

STEFAN TASY
This is published and printed by
William M. Danner at 720 Rockwood Ave., Pittsburgh 34, Pa.
Volume 10, Number 1, Whole Number 28. It is published
and is dated February, 1954.

Stefantasy

Published and printed for the hell of it and for the Fantasy Amateur
Press Association by William M. Danner, 720 Rockwood
Avenue, Pittsburgh 34, Pennsylvania



contents

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------|----|
| THE FIRST PAGE | / / / / | 3 |
| "HE TOUCHED A STUD . . ." | / / / / | 4 |
| GENESIS | / / / / | 6 |
| PICTURES ON TAPE | / / / / | 9 |
| STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE | / | 15 |
| DIFFIDENT LIVING | / / / / | 16 |
| 1930 NASH ROADSTER | / / / / | 17 |
| " " | / / / / | 18 |
| THE MAIL BOX | / / / / | 20 |
| THE LAST PAGE | / / / / | 22 |
| ADS | | |
| Classified by <i>Norman L. Knight</i> | / / | 23 |



"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

JUGGERNAUTS AGAIN

Though most of those who expressed an opinion were in agreement one or two raised objections to The First Page in the November, 1952 issue. I wonder what they think after the disaster that occurred in Wilkinsburg (a suburb of Pittsburgh) late last year. A heavily-loaded tractor-trailer, reportedly going 50 in a 35mph zone (a common practice among the courteous, gentlemanly, safety-minded drivers of these monsters) plowed through three cars *already stopped for a traffic light* and went on to knock down a utility pole carrying a high-tension line which set fire to the whole thing and exploded the gas tank of the juggernaut. Five people (including, for a change, the two in the truck) were burned beyond recognition and three others hospitalized. A picture of one of the cars was published and there was hardly anything in it that resembled any part of an automobile.

Within 24 hours and only a few blocks away another of these monsters ran wild *because the air reservoir dropped off*. Thus it is apparent not only that the behemoths are driven often by "cowboys" but also that many of them are tearing around without even minimal checks of safety equipment.

Wilkinsburg, having had many serious truck wrecks, is taking steps to ban the trailers from its streets.

How long will it be until the rest of the nation awakens?

No Doubt
Howard looks
at this he will clear it up

"He Touched A Stud . . ."

or, ". . . especially for breeding"

STUD, *n* 1. A post, an upright prop or support; 2. The stem, trunk, or stock of a tree or shrub; 3. A transverse piece of cast-iron inserted in each link of a chain-cable to prop the sides apart and strengthen it; 4. A nail, boss, knob or protuberance affixed to a surface, especially as an ornament; 5. A piece in the form of a boss or knob for use as a button or fastener, or in some other way; 6. A number of horses kept for any purpose, especially for breeding or sporting; 7. The place where a stud is kept, especially for breeding; a stud-farm; 8. A stallion, especially one kept for breeding; a stud-horse; [Colloq.] 9. Dogs kept for breeding; a kennel [U.S.]

The foregoing is a somewhat abridged listing of the meanings assigned to *stud* as a noun in the Century dictionary. The meanings are all there, but I didn't bother to copy all the examples and definitions of definitions. Probably the most familiar studs are the vertical 2x4's in the framing of a house, but another quite common one is the headless bolt with different threads on the two ends used to hold the cylinder head on a gasoline engine.

I would like very much to know who started what has now become a sacred tradition: the control of spaceships entirely by studs. If I can find out who is responsible I'll be glad when you're—I mean, I'll be glad to award him one of *Stefantasy's* elegant genuine simulated imitation leatherette medals. I've still got some of the stuff left from re-upholstering some chairs a couple of years ago and I might as well use it up some way.

Possibly that shotgun definition, # 5, may cover the use

of *stud* for "spaceship control" since it says "or in some other way". Certainly none of the other definitions comes even close unless it may be #4. I don't care how many ornamental nails, bosses, knobs or protuberances a spaceship control panel may have but I don't want to ride in it unless it has the necessary switches, rheostats and potentiometers for remote operation of the complex equipment that runs it. When and if I take a trip in a spaceship I want to know that the skipper has the necessary know-how for operating those controls and that he won't try to get by just by touching studs.

