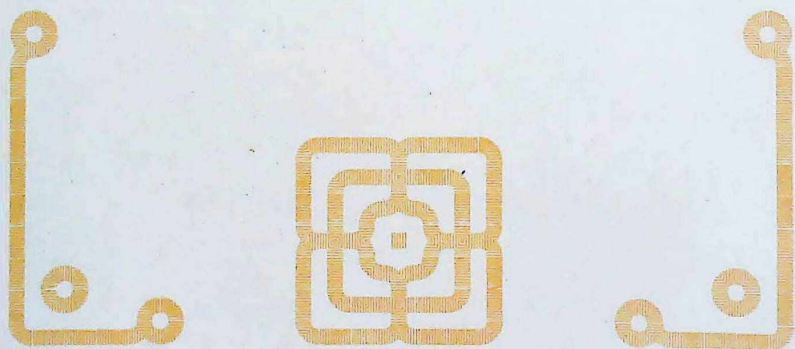


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"Everyone's queer but thee and me, and even thee's a little queer sometimes."

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

I WAS FOOLED by a couple of things in that page of classified ads by Norman L. Knight in the last issue. So I asked him about them and here is his answer:

"In order to end your suspense I make haste to explain that *Datura Stramonium* is just plain old Jimson Weed. The description of it is strictly on the up-and-up. Lovely hedge-plant, eh wot? And 'Avenida del Estafador' is Spanish for 'Avenue of the Swindler'. I believe I told you—or did I? [yeah—wmd] when I sent my recent postal card, that a certain individual at the lab apparently detected nothing suspicious in the *Datura Stramonium* ad; he commented quite seriously that five dollars per pound is a reasonable price for the seeds of a flowering hedge-plant. I didn't hear this myself, but was told that he appeared interested, and seemed to be a potential customer until somebody explained that the ad is a phony."

I was so sure *Datura Stramonium* was one of Norm's inventions I hadn't even bothered to look it up in the dictionary. Who ever heard of such a word as *Stramonium*? It's in there, though. . . In response to another request Norman says, in the same letter:

"Regarding the 40,000-word novelette, I don't think I can do it in time for the May issue. Some of the studs are broken on the Mechanical Brain which produces my ideas for novelettes. But probably I can think of something else."

I gather that the Mechanical Brain is an obsolete model and cannot be repaired. Oh, well—40,000 words is too much to hand-set, anyway.

HOW WE BUILT OUR MODEL RAILROAD--MAYBE

By W. McMOTIVE DANNER and W. ROUSTABOUT RAU

BETWEEN US we had tried most of the popular gauges, though the closest we came to OO was getting a Nason catalog in 1937. We found that, while each gauge has certain advantages, none of them has all the features we desire so we finally settled upon 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " gauge live steam. We were influenced mainly by the fact that we wanted our road to go somewhere (between our homes, a distance of about 13 miles) and we were afraid of what people might say if we started building an HO railroad for such a distance, or even an O-gauge one. Even with 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " gauge, though, we are having some trouble. A few of the communities our road must pass through are being more than a little stuffy about giving us right of way. Somehow the county smoke-control bureaucrats got wind of our project and sent us a long and foolish questionnaire to be filled out. On the other hand the county is positively uncooperative about letting us use the Liberty Tunnels, though nobody ever *walks* through, so the sidewalks are wasted anyway. We're about ready to give up on that and see the Pgh. Railways Company about using their tunnel.

