

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

WHY ANACHRONISMS?

RECENTLY THE TELEVISION PROGRAM *Studio One* presented the story of John Zenger [I could find no mention of him in the encyclopedia, by the way], a printer who fought for freedom of the press in colonial New York. As is usual with this program the cast, direction and production all were good. The press shown, though possibly not itself ancient, was of an ancient design and no ink-rollers were in sight. But there were at least three anachronisms that a little thought could have avoided. They did not spoil the play for me and non-printers probably didn't notice them; they were of the sort that merely distracted my attention from the dialog for a moment. They were (a) A type-form in a modern pressed-steel galley, (b) A California Job type-case, (c) A rack containing dozens of cans of ink, though Zenger mentioned to his wife a formula for making ink. Then, near the end, the apprentice set a whole page of type in about two minutes, which is quite a stunt.

Of course there's precedent for such mistakes, as Hollywood has been making them for years. But with the resources at their command, both should do better.

I'm a great one to kick about lack of perfection, huh?

THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ANYTHING

Quotation from *The Lamplighter*, No. 5, Winter, 1949:

AFFLICTION FROM OTHERS

“To be afflicted by the disorder or discomfort, it is to either possess in ourselves the unnatural element from the sender or, at the beginning reflected or send the unnatural elements back to the sender twicfold (what we share to the others comes back to us twice, depending upon the weight or volume), making the sender in a graver discomfort, & again sending it back, which at times results in the afflictions of both and harming themselves.”

Comment *a forteori*, by Norman Lequasi Knight:

Or that it is our acceptance that in our quasi-existence in a hypothetical universal organism, the principle of Continuity requires—except when it requires just the opposite—that there is always a tendency toward the merging of sender and receiver, blending away toward indistinguishability.

Thoughts and emotions may or may not be quasi-things, just as things may or may not be quasi-thoughts or quasi-emotions in the organismal whole.

Everything is contradicted by or merges into something

Or, the stasis of the quasis. [else.

So, it is our expression that an exceptionally powerful thought or emotion converging on a specific object—insofar as any object can be specific—tends to reflect, or reverberate like an echo, in the sender-receiver-all-in-one pattern.

Beware thy evil thoughts, lest they bounce back upon thy head like bread cast upon the waters, multiplied an hundredfold by the ascending powers of two.

SHORT, SHORT, SHORT STORY

WARREN ROBBINS awoke to the strains of a clock radio. He pushed a button on the headboard of his bed and the window quietly shut itself. He threw off the electric blanket and stepped down to the warm floor. Removing his pajamas, he entered a cabinet against the wall and closed the door. Five minutes later he opened the door and emerged washed, dried and shaved, his dark hair combed. He stepped into the adjoining cabinet and in 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ minutes he came out wearing a neat, clean, disposable paper suit.

A little later he left the house and the door closed and locked itself behind him. He walked a few steps to the transwalk and took the first available seat, when a morning paper slid out of a slot at his side. He glanced at the headlines and turned to the comics, which kept him occupied until he got to his destination.

The big doors of the office building were held open by the crowds crossing the light beam. Robbins went through and into a rapidly-filling elevator.

"Hi, Robbie," said one of the occupants. "What's new?"

"Oh, hello, Joe. Nothing—not a damn thing. There's never anything new."

Like Robbins, Joe Moore was freshly scrubbed and attired in one of the fashionable paper suits. He was similar to the other in build and coloring, and while they might have been taken for brothers they were not related.

"Don't let it get you down—Oh. Here we are." They left the elevator and walked to their office.

They were a few minutes early, and Joe perched himself on Robbins' desk. "What's the trouble, Robbie? You don't seem yourself."

"It's the monotony. Same old thing every day, year in and year out. Get up, wash, dress, come to the office, work all day, go home, read for a while, go to bed, get up—Sometimes I wonder what it's all about. What's the use of living?"