I can't remember when I first came across this curious usage, but it seems like about 70 or 80 years ago. It was instigated, of course, by the complete technical and scientific ignorance of the author who first used it. He didn't know what made his ship go (vibrations, perhaps?) so he couldn't be expected to know how to control it. This is understandable, but it is hard to see why about 99% of all who write fiction about space travel must follow his example. I've been expecting the practice to die out for the past fifty years but it's still going strong.

The illustrators are just as bad as the authors. Being artists (some of them, anyhow) they haven't the foggiest notion of what a spaceship control panel might look like. As a result they make them look like an 1890 vintage substation, with plenty of huge open knife-switches and rotary switches with arm and contact points on the front of the panel. There is a complete absence of studs (naturally, since the author doesn't describe them and the dictionary doesn't help) unless you count the rotary switch-points, and if the skipper started to touch those he *might* step right out of his science fiction story into a fantasy.

I suppose there are some authors whose spaceships are

operated by honest-to-god controls instead of by touching studs but offhand I can't think of any.* Can you?

* This was written before I read *Takeoff*. Long live Kornbluth.

GENESIS

REDD BOGGS has suggested that I publish an account of how *Stefantasy* came to be. In the unlikely event that some of the rest of you are curious here is the story.

Maybe you remember some letters in *ASF* back in '44. One was from George O. Smith and the other from an author whose name I forget, and they concerned some strange and new forms of vacua. So I sent in a letter advertising machinery for fabricating vacua, and that was the beginning of the United Vacuum Fabricating Machinery Co. Virginia Blish saw it and in renewing a long-lapsed correspondence suggested that I might like to join the newly-organized Vanguard Amateur Press Association. She sent a couple of its first productions (the first apa publications I'd seen) which, though very poorly mimeographed, were quite interesting. I joined, and for the July, 1945 mailing published *A Dangerous Thing*, which had a printed two-color cover and 16 inside pages done on a postcard duplicator.

Though a few Vanguardifs preferred it the title seemed to me to be a trifle unwieldy so for the second issue I changed it to *Stefantasy*. This September issue and that for November were the same size as the first, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, but they were printed entirely on the Kelsey 3 x 5 Excelsior Press.

Meanwhile I had been hunting around for a larger press. New ones were simply unobtainable at any price and used

hand presses scarce and sometimes available only with a complete outfit which I didn't want. Finally at the Harry Guckert Co., which rebuilds old presses for resale, I made a deposit on my present press before it had been brought to the shop. It was delivered a couple of months later on 1-11-46.

The first issue of *Stef* in its present size was that for January 1946. I had set a good deal of it before the press was delivered but, though it was only 12 pages printed two pages up, it took every minute of my spare time to meet the mailing deadline. The text is entirely in 8- and 10-pt Cable Light which was used also for the small issues. Most of the 10-pt was from the Neon Type Foundry and was so full of dross and flash that it was hard to justify and impossible to plane. Neon allowed me the full price for it on some large sizes of Bodoni Bold which, though of the highest quality, I no longer use and are now for sale (adv.). Two changes in body type have been made, both gradually—Cable (or Kabel, depending upon the foundry) to Bodoni and Bodoni to Kennerley.

The May 1946 issue was the first of four burlesques of other VAPA publications;

Stuffanonsense, the *Renaissance* issue, May 1946

Stefan-Toddy, the *Fan-Tods* issue, May 1947

Stefumblers, the *Tumbrils* issue, September 1947

Stuffyhack of Dnmwnt, the *Agenbite of Inwit* issue, August 1948

The "plant" in which *Stef* is produced is scattered all over the house. Of necessity the press is in the cellar; to put it on either upper floor would have been difficult and it would probably have gone right through the floor anyway. What with the garage taking up half the cellar and with a small darkroom, three benches for radio and model work and some necessary though inadequate shelves taking up most of what is left, there simply isn't room there for the type stands. So

these are in a corner of the front bedroom; every form printed must be carried down two flights and then up again. This is inconvenient, to say the least, and explains some of the typos you find. It is also one reason I want to move out of Allegheny County (and its exorbitant taxes) to a house with a big basement. Folding, assembling and stapling is done on a card table in the living room. The Mimeograph and the two typewriters are in what the plans call the dining room, which is connected to the living room by a six-foot archway. All over the house almost anything can be found almost anywhere and the overflow from the crowded bookshelves occupies almost every horizontal surface, as in the Professor's house in "Mistress Masham's Repose".

