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STEFANTASY

The Magazine to End All Magazines

Volume 8

February, 1952

Number 1

Published and printed for the hell of it and for the Fantasy Amateur
Press Association by William M. Danner, 720 Rockwood
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The HARSH* Ad is by Lee Hoffman



"Everyone's queer but thee and me, and even thee's a little queer sometimes."

"You cannot strengthen the weak by
weakening the strong." —ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"If 384 doctors out of 400 drink 3 in 1 Oil, so will you."
—Bob and Ray

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY
BUT IT SURE DOES HELP."

* See back cover

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

STEF'S TV AWARD

I COULDN'T SEE why *Stefantasy* should be the only magazine in the USA not making an award to a tv program, and it was just as hard to understand why the funniest thing on tv has thus far been unrewarded. As a result I have struck off and mailed to the boys the medal whose inscription is reproduced below. Of course the actual medal is printed in simulated silver on genuine simulated imitation leatherette (plastic) in a tasteful shade of brown.

To

BOB and RAY

whose often inspired and always
entertaining lunacy is such a welcome
relief from the dull idiocy of mankind
as a whole,

Stefantasy

presents as its first annual TV Award
for 1951 this Genuine Simulated
Imitation Leatherette
Medal.

FEBRUARY, 1952

THE CASE OF THE THIN ICE

By MERLE HANLEY PARDNER

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order of their disappearance)

TERRY JASON, *famous criminal lawyer who credits his success to his ability to skate on thin ice.*

BELLA RUE, *Terry Jason's devoted secretary, who sticks by him through thick and thin.*

SAUL FRAKE, *lanky and lazy private eye, who cries wolf.*

157 ASSORTED (OUR CHOICE) CHARACTERS

SINCE HE couldn't conveniently get at his vest pocket, Terry Jason draped his left hand from the second button on his overcoat, while he waved a lighted cigarette with his right hand.

"I wonder, Bella," said Terry Jason to Bella Rue, his private secretary, who was standing beside him at the edge of the frozen pond on this cold, clear February afternoon, two pairs of ice-skates dangling from her left arm, "when Saul Frake is going to get here. He said he would meet us at two and it's two-thirty now."

"Let's not wait for him, Chief," said Bella Rue. "It's your birthday, you know, and your first holiday in several years. Besides, why waste such a beautiful afternoon? Let's go on out and let him join us there."

So the two of them sat down on a convenient log and strapped on their skates. When this was done Terry Jason

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took Bella Rue's arm in his and they skated swiftly out on the glassy surface. As Bella Rue had remarked, it was Terry Jason's first holiday in several years and he was thoroughly enjoying himself. So, to judge by her happy expression, was Bella Rue.

After a few minutes they heard a familiar voice hail them from the shore. "Hi, Bella," said Saul Frake as he sat down on a convenient log to strap on his skates. "Hi, Terry. I'm afraid you're skating on thin ice," and Saul Frake laughed merrily at his own wit.

But Saul Frake spoke more truth than poetry. Just as Terry Jason was about to reply he and Bella Rue hit a thin spot in the ice on the pond and the two of them disappeared under the surface, to be seen no more. Appalled, Saul Frake skated swiftly out to the hole in the ice to help them out. But in his haste Saul Frake had neglected to fasten his skates securely and as he approached the hole one of them came off. This threw Saul Frake off balance and he, too, disappeared under the surface and was seen no more.

157 people whom Terry Jason had installed in hotel rooms with instructions to stay there, admit nobody and answer no phone calls unless it was he on the line ultimately starved to death and their bodies were not found until the hotels were torn down to make room for parking lots.



• THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

A Brief Message of Importance to You All.

THE RESPONSE to my tentative announcement in the last issue has been so overwhelmingly absent that I have come to the conclusion that this is not the time for me to attempt a book. I still would like to do it but will wait until (1) more than three people evince an interest in the project, (2) Washington wastes less paper so the lowly civilian can get some; (3) I have finished restoring the 1930 Nash roadster I acquired 12-29-51. This latter project will take most of my time for a while as soon as warm weather comes.

I admit that (2) isn't a very good reason. While I can't get any more of this paper, I could probably find some kind of suitable book paper if I hunted around, but it seems hardly worth while for three people.

(3) is a good reason, though—unusually good for a 22-year-old car. Except for the front seat, windshield, shock-absorbers and chrome on bumpers it is almost perfect. Anyone know where I can find a good set of Delco-Lovejoy "Dual-draulic" shocks with 1" shaft?

A Briefer Message of Importance Only to FAPA

YES, I KNOW the current *Lark* is a mess. I'm not apologizing though, for I've seen as bad done with commercial duplicators, and for some of you it's just a dose of your own medicine. How do you like it?

STEFANTASY

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All you have to do is finish this jingle in 25 words or less:

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Just write your two concluding lines (making sure that they do not contain more than 25 words) on the back of a Rectogunk wrapper and mail to the address below. You may send as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate Rectogunk wrapper.

The PRIZES

1. The Taj Mahal
2. The Colosseum and 1 case of Rectogunk
3. The Eiffel Tower
4. All-expense round-trip for two on first passenger ship to Mars and 100 cases of Rectogunk
5. The Pentagon and 10,000 cases of Rectogunk
6. to 100. 10 cases of Rectogunk each

Send all entries to

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