"Living?" Joe looked puzzled. "What makes you think you're living? The last human died a hundred years ago—remember?"



FILLERS AN' STUFF

I hadn't realized that Shostakovitch has written a *Firebird Suite*, but I guess he has. The announcer on a local "music for reading" program announced, both before and after the music, the "Berceuse" from the suite of that name by Shostakovitch. The odd thing is that it sounded exactly like the "Berceuse" from the *Firebird Suite* of Stravinsky. Oh, well, both begin with "S" and both men are Russian. I guess that's close enough. I don't think he deserves the jackpot, but it was a nice try. Let's give him a refrigerator and a carton of *Phoo* cigarettes.

U. S. AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ENGLISH

Did someone mention German police dogs? Don't ignore the American police horse. When a burglar, *whom a Chicago policeman had dismounted to arrest*, tried to escape, the horse pursued him down the street, overtook [this is a bit ambiguous, too—wmd] and pinned him against a wall and held him until the officer came along with the handcuffs.

—Clipping and italics from Norman L. "Iggleye" Knight

WHITHER THE MOTOR CAR?

THAT SKETCH in *Bill's Gat* about trading my streamlined monstrosity for a 1905 model was, it seems, more prophesy than fantasy. Last fall I acquired an *Anglia*, the little two-door English *Ford*. Its styling is similar to that of U. S. cars of the mid-thirties, it's just a little bigger than a *Crosley* but built to last many years, and I like it.

U. S. car designers, influenced by "sales engineers" who decide what the public will have to take and like, have lost sight of the fact that the automobile is primarily a means of transportation and have transformed it into a gaudy driveway ornament. Unnecessarily wide bodies (with seats too wide for three but not wide enough for four), tremendous overhang front and rear, bodies that prevent access to wheels and certain automatic transmissions that preclude the braking function of the engine all combine to make cars difficult to handle in traffic and in parking. Those who have driven only "modern" cars may not realize this; those who were driving in the late twenties and/or early thirties need no convincing that even the big cars of that period were easier to handle than present-day cars of much shorter wheelbase. And, aside from *style*, which is as ephemeral and reasonless in automobiles as it is in women's hats, they were just as attractive as present-day cars.

The actual improvements since the invention of the electric starter are few and include:

1. The single dry-disc clutch. Previous types were less smooth and reliable and harder to maintain, since they ran

in oil (usually neatsfoot oil to preserve the leather facing.)

2. Four-wheel brakes

3. Automatic windshield wipers

4. Greatly improved methods of finishing all working parts, and especially the grinding and lapping of cylinder walls, crankpins and crankshaft journals. The result is that cars go at least 15 or 20 thousand miles before becoming oil-burners while the 1914 *Saxon*, a small car, advertised "200 miles to the quart of oil".

5. Rubber engine mountings. I add this reluctantly as it is a cheap substitute for a *real* improvement of the late 20's—the harmonic dampener—which *eliminated* vibration at the source instead of merely *limiting* it to the motor.

The other sensational new improvements the ad-writers keep shouting about are not improvements or are not new, and many are neither. Here are some examples.

Both a "horseless carriage" and a motorcycle built in 1895 had balloon tires.

A front-wheel-drive car was built in France in 1899 and in 1904 one was built in the U. S. with a 5-cylinder air-cooled rotary engine in the rear.

A convertible coupe was built in 1900.

The 1921 *Kurtz Automatic* had not only an automatic transmission but also a pull-out emergency brake lever on the dash. Its ads included a picture showing the front compartment floor free of levers.

Many cars as early as 1907 had the engine out over the front axle, an idea revived with much acclaim in the 30's.

Streamlining and lowering of open cars began as early as 1912, though in those days it was not considered neces-

sary to hide the wheels.