The complete list of issues to date follows:

Volume I

- 1 *A Dangerous Thing*, 16 mimeoed pages and printed cover, 4½x5½, July 1945, whole # 1
- 2 20p including cover, printed, same size, Sept. 1945, 2
- 3 24p as above, Nov. 1945, 3

Volume II

- 1 12p including cover, printed, 5½x8½, Jan. 1946, 4
- 2 16p as above, 6x8, March 1946, 5
- 3 *Stuffanonsense*, 24p as above, May 1946, 6
- 4 1st Anniversary Issue, 24p as above, July 1946, 7
- 5 12p as above, Sept. 1946, 8

Volume III

- 1 "The Magazine of Sweetness and Light" 24p as above, Jan. 1947, 9
- 2 *Stefan-Toddy*, 24p as above, May 1947, 10
- 3 *Stefumblers*, 24p as above, Sept. 1947, 11
- 4 "Emergency Issue", 4p as above, Nov. 1947, 12

Volume IIII

- 1 "Surplus Issue", 20p as above, Maybeready 1948, 13
- 2 *Stuffyhack of Dimwit*, 24p as above, August 1948, 14

Volume V

- 1 12p as above, 5½x8½, Jan. 1949, 15
- 2 24p as above, June 1949, 16
- 3 24p as above, Nov. 1949, 17

Volume VI

- 1 4p as above, April 1950, 18
- 2 "Fifth Anniversary Issue", 24p as above, July 1950, 19
- 3 24p as above, Nov. 1950, 20

Volume VII

- 1 24p as above, Feb. 1951, 21
- 2 *Ysatnafets*, the Bassackwards issue, 24p as above, Nov. 1951, 22

Volume IIX

- 1 8p as above, Feb. 1952, 23
- 2 24 p (3p & cover mimeoed), August 1952, 24
- 3 12p printed, Nov. 1952, 25

Volume IX

- 1 24p (front cover mimeoed), Feb. 1953, 26
- 2 24p (14 mimeoed), August 1953, 27

PICTURES ON TAPE

VERNON McCAIN sent me two clippings about video tape recording. One is from *The New York Times* and concerns the RCA system while the other, from *The Billboard*, is on the Crosby system. Both speak glowingly of the results that are achieved and David Sarnoff is quoted as saying: "... electronic motion pictures—in black and white and in color—for television, for the theatre and for the home will stem from this remarkable development."

There is no doubt that the tape system will be a decided advantage for delayed broadcasts on tv. Even in the theatre it may be useful on certain occasions, though it is hard to

believe that the public will accept as a regular diet the at best slightly-distorted pictures that so far invariably result from electronic reproduction after being used for so many years to the sharp, clear, distortion-free pictures available on film. The increasing popularity of processes using two or three cameras makes theatre use of video tape even less likely, for the problem of matching the distortion in two tapes for both degree and position would be well-nigh insoluble.

I cannot see that video tape will ever replace film for home movies. It does have the advantage that no processing is required so that the results may be seen immediately after recording. It has the additional advantage that it can be erased and re-used, but what fond parents are going to wipe out pictures of Junior in order to make new ones?

The disadvantages of home video tapes are numerous.

Compare first the cost of the recording medium itself. Assuming color is desired (which requires possession of a \$1000 color tv receiver) the cost factor favors film even more than it does for b & w. A 100 ft roll of 16mm color film runs 4 minutes, is only $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches in diameter and at the list price of \$9.00 costs \$2.25/minute. As I pointed out before reading anything about the process high tape speed is required—200 in/sec for the RCA system and 100 in/sec for the Crosby system, while the width for both is $\frac{1}{2}$ in. At an estimated list price of \$11.00 a 1200 ft reel, with a diameter of 7 in, would run 1.2 min or 2.4 min for a per minute cost of \$9.20 or \$4.60.

