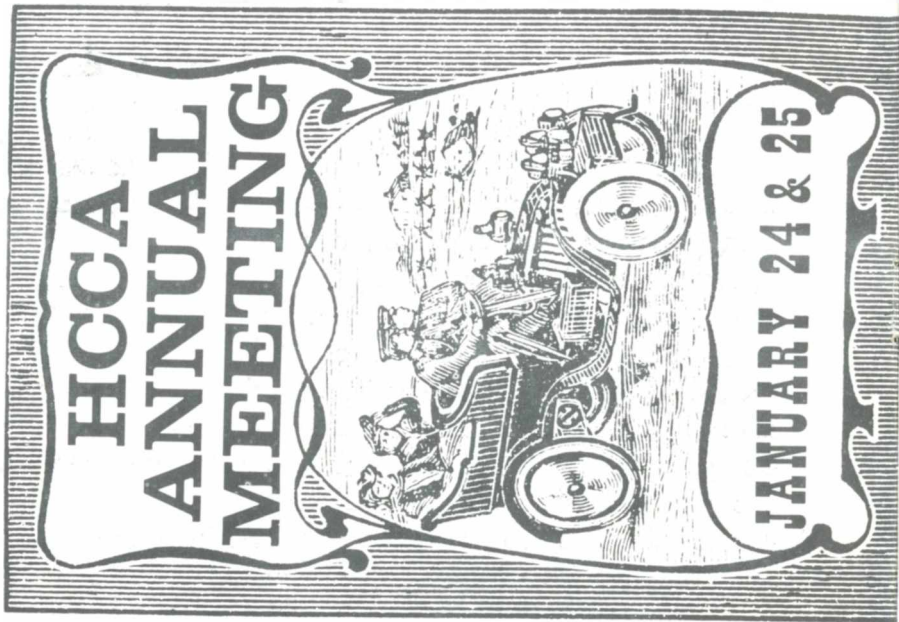
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**NEW!**

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# STIEFANTASY

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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

### Illitiresy Unlimited

**A** GLANCE at any billboard or printed ad or tv commercial is eloquent proof that the advertising industry is determined to murder the English language. Sometimes I think that magazine editors have joined in the conspiracy.

Part of an editor's duties, it seems to me, should be the correction of errors in spelling and grammar. Many editors, of course, are themselves only semi-literate but even those whose own writing is above reproach publish reams of stuff whose construction and spelling would have guaranteed failure of any eighth-grader forty years ago.

This illiteracy in itself is bad enough, but a lot of it preserves in print, in the guise of instructional articles, what can be called nothing but lies. I am thinking of an article in a radio magazine about the servicing of sound movie projectors. In this the reader is offered, with the tacit backing of the editor, the choice bit of nonsense that, while in substandard projectors the film is "jerked" down past the shutter by a pair of "teeth", the 35mm film in a theatre projector moves through the gate at constant speed. Could anything be more idiotic?

Well! Here, in one short page I've taken a swipe each at both illiteracy and ignorance. They won't alter things a bit, of course, but they're off my chest for a while.

# National Improved Mail Service (Ahahahahaha!)

SOME OF YOU have probably seen the above slogan (minus the parenthetical comment) on mailboxes or elsewhere about the nation. There may even be people who go about saying, "Jeez! Have you noticed the Improved Mail Service lately? Goshwow!" I haven't run across any such, it is true, but in a land where most of the populace sits nightly before the idiot-box absorbing reams of outrageous lies conceived by morons and dedicated to the proposition that the sucker shall not get an even break it is not too remote a possibility. The fact that those lies are delivered in reverently oily tones by mellifluous-voiced announcers, or "sung" by raucus-voiced, illiterate teen-agers to horribly banal tunes, or that they are occasionally interspersed with what is euphemistically termed "entertainment", is hardly an excuse for the fact that those same suckers the next day dutifully buy tons of fancy, expensive garbage they neither need nor desire.