Don't be fooled; many of the old timers were good cars. If you think they were flimsy and always breaking down just ask yourself how *your* car would stand up in the days when there was nothing in the nation that *you* would call a road, and ponder the fact that there are 40-year-old cars still performing faithfully every day. Do you think your flashy new model could possibly be kept from falling apart until 1990? If you think they couldn't perform consider the 1914 *Mercedes* which, in its original condition save that flywheel, connecting rods and pistons were lightened, did 112 mph at Daytona Beach. Will your car do that in 1987?

Don't get me wrong—I'm not advocating a return to the styles or the bulky, low-speed engines of the second decade (though the latter have certain real advantages). But I do deplore the present trend in body design, which is to make something that sticks out as far as possible on every side, put on a lot of totally unnecessary and sometimes hazardous (on the dash and steering wheel, for instance) chromium-plate, hide the wheels as though they are something to be ashamed of, and come up with a design that ignores visibility, safety, handling and servicing ease and, in some cases, good taste.

Where can I find a nice 1926 *Morris*?

[Note: Much of the material for this article was culled from Clymer's *Motor Scrapbooks*, each of which contains offset reproductions of ads for about 250 of the more than 2200 makes of cars that have been built in the U. S. If you are at all interested in cars I think you will find them as fascinating as they are to me, and likely to keep you up till you have to prop your eyes open. . . And I forgot to mention that the 1904 *Pierce-Arrow* and the 1905 *Autocar* had steering-column gear-shifts, and that the 1913 *Remington* had an automatic transmission.—wmd]

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE.

Yep—they're from TYPO GRAPHIC again.

Judge: On what grounds do you want your marriage annulled?

Applicant: I have proof, your honor, that her father had no license for that gun!

■

Freshman: What's your guess about the game next Saturday? You don't think we'll do too bad, do you?

Professor: Don't you mean "badly"?

Freshman: What's the difference? You know what I mean.

Professor: An "l-y" can make quite a difference. (He pointed to a passing co-ed.) For instance, it makes a difference whether you look at her sternly, or at her stern.

■

Just about the time you think you can make ends meet—someone moves the ends.

■

If you can't get a laugh out of this you have ulcers. Last March *Time Magazine* told how Eugene "Bull" Connor, Birmingham's police commissioner and a candidate for governor of Alabama, expressed his political views. Connor said: "I ain't going to let no darkies and white folks segregate together in this town."

The doctor's little daughter opened a door to the caller.

Caller: Is the doctor at home?

Little Daughter: No, sir, he is out performing an appendectomy.

Caller (smiling): That's a very big word for a little girl like you. Do you know what it means?

Little Daughter (nodding): Oh, yes . . . it means \$125.

■

"Sir, I would like to have the hand of your daughter in marriage," the lad declared.

"I'm afraid, son," the father replied, "that you could not support her in the manner to which she's been accustomed."

"Your daughter and I have talked it over and she's consented to live on what I make," countered the boy.

"That's fine," the father agreed. "But that's just one problem. You know, after a while a little one may come along, which means added expense."

"That's true, sir, but we've been lucky so far."

■

Politics is the art of looking for trouble, finding it everywhere, diagnosing it wrongly, and applying unsuitable remedies.

PO'TRY PAGE

"And did not the philosophic Coleridge say that the
object of poetry was delight?"

—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Tom Whitbread

HOPELESSNESS

Come, learned priest, display your wisdom's scope;
Prescribe a cure to shake my stagnant mind
From its insane despondency. I find
The doctor's leeches and the hangman's rope,
The druggist's civet and the horoscope
Of the profane astrologer are blind
Graspings at nothing. What have you divined?
"Transfiguration is man's only hope."

Fool, leave me in my loneliness of salt.
Mankind is rotten, and in this dark age
He will not change. While you ask heaven's aid,
Hoping to meet the Man without a fault,
I bathe my wounds in tears of idle rage
And wait the doom of man alone, afraid.