The high tape speed is in itself another serious disadvantage. Even at 7.5 in/sec in a home recorder there is wear of both tape and heads. At either 13 or 26 times that speed such wear would be greatly accelerated, as would wear on the entire transport mechanism. Handled by the average in-

ept amateur there would inevitably be frequent breakage of the tape, and splicing video tape is going to be a very, very tricky process.

Even these, however, are minor disadvantages compared to the enormous complexity and high cost of the equipment required. Cameradio's 1954 catalog lists on the back cover a "NEW RCA TV EYE—Low Cost Private Wire Television" And here are the prices:

TV Eye System—Camera (5 lb) and Control Unit (20 lb, consumes 90 watts) without Vidicon tube \$650.00
(These must be connected by 1 RG-58/U, 1-RG-59/U and 1-12 conductor cable, which total about 36¢/ft)

Type 6198 Vidicon Tube \$345.00
TE-5 Tripod (7 lb) 47.00

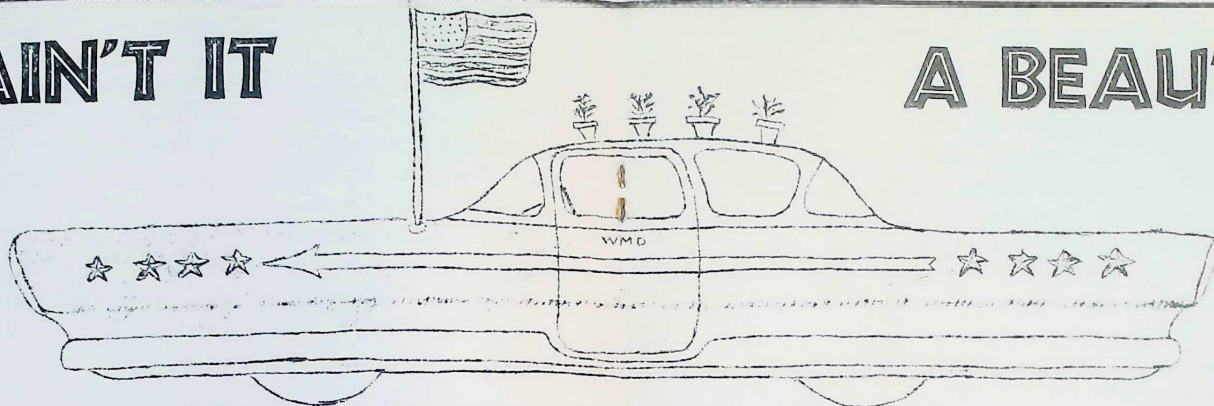
The sensitivity of the camera is "adequate to televise scenes with from 100 to 200 foot candles illumination". This is quite a bit of light and the system is, of course, for b & w only. Without any research I'll hazard a guess that color photographs can be made with less light. . . To record televised scenes would require in addition a tape mechanism (about 30 lb) costing at least \$1000 which, because of the high tape speed, would be a hell of a thing to maintain. The size of the final picture would be limited by the user's tv set and the picture itself subject to the inevitable non-linearity found in all kinescopes.

Compare all this with the low cost, ease of operation, simplicity and freedom from any maintenance save occasional cleaning and oiling of a good 16mm camera and projector. Of course video tape is in its infancy and will no doubt be improved and cheapened, but I doubt if it will ever be as simple, cheap or foolproof as photography.

(Turn to page 14)

AIN'T IT

A BEAUT?



THE PHEWILLAC SUPERBLOATER FOR 1954

Just take a gander at the sleek lines of the longer, lower, wider and more powerful Phewillac for 1954 and you will be convinced that this is undoubtedly the car for you.

The short wheelbase makes for easy parking and cornering (or would it if it were not for the terrific overhang) while the long body provides tremendous luggage space both in the rear *and in the front*, thanks to the short, compact engine, which is *ahead* of the front wheels.

Note the sparing and tasteful use of chrome, which is limited to the top, the stars and arrows, the runaround bumper (neatly recessed to prevent damage to its delicate beauty) the flagpole, flowerpots, head- and tail-light rims, etc.