But this is supposed to be not about the economy of waste to which this nation is dedicated, but about the postal service, if you will excuse that juxtaposition of words. Much of it has been stewing around since the beginning of the program of yearly postal-rate increases accompanied by poorer service. Those of you who live in this part of the country have surely noticed that letters from the west coast which, even last year, came in five days, now take six or seven. What makes this facet of Progress in Reverse even more ridiculous is that at the turn of the century the same mail made the same distance in four days despite slower means of transportation. . . . When I moved here in 1957 I could receive a parcel from Akron in

four days from the mailing of the order; now it takes a week or more. . . Presumably the new zip numbers are intended to hasten delivery, but they caused a postal to take two days to get here from Pittsburgh instead of the normal one day. . . I could give more examples but you probably have plenty of your own.

The immediate cause of this diatribe is the return of a copy of the August *Stef* sent to a friend in Pittsburgh. I am sure all of you city-dwellers have in the past received mail with wildly inaccurate addresses, and the P. O. used to be noted for its ability to make prompt delivery of such things. Rural offices still do it, for I frequently get mail addressed to the non-existent towns of Kermerdell and Kennerdale, but in cities NIMS apparently demands that addresses be 100% accurate. Inadvertently I typed Jack's street number as 4916, so, although he has for several years been living at 4816, the P. O., after holding it a week, stamped it "NO SUCH NUMBER" and "ADDRESS UNKOWN" and returned it for the usual exorbitant fee of 8¢. When I reported this to Jack he told me of another queer case: his wife took a package to the local branch and was told it would cost \$3.10, but that *there were not enough stamps on hand*. The next day he took it to another branch where it was posted for \$2.70.

Apologists for the P. O. point out the enormously increased volume of mail as compared to that at the turn of the century. The fact of the increase cannot be denied, but along with it have occurred increases in the speed of transportation facilities and in the number of postal employees. If the volume is too great for them to handle only the P. O. and the politicians in Washington are to blame. I believe there is nothing in the Constitution to guarantee the use of the postal service as a gigantic advertising medium at miniscule rates, but that

practice, more than anything else, is responsible for the huge volume of mail. If the P. O. insists upon maintaining this imposition, the public can do something about it if it cares to do so. All that is necessary is for each individual to return, empty or blank, every business reply envelope or card that comes in the junk mail. Many people are unaware that junk-mail perpetrators must pay *one cent over* the first-class rates for each such return. If hundreds of thousands of these things should start pouring back daily, minus cash or commitments, it would bring a nice little bundle of change to the P. O. and make the perpetrators of the junk take a long, hard look at the whole idea.

I wish the bureaucrats in Washington would forget all these attempts to Improve Mail Service and just get back to providing the kind of service that was provided sixty years ago before there was even a dream of the punched-card devices that are doing such a wonderfully efficient job of delaying and snarling business of all kinds.

---

If you like Mark Twain, as I'm sure most of you do, you owe it to yourselves to buy and read his "Letters From The Earth", now available as a Crest paperback. Having recently finished it, I hope someday to add the Harper & Row edition to my old and well-worn set of Twain.

It is easy to understand why this book was for 18 weeks on the best-seller list of the *New York Times*. It is equally easy to understand why it had to wait for more than 50 years for publication and why Mark himself was firmly convinced that it never would be published. Its appearance at last and its big success are the best signs for years that there may be some hope for the human race. I can't hope to review the book but it's Twain at his best.

# CHIT-CHAT AND OTHER PROFOUND OBSERVATIONS FROM IOWAY

## BUSINESS NEWS

Gaylord Hutch, having completed a correspondence course in the healing art of Chiropractic, announces the opening of his clinic in the abandoned blacksmith shop. He guarantees to cure all aches, pains, and diseases. Being a well-known animal lover, Gaylord wishes to make the following announcement:

BEING A WELL KNOWN ANIMAL LOVER,  
I HEREBY AGREE TO TREAT ALL OF YOUR  
ANIMALS & LIVESTOCK FREE OF CHARGE.