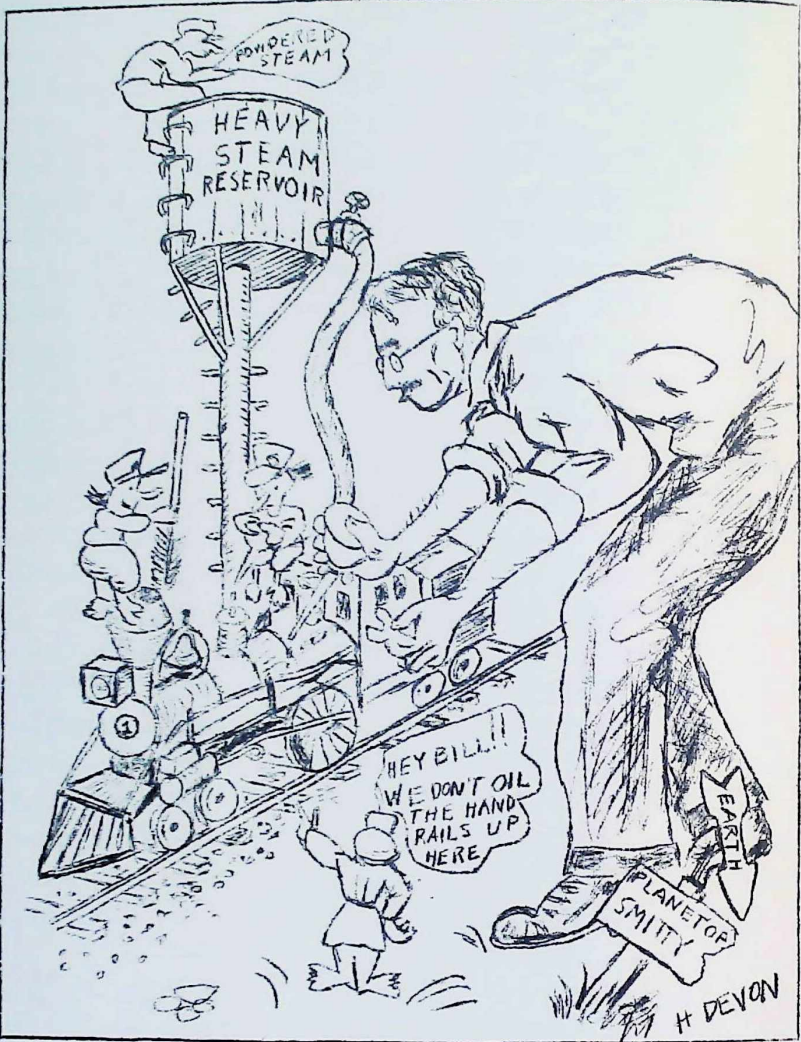
The biggest drawback to the plan was that neither of us has the know-how to tackle the building of a live-steamer and the model-builders we have approached are entirely unrealistic in quoting prices. One of us got the idea of having Lilliputians do the building, since their small size would make fine detail work a lot easier than it is for normal humans. However, extensive research proved that rumors of Lilliputians on Earth (cf "Gulliver's Travels" and "Mistress Masham's Repose") are quite groundless, so we decided we would

have to look elsewhere for them.

Since man had succeeded so far in going no farther than the Moon which, as fully expected, was found to be devoid of life, we knew that we would have to develop *real* space travel to find our Lilliputians. This took a good deal of time that we would much rather have spent upon the layout, but we could see no other way and indeed we are now glad we did. The result was the Rau-Danner Stellar Drive, now familiarly known as "Rowdy", and proceeds from sale of the patents have helped greatly in acquiring the right of way as well as in financing our trip to find the Lilliputians.

Rowdy, of course, not only exceeds the speed of light (incidentally proving that Einstein was wrong) but gets from here to there in practically nothing flat. Even so it took us a couple of years to find the planet we were looking for. We passed many with evidences of highly-advanced civilizations but landed only if we could see railroads. One planet (which we later decided to call "Phoo") was a big disappointment. Its inhabitants were about the right size and had railroads, but were abandoning them in favor of multi-wheeled road vehicles burning liquid hydrocarbons in internal-combustion engines. They had long since scrapped all their smaller locomotives and wouldn't even listen to our requests that they build us some. The stench enveloping their entire planet made us glad to stay in our space suits while out of our ship, and we went away from there fast.

Finally we landed upon a little planet halfway across the galaxy and knew we had found what we wanted. (The inhabitants call it something that corresponds to "Earth", of course, but we called it simply "Smitty", for what's in a name?) Its continents are laced with railroad tracks of very nearly the gauge we had decided upon and the inhabitants



Bill Rau on Smitty

Harry Devon

average about nine inches in height. Our arrival caused nothing like the furore that such an event would cause here. The little people were very quick to learn English (though we never succeeded in mastering their language) and told us that they realized space travel was bound to come someday but that they have so much room on their planet that they won't need it for ages yet.

We had taken along plans for a number of types of terrestrial locomotives and rolling stock and when their design engineers saw these they were wild with delight. So far they hadn't progressed beyond the 4-4-0 though they were toying with the idea of a six-coupled engine. Their own engines, with a few minor changes, were just what we desired (since both of us like the old-timers) and they told us that if we'd leave them our plans they'd be glad to build us anything we liked, including passenger and freight cars. This seemed an admirable arrangement and when everything was settled we left for home, planning to return in six months for the new equipment.