For the BEST in SURPLUS at LOONY LOW PRICES ,see HUGO THE HERMIT

DROP IN AND LOOK AROUND. THE OLD CAVE WAS MUCH TOO SMALL, SO AT GREAT EXPENSE I HAVE
CLEARED THE RUBBLE FROM PART OF THE SECOND SUB-BASEMENT OF THE MERCHANDISE MART.

Just Follow the Arrows to HUGO'S!

WW₁ SURPLUS

Western Electric Breast Mike Remove the microphone and you have a handy harness for carrying your knife, lunch or other everyday necessities **Only 2 arrowheads**

Kellog Telephone Transmitter Don't know just what you can do with this, but it's a big bagain at **two for 1 ah.**

WW₂ SURPLUS

RADIOS Big assortment to choose from, large and small, most with tubes. Lots of wire in each for tying arrowheads, plus useful sheetmetal, and the tubes make pretty ornaments for your cave or shanty. **3 to 8 ah each**

Jeeps Take out the engine (most of these contain some OIL!) and you have a nice, free-running buggy that one mule

or two women can pull with ease. **15 clubs or 299 ah**

WW₃ SURPLUS

Atom Bombs Do you want to get away from it all? One free to each customer!

Two-place Rockets If you are brave and like to tinker maybe you can figure out a way to use your atomic bomb as fuel for one of these and go to Mars. **49 c or 1000 ah**

WW₄ SURPLUS

Warclubs Mark II, best hickory, handles wound with genuine friction tape. **New, 19 ah. Used, 5 to 7 ah**

Bows A fine assortment **10 ah and up**

Bowstrings Steel, **14 ah, gut, 8ah**

Arrowheads Lead and flint **What have you?**

These are just few selections. Come in TODAY and pick out what you want.



Said Abe Lincoln:

You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.
 You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
 You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich. You cannot
 spend more than you earn. You cannot build character and
 courage by taking away man's initiative and independence.
 You cannot help men by doing for them what they could
 and should do for themselves.

—*Typo Graphic*



No matter whose the lips that would speak they must
 be free and ungagged. The community which dares not pro-
 tect its humblest and most hated member in the free utter-
 ance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only
 a gang of slaves. If there is anything in the universe that
 can't stand discussion, let it crack.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS



The true purpose of rock gardening, however, is to tri-
 umph over Nature as well as the neighbours by first making
 gardening as difficult as possible and then succeeding in grow-
 ing minute flowers—tiny saxifrages, teeny febrifuges and wee-
 ny-weeny sarcophaguses—in the face of all the difficulties or
 even on the faces of all the rocks.

—W. C. SELLAR & R. J. Yeatman:

Garden Rubbish & Other Country Bumps



We ought never to do wrong when people are looking.

—MARK TWAIN



PULL NO PUNCHES

The more I see of people the better I like dogs.

Astronaut I'm trying to decide just what effect "The Station In Space" would have upon the Vacuum Fabricating Machinery Co., my most persistent advertiser. On the one hand it should create an unprecedented demand for the fabricating machinery proper and wipe out the shortage of vacua, but on the other hand it would make the Vaxtractor, designed to dredge the stratosphere from Earth, as obsolete as Man will be if he keeps on as he is headed. . . It is surprising, in an article whose author takes for granted the development of atomic rockets, to find mention of the 7 mps "escape velocity." With atomic rockets, always provided that the old sf bugaboo of tube linings that will stand up be licked, there is no reason you couldn't go all the way to the Moon at 10 mph if you wanted to and thought you would live that long. And, with atomic rockets to get there the Moon itself would make a dandy station in space with less cost and more convenience than would be possible with any man-made one with the possible exception of a big flying saucer. . . After all I've heard about Sneary's fabulous spelling, it has apparently been edited out of his article. I wuz robbed!

Celephais Yep, the Williamson amplifier is good. I've had mine over a year, and everyone who hears it says it's the best he ever heard. By buying as many as possible of the components in the surplus market (which is drying up fast) it is possible to build one for about forty bucks. . . How long did publication of *The Black Cat* continue? I have a vague recol-

lection of seeing it in my early youth.