Fen Martin, the only banker we have ever known, has electrified the town with his announcement that he plans to sell out and retire. "Never did much like the banking business nohow," says Fen. "Besides, I was never no damn good at arithmetic. I couldn't never get beyond  $4 \times 7$  equals 83 to save my life!"

## SOCIETY NEWS

The announcement that one of our social leaders, Mrs. Grizzela Fafufnik, is suing her husband for a divorce has come as a great shock to this community.

"I didn't mind drawing water from a well, or stoking the kitchen stove with cobs for winter's heat, or washing clothes by hand," says Mrs. Fafufnik, "or even lighting the house with kerosene lamps; but when the Mister installs an air-conditioner in his shed so's his hogs can be cozy and comfortable, why, that's the last goddam straw!"

## ON THE POLITICAL FRONT

Elections hereabouts are generally regarded with foreboding. Elections require folks to think and thinking, as everyone knows who has tried it, leads only to trouble. Eight years

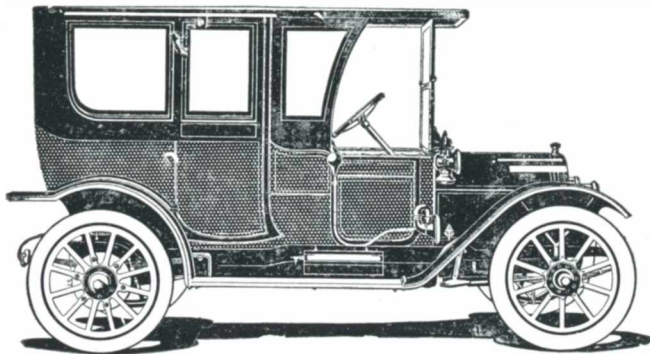
ago grocer Baldy Pierce, a good solid Democrat, locked his Republican wife in the house and didn't let her out until after the polls had closed. Four years ago he tried the same thing but Mrs. Pierce kicked her way out through a window and proudly cast her ballot. However, both of them pretty near froze to death as result; Baldy didn't get the sash closed up until the following spring. Folks say they don't get along any too well, and it may be true.

### LATE LATE NEWS

Barely three weeks after his grand opening, Gaylord Hutch says he is closing his clinic. "Another week of this kind of business and I'd of been bankrupt," says Gaylord. "I'd swear most of my patients was human," he pointed out, "but they all claimed they was animals."

Banker Fen Martin's public revelation of his mathematical abilities, as recently reported in this paper, came to the attention of the state bank examiners. They have descended on Fen's bank in a cloud and promise a dramatic announcement very soon.

—R. M. RADL



Chalmers Thirty-Six Cabriolet Limousine (circa 1910)





*Vittorio I. Portcullis uses Faulbetzers only.*

### **MEADLE ENTHUSIASTS**

Are you happy with your present meadle? Or are you troubled with vector splay, polish deterioration, binion vibration, and all the other inconveniences that go with the old-fashioned meadle?

If you are, it's time you called your Faulbetzer Meadle Man for a demonstration of the new Faulbetzer Model RD. This is, beyond question, the finest meadle ever manufactured, with such outstanding feaures as cast binyons, trimmed gulber, foreshortened octifier, and the exclusive "Permaway" polish. You will be astonished at its convenience and easy handling.

And of course it is built with the traditional Faulbetzer craftsmanship, famous for more than four years.

**Faulbetzer Meadles, Inc.**  
**Upper Typhus, Kansas**

Bob Leman

R. M. RADL

## THE GUIDING SPIRIT

THE TRAVELING SALESMAN staggered out of KRUMP'S DRY GOODS STORE and wearily surveyed the rustic main street before him. His long and fruitless visit with the cement-headed Mr. Krump had made of him a quivering wreck. Repairs of a potent medicinal nature were urgently required if he would live.