Before leaving we took a lot of pictures on Smitty. Some of them would be reproduced here but for the unfortunate fact that after our arrival home we found that both of us had forgotten to load our cameras. We have, therefore, only this sketch by Harry Devon from a description by Bill Danner of Bill Rau standing by one of the locomotives of Smitty.

In the meantime we got started on our trackage, though so far Rau has been unable to convince his landlord that it is absolutely essential to tunnel through the outside wall of his apartment. (It's hard to understand how people can be so unreasonable, isn't it? But that's human nature, I guess, and there isn't much anyone can do about it.) The Pittsburgh Railways hasn't come through yet, either, and we're begin-

ning to think we'll have to bore our own tunnel under Mt. Washington. We're hoping we won't have to build our own bridge over the Monongahela.

We should be on the way to Smitty now for the new equipment and would be if those big bruisers in the white coats hadn't grabbed us and thrown us into these rather bare-looking rooms. What do they think we are—crazy?

P. S. These two rooms together would make a pretty good O-gauge layout. But we'd have to have a tunnel connecting them and they won't let us have anything to dig it with. We're going ahead with the plans anyhow.

VIDEO TAPE

THE FEBRUARY *Radio & Television News* carried an article titled, like mine, "Pictures on Tape." It makes casual mention of the fact that tape speed for the RCA system is, not the 200 in previously reported, but 360 in—30 feet—per second. This means that the 1200 ft reel of tape would run 40 seconds and that wear on the equipment would be at least doubled. Now see what ERNIE PITTARO says about it:

"The article 'Pictures on Tape' is an intelligent appraisal of the situation. Being in the moom pitcha game, I ain't worrying about the inroads that tape will make. Quality of film at its worst is far superior to tape at best with the distortions that you mention to say nothing of electronic overloads, linear and tonal distortions and the introduction of artificial tones due to electric imbalance. The special effects and animation field in which I am up to my ass and then some, is something that will be beyond my lifetime before they try to do it on tape. Since all I'm worried about is any encroachment upon my ability to make a living, I don't really give a damn if Eastman Kodak doesn't sell as much film in the future as it does now. That goes for the labs too. Regarding home movies, the worst that

can happen is that we will get sound on 8mm (Magnetic—which has already happened) and it will mean that people who shoot atrocious movies now will record appropriately atrocious sound with these films, if they can be called such. When you speak of 16mm for home movies you refer to one guy out of a thousand. The only people who shoot 16 today are the guys who were shooting home movies before 8mm existed, and they were trapped too early to change, and the other group are the guys who can't stand to look at the miserable lack of definition and baseball sized grain of 8mm. However, just when people began to discriminate somewhat about picture quality, along came TV which was so lousy from a tonal and definition standpoint that a newspaper picture looks like a Rembrandt by comparison, so 8mm begins to look good after a while."

In reply to a request for permission to reprint the above excerpt I received a very prompt answer from Ernie, a part of which appears below, also by permission:

"Just got your letter today, in fact a short while ago. I am shooting off an answer to you right away since you asked about using part of my previous letter—re views of magnetic tape picture propolition. Sure, you can use part of my letter. I feel very strongly about the thing and having worked in TV very closely for the past five years, and being a member of the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers, I am kept pretty well abreast of developments. So far I can say without any fear of contradiction that the television industry has a helluva long way to go before they can even approach the quality of 8mm motion pictures, let alone 16 and 35. Even if the grain pattern were the same from a linear standpoint, photography has the advantage of having a random pattern of grain structure, whereas the TV picture has a definitely geometric pattern. From a linear distortion standpoint, in TV (and/or in any electronic tape recording system), the distortion vertically and horizontally is tremendous compared to the worst optical distortion that one finds in the cheapest of snapshot cameras. Some of the scientific applications of photography permit dimensional calculations of a most accurate nature. I would hate like hell to try to determine dimension from a picture that is on the face of a picture tube, or recorded on a tape system. From the bulk standpoint, the bulk of motion picture film is bad enough, but I can visualize a tremendous trailer [dirty word—wmd] truck pulling up to a studio to deliver a one min-

ute commercial. Agreed, tape as a sound recording medium has many advantages and is widely used in the film business during the initial stages of production; however, the recording of the picture image in the same manner is subject to the same type of tonal distortion and compression of scale that exists in the television picture that we have today. Undoubtedly some of these things will be ironed out in time, but there are still electric leakages, electronic distortions, inductive effects, electro-physical limitations, and human adjustment errors which make the tape system at best a rather cumbersome substitute. There is one thing that must be borne in mind, however, one factor that may permit tape recording of video images to make some serious inroads, and that is the fact that most people don't know a good picture when they see it. In short, if the average slob is accepting a television picture as we know it as a good reproduction of a subject, he should not only get his head examined, but his eyes as well.