Horizons As the announcer says in those goddam commercials, "And you're *right!*" There isn't any VAPA any longer. My guess is suicide helped along by an overdose of dianetics. . . Schwann's December catalog doesn't list any recording of *Das Lied von der Erde*. I'm afraid, Harry, that you're in no position to judge the relative merits of various types of styli. The very fact that you can use an osmium tip for a year without apparent deterioration proves only that your equipment is sadly lacking in high-frequency response. Since your new audio system is probably reasonably good to at least 10kc (I don't know which of the many types of Jensen speakers you have) it's my guess that you have one of those early LP pickups that cuts off around 4 or 5kc. It is interesting to note that osmium styli are not even made for the better pickups, and the reason has nothing to do with prestige or snob-appeal. Use of a diamond for playing LP's through *high-fidelity* equipment is actually an economy measure, and I say this despite the fact that my first one wore enough (though the wear is barely discernible at 100x) to cause unpleasant distortion of highs with the Williamson and Jensen JHP-52, the pickup being a G. E. I have a new one and can detect no wear even in records played many times with the diamond. Under condition of use of that first diamond I doubt if an osmium stylus would have lasted a week. I now use it less, wipe each side carefully before playing, and have reduced the pressure from 7 grams to 5, after trying 3. You owe it to yourself and to the LP's to get a better pickup. If you do I hope you don't find your records mutilated by playing them with what is in effect a cutting tool.

[[Most of that was “written in the stick” and I omitted the phrase “in less than a year” after “enough” in line 20.]]

Irusaben Parking meters take Canadian pennies. Maybe they’ll take Canadian nickels, too.

Nudity Being a newcomer I had to refer to the *FA* to discover who perpetrated this, and then I noticed that “out, eney” at the bottom of the last page. . . If there’s a drop of inspiration in this, then dianetics is an exact science.

Phanteur Any of the automatic transmissions now in use leaves much to be desired. Are the American people actually getting so lazy they can’t work the box any more? If gear-shifting is to be eliminated, it ought to be by something like the fluid-magnetic clutch developed some years ago by the Bureau of Standards. This device is compact and efficient, provides an infinite number of speeds, and can be used also as a brake. It would make a car’s mechanism simpler and cheaper while the automatic transmissions now used make it more complex and costly, and some of them are quite wasteful of power. Possibly it is *because* of its advantages to the motorist that the device is not used. . . Me, too. I mean about your remark on completists. Somehow I missed *Galaxy* completely, but *have* subscribed to *Fantasy and Science Fiction*. dk’s *Worlds Beyond* is off to a pretty good start. I picked up that second *Out Of This World* (my first) in a weak moment, but never again. There’s nothing memorable inside and that cover is a horror.

Slothful Thing The Air Force sent new investigators who arrived just in time to confiscate all pictures, still and motion, before they could be published or

processed. These were buried in the files at Washington and never again saw daylight. An Air Force release in the next day's papers explained the telecast as a studio hoax, a la Orson Welles, said the neighbors had seen the planet Venus, and denied the existence of flying saucers. . . . Don't quite see the point of "Et, Tu, Vamp?" Is there one?

Snake Pit See remarks under *Nudity*. What's the objection to identifying your publications? . . . "A Dianetic Reverie" is pretty good. I have little faith in dianetics and no personal knowledge upon which to base attacks as violent as yours. Do you?

Somnambulism I've been reading science fiction since the days of *Science & Invention* and I like *Worlds Beyond*. "Null-P" in the second issue is one of the best short stories I have ever read. What do you find unsatisfactory about *WB*, anyhow? . . . Even if factories start using Dunc*, there are millions of products already in use that need it, and babies being born every day. . . . I have one copy of *Myself*, sent by NLK, but never heard of *Mind Magic*. . . . See footnote 4 on page 20.