"... a potznt mzdical nature ..."

key, pure dust, barnyard manure, and the essence of sauerkraut. Thanks to Mr. Krump, however, he was in no condition to appreciate these amenities at the moment. Dropping his heavy sample cases near the door, he staggered to the bar and hoarsely ordered whiskey.

After several shots of this raw and healing tonic, carefully

A bright neon sign calling attention to the business location of Bohumil O'Shaughnessy's Beer Parlor caught his eye and he made his way to this oasis. The beer parlor itself was a dingy hole, dirty and ill-lighted. Had he been possessed of his senses, the salesman would at once have noted the disturbingly haunting odor of the place. It was compounded, in approximately equal parts, of cheap beer, cheap whiskey,

administered by the attentive Bohumil, the salesman began to feel life stirring in him again.

"Saw you go into Krump's a couple o' hours ago," observed Bohumil politely. "He's a tough one, is Krump."

"He sure is," answered the other with a mighty shudder.

"He's fair, though," said Bohumil with a sage nod. "Every salesman who calls on him gets the exact same treatment."

"Rough," growled the salesman darkly.

"No sir, not rough—just necessary."

"How so?" asked the salesman sharply.

"Well, you see, Krump give a tremendous big order to a slick-talking, yellow-shoed drummer back in 1914, and he ain't had any real call to stock anything since."

The salesman stared in wide-eyed disbelief at his host.

"Folks in these parts is slow buyers," explained Bohumil apologetically.

Supporting his throbbing head in his hands, the salesman could only groan in reply.

"No cause to lose heart over this," said Bohumil quickly. "The world ain't full of Krumps, you know."

"That may be," answered the salesman, "but one Krump is about all a man can safely handle in a lifetime."

"I don't believe that," said Bohumil stoutly. "Now, you take that man over there," he added, lowering his voice and pointing down the length of the bar.

The salesman turned and listlessly surveyed the only other customer in the place.

"That's John Fogglebush," explained Bohumil in a soft and confidential voice. "A real stout man is John. Nothing has ever got him down. Not anybody, or anything."

"Oh," replied the salesman, struggling to be polite.

"That's right. Why, the women in this town praises John

up so much that sometimes even his best friends wish he'd drop dead. Women generally appreciate stick-to-it-iveness, you know."

At this moment the object of Bohumil's fulsome praises carefully wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, bade them a cheery farewell, and departed.

"That's John all over," said Bohumil admiringly. "Always cheerful and never licked. He lost his farm in the depression but he kept his spirits up. Took any job he could get. Hired out and such, and, by Dad, if he wasn't able to buy himself another farm in time.

"Just about had it all paid for, too, when the place burned down. House, barn, machine shed, the whole damn shebang. Not a stick of insurance on the whole place neither." Bohumil shook his head mournfully.

"Shore was a right pretty blaze, though," he went on, brightening. "Folks still talk about it."

"We lost track of John after that. Went to foreign parts, he did. Chicago, I believe it was, or maybe Boston. No matter, it was clear to hell'ngone out of the country anyways. They say John worked in a factory.

"Well, sir, back he comes, three years ago, and I'm blessed if he hadn't saved him enough money to buy the old Miller quarry. John got him a rock-crusher and some other equipment and we figured he'd make it this time."

"You mean he didn't?" asked the salesman, by this time interested in the tale in spite of himself.

"That there quarry was bone dry when John bought her," answered Bohumil, a rising note of indignation creeping into his voice. "Bone dry, I tell you, but no sooner does he get his machinery into her than she springs a leak. Overnight, by Dad, that quarry was full of leaks. Artesian wells, or some-

such. Anyhow, John was flooded out.”

“Did he quit?”

“Did he quit?” echoed Bohumil with great relish. “No sir, not John. Nosiree. He just smiles, does John, buys a couple of heavy-duty pumps—on credit—and starts to bail her out. He licked her, by Dad, and this spring, for the very first time in his whole life, John was free of debt and money ahead.”