The ultra-low-pressure tires and extremely soft suspension with its patented marshmallow-filled shock-absorbers afford comfort that makes your custom-built inner-spring mattress seem hard-riding by comparison.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine: V-2, overhead valves, mercury-cooled. Piston displacement 5459 cc (333 cu in) Bore 5.4 in, stroke 7.8 in. Compression ratio 9.1 to 1. Horsepower 250 at 3200 rpm. Oil capacity 9 quarts. Radiator capacity 100 # mercury.

Electrical System: 24-volt battery; magneto ignition.

Transmission: Dynaflush automatic. Rear axle ratio 2.9 to 1. Tire size 10.0x12, inflated to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ #.

Chassis: Wheelbase 110 in; Track 70 in; O-

verall length 21 ft 6 $\frac{1}{8}$ in; Overall width 89 in; Height 55 in (exclusive of detachable flowerpots and retractable combination radio antenna and flagpole) Ground clearance 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in Weight 3600 # (69% on front wheels); Everything movable power-operated.

THE PHEWILLAC MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT

Let us suppose that you have lots of dough and are determined to go in for home video tape. You have gotten all the equipment and have chosen Junior playing in the backyard as your first subject. It's a cloudless summer day so you lug out into the yard the camera and its tripod, the control unit and the tape mechanism, with a husky table for the two latter pieces. You provide an extension cord long enough to reach from an outlet in the kitchen to the equipment. You set up the camera on its forty-seven buck tripod and aim it at Junior. You have previously connected the camera to the tv receiver and made the necessary adjustments to the five controls, and hope the adjustments will be right. When everything seems OK you turn on the recorder and watch the tape as it speeds madly past the heads. In 2.4 minutes it has all run through so you turn everything off, carry the equipment back into the house and connect the recorder to your tv set. Then you pull down the shades, rewind tape and run it through again and what do you have? A slightly distorted, slightly fuzzy b & w still picture that stays on the screen 2.4 minutes for Junior, as you were too busy to notice, was so interested in watching you being busy that he was still as a bump on a log. To get this result you have used two or three thousand dollars worth of equipment and 11 dollars worth of tape. (But you can use the tape over again, you lucky dog.) Of course you could have gotten just as good a picture with a cheap miniature camera and projector and a few cents worth of direct positive 35mm film, and for a little more real movies made with a hand-held camera that is independent of power lines. So what—you're in home video tape, aren't you?

Why go to church? You sleep better in bed.

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE.

Yep—they're from TYPO GRAPHIC again.

An Australian sheep farmer, having drawn a huge wool check, bought a Rolls Royce. When he brought it back for servicing, the salesman asked if he was thoroughly satisfied with it.

"Oh, yes," said the farmer. "I especially like that glass partition between the front seat and the back."

"Why?" asked the salesman.

"Well," said the farmer, "it keeps the sheep from licking the back of my neck when I'm taking them to market."



Doubtfully the young mother examined the toy.

Mother: Isn't this rather complicated for a small child?

Clerk: It's an educational toy, madam. It's designed to adjust a child to live in the world of today. Any way he puts it together it is wrong.



Office boy: I think I know what is wrong with this country!

Executive: And what's that?

Office boy: We're trying to run it with only one vice president.



A skull a half-inch thick was unearthed in one of our western states and immediately sent to Washington without the formality of an election.

Our favorite newspaper-feud anecdote: When the old *New York Post* and late *New York Sun* dueled editorially, the *Post* lost its temper and yipped: "The *Sun* is a yellow dog!"

To which the *Sun* sizzled back: "The attitude of the *Sun* will continue to be that of any Dog toward any *Post*."



A tired physician got his wife to answer the phone beside the bed to say that he was out and to give the advice that he whispered to her. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Simpson," said the voice on the other end of the phone, "But I should just like to ask you one thing—Is that gentleman who seems to be in bed with you a qualified physician?"



The examiner paid a surprise visit to investigate a report that the officers of a small-town bank spent most of the day playing cards.

Peeking in a window, he caught the executives in the act and set off the burglar alarm, intending to give them a scare.

No one blinked an eye. Instead, a few minutes later, the bartender from the saloon across the street came running over with four pitchers of beer.