The TV industry admits that they can reproduce only ten tones from black to white. This is under optimum conditions, usually the line monitor at the studio. As for reception at home . . . well, it never reaches ten tones. I myself have come to accept a TV picture for what it is, a picture with no ability to maintain highlight detail, and one that has a peculiar shadow area which has neither detail nor richness of black. Electronic overloads dilute picture quality with lateral bleed, and when you add this all up, you have a picture which is good enough to satisfy the layman, but not any good for anyone with any artistic sense, or training in the photographic field. For that matter, we find the same thing in audio—the average slob is satisfied with the most distorted hash that one can imagine, but it is intelligible, and that is enough to satisfy him. A telephone receiver is intelligible, but surely raises hell with the voice from a reproduction standpoint. I am, as I mentioned above, satisfied with the TV picture as a TV picture, making all sorts of allowances for the electronic limitations. However, if we were suddenly to be limited in photography to film materials that would distort tonally, with ghosting and tone dilution, without the shadow and highlight holding power, and with lenses made from old milk bottles with comparable distortions and aberrations, I would flip my lid forthwith.

Home video tape, anyone? McCain? Warner? . . . Now where did those guys get to, anyhow?



... Started home early ... man jumped
out of dark alley ... blackjacked, shang-
haied on boat bound around Cape Horn
... Diamond smugglers ... F.B.I. captures
crooks ... helicopter gives me lift back to
states ... I bail out 11,000 feet up ... land
in tree ... rescued by tree surgeon ... I
buy him a drink ... he buys one ... I buy
him one ... he buys ... I buy ... he buys
... I buy ...

—*Typo Graphic*

The Danner Plan

IN A BOOK called "You Can't Be Too Careful" the late H. G. Wells uses the designation "Homo Tewler" for Man. It is not a complimentary term and Tewler's actions in this wonderful post-war world show that Mr. Wells was right. It is hard to understand why, but the human race seems determined to exterminate itself.

That being the case, the rulers are going about things all wrong. The present methods (a) of choosing sides in war and (b) of distributing the available weapons and materials are foolishly haphazard, contrasting strangely with the precise, scientific methods used for almost everything else.

Under (a) there is actually no method at all. The countries all send delegates to an organization humorously called the "United Nations" because it is so seldom that any two or more of the major powers can agree about anything. Instead of uniting they pick arguments with one another and the lesser powers join whichever side appeals to their representatives at the time. This is pretty childish and obviously inefficient and unfair in that it is possible (though not, at this writing, probable) that all big countries might be lined up against the small ones. This unfairness becomes more apparent when the distribution mentioned under (b) is considered, for the big nations are likely to have the biggest supply of arms.

Such slipshod methods are bound to result inconclusively, as have almost all wars in the past. Nobody wins, everybody loses; but the nominal losers settle down to wheedle money and supplies out of the nominal winners in order to rebuild to the point where they can choose new partners and have another try at annihilation.

The availability, at long last, of a weapon capable, if it be properly used, of wiping out the race suggests a new way of carrying on (or perhaps I should say "of carrying off") in the next war. For lack of a better name we might as well call it the Danner Plan for the Total Destruction of Homo Tewler, Sap.

It is a simple plan and would save a lot of money and energy that would be better spent in providing the materials necessary for its execution. Instead of letting the emotions interfere in the selection of allies, this would be left entirely to chance. No expensive and elaborate buildings would be required; no elected or appointed delegates would need gather in large halls wired with translating equipment. Ambassadors and consuls would be unnecessary, too, in view of the efficiency of the Danner Plan, which would eliminate *all* mankind.

Selection of allies, then, would be made entirely by chance. A single representative of each nation would be needed and they could meet in any old room big enough. The simple equipment they would need is:

1. A hat. If the delegate from Texas is wearing his ten-gallon model that will be just fine.
2. Some slips of paper, half red and half blue (of *course* two other colors may be used. *Must* you interrupt with such a foolish question?) equal in number to that of the delegates present.