“A happy ending, eh?”

“Not quite,” said Bohumil, frowning. “You see, John celebrated his luck by buying a brand-new car, the first new car he’d ever owned. He came into this very bar to give his new auto a proper christening.” A shadow passed over Bohumil’s expressive face and the salesman, now genuinely interested in the stirring saga of John Foglebush, became apprehensive.

“Something go wrong?” he asked anxiously.

“Well, sort of. I’d say we made too big a thing of it; done the celebration up a mite too brown, you might say. When we’d finished, John himself was so solidly christened that he couldn’t have told you his own name for anything.

“Next morning John awoke to discover that the whole front of his beautiful new car was all bashed up. He studied the damage for a while, puzzled-like, found the car would still roll, and decided to come on into town.

“Along the road in he noticed a mess of bruised trees and a long string of knocked-down fence posts and such, and decided that a storm must have hit during the night.

“‘Hey, John,’ says somebody when he pulls into town. ‘The front of your car is all stove in.’

“‘I know it,’ says John, real serene-like.

“‘How’d she happen?’

“‘I hit a pheasant,’ says John without blinking an eye.

“‘Oh, come now,’ says somebody. ‘That’s ridiculous.’

“ ‘I said I hit a pheasant.’

“ ‘And sich a small bird done all of that damage?’

“ ‘Ah, but you must understand,’ says John slowly, ‘that this particular pheasant was flying backwards when I hit him.’”

Bohumil paused and stared absently at the salesman, on his face a look of rapt admiration for the cheerful, never-say-die John Fogglesh. So anxious had he been to do justice to his story that he had failed to notice the remarkable change which had occurred in his listener. During Bohumil’s stirring recital the salesman’s body had slowly regained a noble, upright posture. Once again his face was set in the hard, purposeful lines of the dynamic and successful salesman, of the true go-getter.

This magically-transformed man now rose abruptly to his feet, seized his sample-cases, and then walked briskly out of the beer parlor. Hurrying to the door after his departing guest, Bohumil was startled to see him make directly for KRUMP’S DRY GOODS STORE. Even as Bohumil watched, horrified, the salesman disappeared with a swagger into the store’s gloomy interior.

“Now, what can have gotten into that lad?” wondered Bohumil aloud. Then he shook his head sadly. “Poor fellow,” he murmured. “Poor fellow. He’s had one too many. That last drink I give him must have made him silly.”



## Letters from Dick Radl

8-15-63

I sympathize with you and your campaign against the dithering idiocies that pass these days for TV commercials. But sympathy is all I can give, for I have no faith whatever in the human race and believe it's determined to sink into slimy crap no matter who or what stands in the way. I am the despair of all my friends who believe the human race can be saved. Walter Gormly, a friend in the next village, carries on a yearly battle with the IRS [Infernal Revenue Service, for you furriners], claiming that he will not pay his income tax because some of that tax is used for war making, or at least war preparations. Year after year the IRS falls on Walter like a ton of bricks and siezes any property of value to satisfy their lien against him. When I first met him Walter owned the usual material things and drove a good car. Bit by bit he's lost all of these possessions, has very little today he can call his own, and drives around the country on a beat-up bicycle. Still he continues to fight the government and anyone who represents government. I admire this doggedness, watch it in wonder, and wonder what the hell it's for. The very people Walter is fighting for regard him as a first-class nut.

Or take the Christians. During the depression a friend's church in a small Illinois town began to fall apart. Carpenter work on it was long overdue and the joint needed a solid painting. Meetings were held to discuss the church's plight. Everyone agreed that something had to be done but where was the money to come from? Meeting followed meeting and nothing was decided. Finally my friend, who was as poor as anyone else in the congregation, borrowed a few bucks on his life insurance, bought some paint and, even while the good elders of the church were arguing about finances inside, began to paint the outside. All summer he repaired and painted. Not a damn fellow Christian offered to help. Ever since they regard him as a "square", as some sort of crazy nut. This from the very people who were benefitted by his work!