Targets of Opportunity See remarks under *Nudity* and *Snake Pit*.

*Trade Mark

BELIEF IN TRUTH

41. When we come to realise the amount of propaganda that surrounds us and the amount of Truth we are asked to believe just because it passes from one generation to another as intellectual inheritance, we really become suspicious of ourselves, and a question arises: Are we in our senses or are we not?

—LIFE PROBLEMS, quoted in *Yoga, II*, 7-8



THE MAIL BOX

EGOBOO AND OTHER STUFF

Redd Boggs:

. . . It's nice to see that *Stef* didn't die with the I. I. VAPA. The thing I am worried about now is that you'll be so disgruntled by the lack of quality this time that you'll withdraw from FAPA entirely. I trust not; FAPA *has* been a lot better than it's been of late, and I hope it'll improve in the next few mailings. . .

Harry Warner, Jr.:

I just want you to know that it is one of the most embarrassing moments of my career, to have talked you into joining the FAPA in time for you to receive the very worst mailing in the dozen years that I've been a member.

Honestly, this isn't a fair sample of the organization. Unless you are a very specialized type of accident prone who causes the disintegration of any ajjay society society* you enter, the next mailing or two should show you what I meant when I said there are some enjoyable things in the FAPA.

C. G. McProud, Editor, Audio Engineering:

I don't know why you do it†, but I like it and trust you will please keep us on your mailing list.

A. F. Lopez:

I'm very interested in your "Saucer" experience—you are the only person I know personally (?) who has seen anything resembling a saucer. Not that I disbelieve all the other reports—frankly, I do believe that the saucer-ships exist and are more likely of extra-terrestrial origin. As for why they don't land—if they understand anything at all about our world situation, they've probably got too much sense to want to get mixed up with us!!

Dora Moiteret:

Saw movies of the flying saucer in L. A. recently. Enlargements showed an observation tower of some sort. . . Various authorities said

* Huh! Thing things again! But it's my mistake, Harry.

† I ran headfirst into a brick wall when but a lad.

there was little question now—these were from some other planet!

Bill Venable:

Actually, I do not see how anyone can be an *atheist*, that is, a person who recognizes no God, no power greater than his own or that of humanity. That is merely segmenting all those sectors of knowledge that we have catalogued off, then taking¹ everything else and saying “This doesn’t exist”. It is like² a man who looks at one side of a vase and says, “This vase has a rose painted on it: *nothing more*.” Of course, he can say “I haven’t *seen* the other side of the vase, therefore there is nothing on it.”³ That is, however, faulty logic. The absence of something is much harder to prove than the existence of something.⁴

Victor A. Moiteret:

You’ll be interested⁵ to know that the *Stefantasy* before last was selected in tie for second place in rating of “Ten Best Papers” for July-Sept. First was *Chimera* with 35 pts., then *New Estate* and *Stefantasy* with 33 pts. each.

Emerson Duerr:

Thanks for another entertaining issue of *Stefantasy*. By all means keep my name on the list, Mac. Those advertisements give me a lift. Too bad I have so much vacuum in my head that I can’t contribute one or two or three for future issues. Nope, I have no old vacua for sale. Need it all in my head to keep it filled.

Very little time for amateur journalism these days. Have been so busy with carpentry, painting, and cement work that there’s little energy left over to stay up till 2 a. m.⁶ a-settin’ type and running the press. Those days, I fear, are strictly behind me. Many’s the time I corrected proofs long after midnight—and that’s probably why so many typos got past me.