He who laughs, lasts.



HOW TO GET ALONG, LITTLE DOGGIE

By Boreman Stinson Teale

“THERE’LL be a hot time in the old town tonight,” I heard a little puppy say as I strolled along a quiet suburban street. I glanced in the open door and saw the little puddle rapidly soaking into the Chinese rug.

“Put your trust in Dog,” I told him, “and you will have nothing to fear. Give your humans an appealing, apologetic look but shoot all your prayers to Dog.”

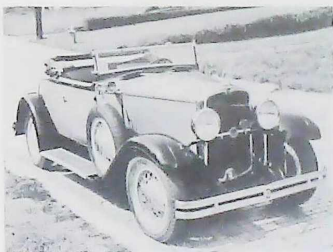
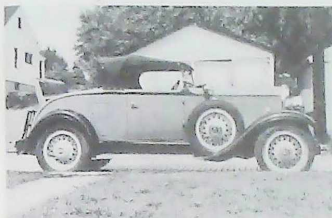
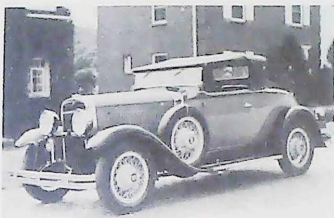
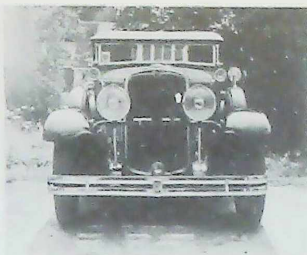
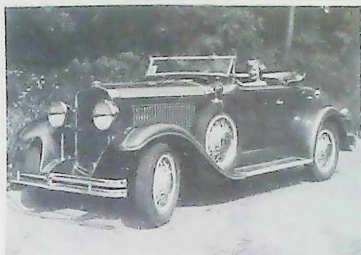
He gave me a look that combined thanks, trust, delight and a little awe.

“Do you really think that will work?” he asked. “My mother told us little boys should live by Dog’s philosophy, but—”

“That’s for the birds,” I replied. “I once knew a human who, at 105, had clear eyes, a firm step and a full head of hair. A friend asked how he did it and he said, ‘I smoke, drink and run around with women and walk the dog every day.’ That ought to prove it, don’t you think?”

“Yes,” he said, at a loss for further words.

A couple of years later I saw him again and he didn’t know me, having grown into a fine big Doberman. But all this just goes to show how easy it is to live a full, happy, exciting life if you will just leave it all quietly to Dog and keep a twinkle in your eye.



1930 NASH ROADSTER, MODEL 486

The first picture was made the summer of 1952 when I had fixed the windshield frame, changed the wheels from black to cream, and had the bumpers re-plated. The others show how it looks now with the new paint job applied last summer.

The landlady took up the defense of her cure.

"Besides, he could double up four men like you over his knee. Last year he helped our people bring in the straw; he carried as many as six trusses at once, he is so strong."

"Bravo!" said the chemist. "Now just send your daughters to confess to fellows with such a temperament! I, if I were the Government, I'd have the priests bled once a month. Yes, Madame Lefrancois, every month—a good phlebotomy, in the interests of the police and morals."

"Be quiet, Monsieur Homais. You are an infidel; you've no religion."

The chemist answered: "I have a religion, my religion, and I even have more than all these others with their mummeries and their juggling. I adore God, on the contrary. I believe in the Supreme Being, in a Creator, whatever he may be. I care little who has placed us here below to fulfil our duties as citizens and fathers of families; but I don't need to go to church to kiss silver plates, and fatten, out of my pocket, a lot of good-for-nothings who live better than we do. . . . And I can't admit of an old boy of a God who takes walks in his garden with a cane in his hand, who lodges his friends in the belly of whales, dies uttering a cry, and rises again at the end of three days; things absurd in themselves, and completely opposed, moreover, to all physical laws, which proves to us, by the way, that priests have always wallowed in turpid ignorance, in which they would fain engulf the people with them."



. . . and since human speech is like a cracked tin kettle, on

which we hammer out tunes to make bears dance when we long to move the stars.