So I view these and other examples of the milk of human kindness and understanding and realize that the majority of humans should drop dead. Work for them, guide and instruct them? What the hell for? They are mostly idiots and deeply resent any attempt to change their station. Anyhow, this is how I feel and the crusaders such as Walter and you regard me, in turn, as a hopeless nut. So be it.

10-10-63

... The more I thought that letter over the more ashamed of myself I be-

came—not for my ranting, which did get a bit out of hand—but because it paints a picture of me that is not quite true. In short, I'm a fraud. I raise potent hell over TV ads, vulture-pirates who call themselves morticians, the frauds who people this world, and I say that I wouldn't lift a finger to help them if they were dying, and then what actually happens? In spite of my brave talk I rush to their aid or, if the chance presents itself, try to convert them to my beliefs, when all along I'd stoutly maintained that I wouldn't pee on them if they were on fire. I'm not consistent and I feel, on the strength of my opinions, that I should be. It must be, then, that at heart I really have some of the spirit and faith that guide you, Gormly, and other pure souls. I must somehow conquer this fault...

... I'm getting so damn riled over radio and TV programs that soon I'll probably be committed. Helen comes down to the library late at night to see why the loud talk and general ructions. She expects to find many people and discovers only me, talking back to the TV idiots as though they were in fact on my rug. The latest in these parts are the cows who are shown curling their hair with milk. Soon I expect them to be advertising that ancient remedy designed clear the face and relieve wrinkles—namely, farting through the ears.

From ROB WILLIAMS

Elkhart, Ind., July 27, 1963

Now—I would like to set forth a proposal for the formation of SATCORT, The Society for the Abolition of Talking Commercials On Radio & Television. This to be directed at such worthy offenses, though non-singing inanities as the Crest, Spic 'N Span, and Playtex perpetrations. (Amaze your friends! Strike fear into the hearts of your enemies! Join the Church of Latter-Day Fetishists. Do not grieve because one near and dear to you has passed away. Now you can create your own resurrection! Lay the recently-deceased out in Playtex Living Girdles, Gloves, Bras, Hose and Panties, and watch them cavort all around the funeral parlor.)

I don't know if these could really be classed as *talking* commercials, however. Perhaps SABCORT, The Society for the Abolition of *Babbling* etc., would be a more apt designation.

From CHUCK HIGGINS

Athens, Greece, 1 Sept. 63

Almost the end of the line for the Greek project; I leave here tomorrow morning to return to California. In many ways it has been a difficult year, though whether this stems more from my own deficiencies in inner strength and confidence than from deficiencies in the situation here, I'm not sure. It is certainly a very different culture from our own, and though





whirl on several local stations—it didn't cost me anything except a few records—back in my International Records Agency days. Sales? Zero!

Earlier, around 1920-1922, when radio was new and Amos 'n' Andy were for all practical purposes the American angelus, I worked for an outfit in Coney Island which put a pretty good series on WNYC. We couldn't discern any increase in the crowds which patronized our establishment, however.

Commercials smell, all right, but for me the ultimate abomination is the echo chamber, especially when it is used on the string sections. Next worst is the "musical" eructation with which so many of today's popular orchestras take a running broad jump into what turns out to be the most inane, listless and dispirited drivel it is possible to inflict upon the listener. I can always tell: the more pretentious the windup, the more dismal the ensuing foul ball.

From BILL TEMPLE                      Wembley, Middx., England, September 13th 63

This clipping from today's *Daily Mail* seems a timely comment upon Colin Freeman's point that everyone should do something pointless just for the hell of it:

## TUBES

**A** BRITISH firm has produced the smallest tube in the world. It is 0.000515 of an inch in diameter. And it is not the slightest use to anyone.