Roy A. Squires:

Kee-rist, are you trying to kill off all your readers with that tobacco (etc.) formula?⁷

1 By the non-existent scruff of its non-existent neck?

2 Well, not quite like.

3 Then again, he may see that, like many movie sets, it is a sham and has no other side;

4 Okay, Bill. You prove the existence of God and I’ll gladly print it.

5 And surprised and pleased.

6 By a peculiar coincidence that “2 a. m.” was set at exactly 2 a. m.!

7 I just printed it—I didn’t recommend it.

POSTMAULINGS

Astra's Towel This would be a good companion-piece for *Crying Snowflakes*, which appeared several years ago in a VAPA mailing. It contains, however, a good idea in "Woman . . . At War". Whether or not it is good poetry I don't know. Maybe V. Blish will tell us.

Fantasy Collector Even if my liking for Haggard hadn't dwindled almost to the vanishing point I probably wouldn't have read this. A page of solid 6-point type is easier on the eyes than this kind of mimeographing. Isn't there *something* you can do to get a better impression?

Leer I enjoyed this one. . . Bet you didn't notice that incomplete R until you had run off all the copies. That's when I discover many of my typos. . . What's wrong with *Typo Graphic*—or rather, with my selection of material from it? Would you prefer something from *Sunshine Magazine*? . . . Funny thing is I've modified my view on kr's a little. When that article was written I had seen them only on WDTV, whose movie transmissions can make a beautifully-photographed Hollywood production look as though done on 8mm by an amateur who never heard about editing and projected on a smudgy wall with a 25-watt toy machine. Since then I have installed a rotator and booster in order to get WJ ACTV. There is considerable variation in quality and kr's will never be as good as professional movies, but when properly transmitted the best of them are quite acceptable.

Have you heard the one about the cowhand and the—shucks! No room.

• THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

Here We Go Again!

THOSE FEW of you who were Vanguardifs may recall that I was continually griping about the poor quality of the mimeoing in many VAPA productions. The complaints accomplished little or nothing but that deterred me not a whit. [I've always wondered what a *whit* is, so I just looked it up. The dictionary says it is "the smallest particle", which is obviously false or anachronistic or something. Still, it would sound funny, wouldn't it, to say "deterred me not an electron"—or whatever is currently considered the smallest particle?]



Fig. 7155 W. McGriper Danner

Anyhow, my old arguments still are good ones. Even if you are so much interested in *what* you are presenting that *how* it is presented doesn't interest you, it will pay to use some care in the printing. Neat, legible pages are an inducement to a reader not especially interested in your subject but sloppy, ink-starved sheets are likely to be laid aside by your devoted followers, if any. Maybe you put out your various publications just as so many pages to fulfil activity requirements. If you expect others to read them make them readable. Really, it requires very little extra time or work.

NOW--YOU CAN

**Eliminate All Imaginary Illness
Acquire Up to 667/8% More Proficiency
Successfully Beat Complex, Abstract Systems**

by submitting to the simple-minded practitioner of

UVANETICS

The Modern Miracle Drugless Drug

Discovered by A. BARE CUBBARD

UVANETICS is positively the most miraculous and nearly demented discovery since the invention of the self-starter. His mother having suffered most of her life from vacuum on the brain, the discoverer was born with an obsession concerning holes in the head and the possibility that they might well lead to the discovery of facts which, if only they are properly interpreted, must and shall point the way to a course of action that could, in the course of time, bring about at least an approach to a partial solution of the problem.

A PROFESSIONAL BOOR

To that end he immediately began an investigation that lasted one hundred years, during which time he peered untiring into holes in the heads of innumerable indiscrimina-

ting screwballs, poured unceasing from numberless unselected cases of highballs, etc., all of which responded successfully, *without exception*, but from which he learned, alas, absolutely nothing.

ANYONE CAN DO IT!

All you need is the UVANETICS Kit which contains a special hypodermic needle, a generous supply of UVANETIC Vacuum which, when injected into the brain, immediately absorbs all imps, sprites, demons, etc., and expels them through the hole in the head left when the needle is withdrawn, and, of course, full instructions.

**Send only \$40.00 today to
UNITED VACUUM FABRICATING MACHINERY CO.**

720 Rockwood Ave.
Pittsburgh 34, Pa.

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