Besides, speech is a rolling-mill that always thins out the sentiment.

—GUSTAVE FLAUBERT: *Madame Bovary*

Ofcf cy uyk coot oouo kyoyk uoufyt ofuo.

—FRYK

On the next two pages is a letter from James Guinane which is reproduced without his signature (which was on the left margin) and without his permission (it didn't arrive until 1-2-54!). As a partial compensation it is also without his address so he won't be flooded with requests for *Churinga* from a bunch of mimeosloperpetrators.

I can't answer the question about Sinatra, but all two or three who mentioned the *Churinga* article were in complete agreement. Since the ox-carts that haul inland mail are apparently supplemented by arthritic turtles for overseas matter, it may well be that Jim's copies of 25, 26 and 27 are still on the way. As to Norman L. Knight he is, of course, quite real and it is too bad he has not been free to turn out some more sf stories like those published in the early '40's.

Jim's pages average about 175 words, yet he takes an hour to cut one. How many of you spend *half* that time to crowd 600 words or more on an 8½x11 page? And how many of you would bother at all if it took you an hour to run off 100 copies?

Now that work on the little gem (not so little at that—118" wheelbase, 3250 lbs) on page 17 is finished I expect to get Stef out a little more regularly.



THE MAIL BOX

EGOBOO AND OTHER STUFF

Australia.

14 November 1953

Dear Bill:

I have left it almost exactly a year since receiving Stefantasy 24 before writing this letter. Sooner than that, I couldn't have trusted myself to write. As it is I'm bleating like a baa-lamb, sighing like a Sinatra-struck sophomore (or is Sinatra completely outdated in the States?) and, notwithstanding, almost at a loss for words.

Stefantasy's review of Churinga is historic! No one before has been brave enough to say such things. I hope you were not pulverised in the resulting barrage of brickbats that must have come by mail from those who could not agree. As you lifted yourself bruised and bleeding from the dust, did you not wish you could recant? I suppose it's not so, but it seems to me I've hardly seen a Stefantasy since 24. Surely the effect was not fatal?

Seriously... You were far too generous to Churinga in your comments. But, being human, I was as pleased as Punch to have your good opinion of the magazine, especially as your remarks seemed to be written in complete sincerity. (You can pardon my having a tiny doubt, for I half expected the article to wind up with an explanation that Churinga was always sprayed with Lanolin and impregnated with Chlorophyll.) Your comments would have been based on number 16, and in that I was lucky for it's the best I have done. Had you waited for 17 or for the recently-completed 18, you would have found it more difficult to speak highly of Churinga's production.

As if the review itself wasn't enough, it was included in a Stef issue of particularly pleasing standard. From the Easter Island character on the cover, to the potted palm on your centre pages I was alternately drawing in my breath in admiration and pushing it out again in gusts of laughter. Norman L. Knight (I've not discovered if he's real or a Danner double!) has genius for his particular type of lunacy. His Merry Vernal Equinox card was a gem. And it was good to see Emerson Duerr getting back into his mad rut again. But the ad I enjoyed most was the one for Supergum which used chlorophyll to stop Engine Odor at Its Source.

Three or four hours (which, you say in your last letter, it takes you to set an average page of Stefantasy) is much longer than it takes me to cut an average page on stencil for Churinga. My time for a page is about an hour: but then I have to do $1\frac{1}{2}$ pages to equal one of yours, and I spend hours drawing then hand-cutting my initial letters and nameplate. On the duplicator I produce copies at the rate of 100 an hour. But I don't have to distribute type. Again, my thanks for the review; and I hope to see Stefantasy more often.

• THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

BUTTERCUP and EGGNOG

CAN ANYONE tell me what goes on almost every night on various frequencies between 2.5 and 3.5mc? Night after night last fall I heard something like this that apparently kept up for hours:

"Eggnog eggnog eggnog, this is Buttercup buttercup buttercup. 1 2 3 4 5, 5 4 3 2 1. How are you receiving me? Eggnog, this is Buttercup. Over."

Sometimes I would be able to hear Eggnog (or Nightcap or Wild Bill or some other equally unlikely name) reply and go through a very similar ritual; sometimes there would be only atmospherics for a time, and then:

"Eggnog, this is Buttercup. Receiving you OK. Please stand by on this frequency. Buttercup out."