But it has one great virtue. It is smaller than than the smallest tube that the Americans can make. A victory!

Hope this clipping remains intact in your care. I'm disturbed by the way clippings seem to disintegrate in your hands. E.g., *Stef* 52, p.15: "The rest of this item is lost." Again, p.12: "The clipping sent by Ethel Lindsay has an entire word missing here." I'm particularly baffled by this latter phenomenon. The hole the word fell through is situated plumb center of the paragraph, betwixt "falling hair" and "starvation." What caused this hole? Mice? Or the Pennsylvanian Clipping Weevil?

Or was the mutilation caused by some censorial body? The American Women's League of Decency? Or Ethel herself? (She's Scottish, probably a puritan Presbyterian and admirer of that killjoy, John Knox.)

... Every month the American Long-range Weather Forecasting Bureau has regularly handed the British Isles "30 days of rain." They've been so right that the traditional British umbrella has given place to a snorkel tube. It's some slight consolation to learn they've given their own country a bad time also.

# So What's New About Carrying Kitchen Sinks?

Competitor of ours in Indiana is chomping it gums about its wagons carrying everything including the kitchen sink.

Wurzler Wagons have been doing that ever since Grandpa Wurzler built his first wagon with an ax in 1792.

Wurzler Wagons use no gasoline, no oil, and 200,000 miles on a set of tires is commonplace. Guaranteed for 50 full years and the last model change was in 1896. We've just been making them better so they last twice as long. 34% of all Wurzler Wagons built between 1910 and 1920 are still in service! Let the boys from Indiana match that!

People? Some of our models carry 40 full-sized adults comfortably—and all their luggage, too! You name it and Wurzler will haul it!

Your grandfather enjoyed all these advantages! Why don't you? Go to your nearest dealer and drive a new Wurzler—in relaxed comfort—today!



## WURZLER WAGON WORKS

4 Wheel Street  
Wagontown, Pennsylvania

E. M. Duerr

# The Feather Bed

Reprinted from *The WILLIAM FEATHER Magazine*

Why should a whole city be rained on just because your neighbor has washed her windows on the outside?

The very women who resent anything men say about female absurdities are ever ready to malign other women; in fact, backbiting accounts for two-thirds of much female conversation.

Too much preparation for a good time takes all the fun out of it.

A wise reader tells me that with automobiles, as with women's clothes, change for the sake of change is here to stay. He says bad guesses in styling have cost manufacturers millions and millions.

For me and others like me, a good car is a long-term investment. I think a car should be good for eight, even, ten years. But I seem to belong to a pitifully small minority. A pair of handmade shoes does me for a dozen years. I concede, however, that if the majority were like me, our economy would be wrecked.\*

How would you identify what TV calls a 'stubborn odor'?

Under the heading *The Invisible Costs of government*, the First National City Bank of New York in its *Monthly Economic Letter* said:

'No one has tried to calculate the man-hours of dismal drudgery going into the preparation of tax returns . . . Form 1040, which 32 million persons find it necessary to use, can require upwards of 500 entries (including supplementary schedules) and as many as 200 additions, subtractions, multiplications and divisions.

'The work imposed on individuals is nothing compared to that imposed on employers. Not only are there many more forms but employers must serve as uncompensated tax collectors, taking money out of the pay envelopes of workers according to a formula and, often, adding a tax bite assessed on customers. The IRS has a total staff of 64,000 and a budget of \$674 million. These are big figures. But there is little doubt that business firms collectively employ even more people and spend even more money

\*If they were suddenly to change this is true, alas. But if the people had not, with the federal government as a shining example, gone all out for deficit spending the economy wouldn't be in such a mess.—wmd

gathering in tens of billions of revenues.\*

'And burdens of calculating and assessing taxes are just part of the story. Besides the IRS and state and local tax authorities, there are thousands of government offices and agencies with overlapping jurisdictions over business. Thus, lying beneath the visible costs—set out in budgets prepared at various levels of government—is an iceberg of invisible costs.'