Then after about 30 seconds the whole performance over again with another substation. There is another main station, Randall, which one night had a male operator, as did most of the substations I heard. Buttercup, luckily, was always a woman.

Obviously this is some sort of network, but *what* sort is it and by whom is it operated? Occasionally one of the operators will vary the routine with a "negative traffic." From the fact that the net seems to do nothing but test this must mean "no traffic," which is already obvious. I suppose it is run by some government agency or some more definite identification than "Buttercup" would be required.

I won't lose any sleep over it but it would be interesting to know who sponsors Buttercup, Eggnog & Co.

CLASSIFIED

4 Miscellaneous

OWN a mastodon's tooth and astonish your friends! These mastodon's teeth look like the real stuff but actually they are first-rate facsimiles made of plastic, after specimens in the Smithsonian Institution. However, you needn't inform your friends of this. Everybody will envy this unique novelty. By looking into a small cavity in the side of the tooth, miniature built-in magnifier discloses the silhouette of a prehistoric cave-girl. Send \$1.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling to PLASTIX NOVELTIES, Desk ST, Mercantile Building, Plastic City, Long Island.

BOYS and GIRLS! Do you dream of submarine adventure? Then join the TADPOLE LEAGUE, the junior auxiliary of the International Frogmen's Association. For particulars write to: George Wiggins, Wiggins' Bay, Great Barrier Reef, Australia.

FLOWERING HEDGE-PLANTS. Be the first one in your neighborhood to have one of these unusual hedges. Surround your property with a border of beautiful *Datura Stramonium*. Luxuriant foliage, 1 to 5 feet high, white to purplish trumpet-shaped flowers. One pound of seed, \$5.00. Sharper's Nursery, Business Office, 711 Avenida del Estador, Mexico City, Mexico

5 Art Objects

CHINESE PRINTS. In order to make new contacts we are offering this wonderful bargain. Genuine Chinese thumb-prints in three colors on rayon strips, suitable for fra-

5 Art Objects

ming. 25¢ each, we pay postage. Huat Ho, Importer, Box 13131 San Francisco Main P. O., California.

6 Musical Instruments

COLLECTORS take notice: Will trade an 18th century Bavarian Terpsichord (built circa 1760 by the Frans Plinker Musikergilde) for a Venetian Clavicle of about the same period. Would prefer one of the Boni Scalatoni instruments with coffin-shaped cabinet. ADDRESS: Del Morte's Musical Museum, Rue Morgue, Paris.

7 Instruction

LEARN TO BE a space pilot! Be Ready When This Great New Profession Opens Up! Simplified Six Weeks course—Astrogation, Rocket Theory, Communications, Survival in Space—in short, we give you the works. We can pilot higher than anybody. DIRECTOR, Space Academy, General Delivery, Spiral Springs, Arkansas.

RAISE STARFISHES in your own home. Recent agricultural research has disclosed that dried pulverized starfishes are a valuable dietary supplement for poultry. Get into this new field and be independently wealthy. All the big poultry-feed manufacturers are clamoring for powdered starfishes. Starfishes will insure your future! Hitch your wagon to a starfish! 50 page brochure gives complete instructions; you can start anywhere—back yard, garage, basement, living room. Supplementary bulletins issued as research discloses new facts. Send 75¢ to STAR-FOOD, INC., c/o Higgins Wharf, Catfish Key, Florida.

NEW METHODS..

call for new materials, and providing those new materials is the primary purpose of our well-equipped research laboratory.

The advent of video tape recording for home movies was a challenge our research department was quick to accept. We take pleasure in announcing that it has come up with HV-23, a new and completely revolutionary type of vacuum. If you will simply replace the old vacua in your heads with HV-23 and read carefully the article on page 9 of this magazine you will see the folly of home video tape and stick to your old-fashioned camera and projector.

ORDER YOUR SUPPLY OF HV-23 NOW!

THE
UNITED VACUUM
FABRICATING MACHINERY CO.

720 ROCKWOOD AVENUE
PITTSBURGH 34, PA.

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