We have quoted only three paragraphs from a long article. It's a discouraging story, with no relief in sight.

●  
What some regard as progress, others regard as insanity.

●  
One of these days, as a condition in accepting a scholarship, some applicants will demand that the college guarantee on graduation a job at \$10,000 a year.

●  
Looking back, I think I can honestly say that I have always walked for pleasure, and not for health as so many say they do or are urged to do. Whatever walking may have done for my circulation, glands, lungs, and heart has been a welcome windfall.

I began walking for pleasure about the time I gave up bicycling for pleasure, which would be around the age of sixteen. Furthermore, without planning it that way, almost all my walking has been done alone, the reason being, I suppose, that if you awaited the convenience of a companion you would seldom get going.

What I prize most from walking is the luxury of solitude, without restlessness or loneliness. Half an hour or so is as much as I care for. I like to carry a cane and wish I had a dog along as I did for a stretch of seventeen years.

I'm not begging anyone to follow my example. My friends who never stir about beyond their garage may outlive me. I walk for the same reason I drink black coffee; I like the effect.

●  
Something in this magazine prompted our friend Fred Griffith to tell us about a syntactical oddity uttered by a neighbor woman when she caught her son and Fred in the act of smoking cigars which Fred (age 10) had stolen from his father's humidor.

The retreat of the boys was a small cellar under a garage. In expressing her fury the good woman managed to use six prepositions in a row.

'Come down out from in underneath of there,' she screamed.

\*The Constitution is supposed to guarantee freedom from involuntary servitude.

# THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

**T**HIS is the first year since 1954 that I have managed to get out four issues of *Stef*. I may never do it again or I may produce four next year; who knows? Anyway, getting this one out in December (though you may not get your copy until next year), gives me a chance to change the months of issue. From now on these will be (nominally, at least), March, June, September and December.



In going through my file I found that it lacks two issues: #22, *Ysatnafets*, the Bassackwards issue of Nov., 1951 and #23, an eight-pager dated Feb, 1952. This discovery came as a surprise, for I thought my file to be complete and cannot imagine what happened to those two issues. If you have them and will part with them for a reasonable price please tell me.

Just as before, if you find a question-mark below, you had better write if you want to stay on the list. If you publish but haven't been sending me your publication, the fact that you are reading this is evidence I'd like such an exchange.



Publications ..... Roger Taecker  
 Gazette Operations ..... Mike Roberts  
 Regional Groups ..... Cecil Frye  
 Safety ..... Clarence Kay

### HONORARY DIRECTORS

Lindley F. Bothwell	W. Everett Miller
Floyd Clymer	Herb Prentice
Warwick Eastwood	Herbert Royston
John G. Gillespie	Dr. George Shafer
Harry B. Johnson	Steadman G. Smith
Dr. Alfred S. Lewerenz	

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Executive Secretary: Truman O. Welch



### NOTICE

Illustrated fact sheets summarizing HCCA activities and membership requirements are available from National headquarters. If you have a friend who is interested in early cars and isn't a member ask us to send him a fact sheet and application form — they're free.



### MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

**Active Members** must own a Horseless Carriage of year 1915 or earlier; they have all privileges of the club. Annual dues, \$7.00 — \$5.00 of which is for a one year subscription to the HORSELESS CARRIAGE GAZETTE.

**Life Members** are Active or Associate Members for life upon payment of \$100.00 dues.

**Associate Members** have all privileges of the club except holding a National office and voting. Annual dues \$5.00, which includes a one year subscription to the GAZETTE.

**Wives of Members** may become either Active or Associate members, corresponding to their husband's membership. Only one copy of the GAZETTE, the Roster and other mailings will be sent jointly to husband and wife. Annual dues, \$2.00.

**Honorary Members** have all privileges of the club except voting.

**Regional Group Members**, who must be National Active or Associate members, pay additional dues as established by the local clubs.