The slips are all put into the hat, which is then thoroughly shaken up. The delegates are then blindfolded and each required to take one slip from the hat while a little boy or girl from the audience (previously selected by means of an applause meter for his/her appearance and personality) looks to see that nobody peeks. When the time is considered ripe for the big final attempt the reds will fight the blues.

When this selection has been made the work of distributing arms scientifically can get under way. Though they won't be needed long, world maps can now be reprinted in red and blue sections instead of all those pinks, purples, yellows, greens and various combinations. Tabulation of all the arms in the world, from hydrogen bombs and battleships to hand-grenades and jeeps will be made and each lot divided into two equal parts. One half will then be distributed to red-network sta—I mean nations, and the rest to the blue-network countries.

You will now begin to appreciate the beauty, the utter simplicity, of the Danner Plan. All the hydrogen and old-fashioned atomic bombs will now be wired to a single centrally-located detonating button and when it is decided that *der tag* has come the same men who drew the slips from the hat will gather around this button, under which, of course, one small atomic bomb will have been planted. At the appointed moment one of the men will push the button—

If the resulting big bang fails to destroy the planet and everything on it, there will be plenty of arms and transportation for some of the survivors, formed into clean-up squads, to finish the job. When each squad has killed everything in its assigned area it will turn its weapons upon itself, and the job is done!

It is hard to see why nobody has thought of this plan before. It is so simple and so completely workable that even with primitive pre-atomic weapons it could have been carried out long ago. Now that we have available the ultimate in destructive power there is no excuse for further delay.

At first glance the Plan may appear to have some defects—some points which may prevent its ultimate completion.

(Turn to page 16)

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE.

Yep—they're from TYPO GRAPHIC again.

Once there was a traveling salesman. He was new to the job but he had heard a lot of jokes about farmers' daughters. So when it got late, instead of stopping in town he went to the nearest farmhouse. The people were very hospitable; they invited to spend the night. They had a daughter! And as usual there were only two bedrooms; the salesman was told to sleep in the daughter's room.

About nine o'clock they all went to bed for a good night's rest. The next morning the farmer got up, his wife got up, the salesman got up, and the daughter got home from college.

■
Congressman: And now, gentlemen, I wish to tax your memory.

Colleague: Good gosh, why haven't we thought of that before?

Judge: Do you challenge any of the jury?

Defendant: Well, I think I can lick that little fellow on the end.

The prisoner was giving evidence in his own behalf and making a bad job of it. At last the judge stopped him.

Judge: You are lying so clumsily that I would advise you to get a lawyer.

His wife was sick and hubby was trying to fix a cup of tea for her, but he couldn't find it. He looked high and low, then called to her: I can't find the tea, dear. Where do you keep it?

Wife: I don't know why you can't find it. It's right in front of you, on the cupboard shelf, in a cocoa tin marked "matches!"

■
Next?

Other than breathe, what can a person do now that isn't taxed, licensed, regulated or outlawed?

The great big beautiful car drew up to the curb where the cute little office girl was waiting for the bus. A man stuck his head out and said: Hello. I'm driving south.

Young Lady: How wonderful! Bring me back an orange.

■
They stretched the man out on the police-station floor and the doctor examined him.

Doctor: This man has been drugged.

The policeman who brought him in turned white and said: I might as well admit it—I drug him four blocks.

■
Columbus was wrong! The world is flat.

This is not so. It is true that one or two bombs might fail to go off. Similarly one or more of the clean-up squads might neglect to finish itself off, but in either case a slow and agonizing death would be substituted for a quick one.

I can see only one remote possibility that could in time defeat the Plan. The big bang would, of course, take care of all life on the surface and radioactive water would kill all life in lakes, rivers and oceans. Should any men be in deep lead mines at the time of the holocaust the clean-up squads will take care of them. But worms, grubs, etc., that might be living fairly deep in the earth, possibly with the protection of lead ores, could conceivably escape and go on propagating until the surface became livable again. It would, of course, be practically impossible to order all such creatures to be within range of concussion and/or radioactive materials and they would be perfectly safe against the clean-up squads. Thus they might, after millions of years, develop into another race with opposing thumbs and the ability to reason so that the whole job would have to be done again.

In any event, even if some escape to another planet before *der tag*, the Danner Plan would most easily accomplish what has been Man's chief aim since he learned to walk on his hind legs—the utter destruction of all living things upon the planet he infests.

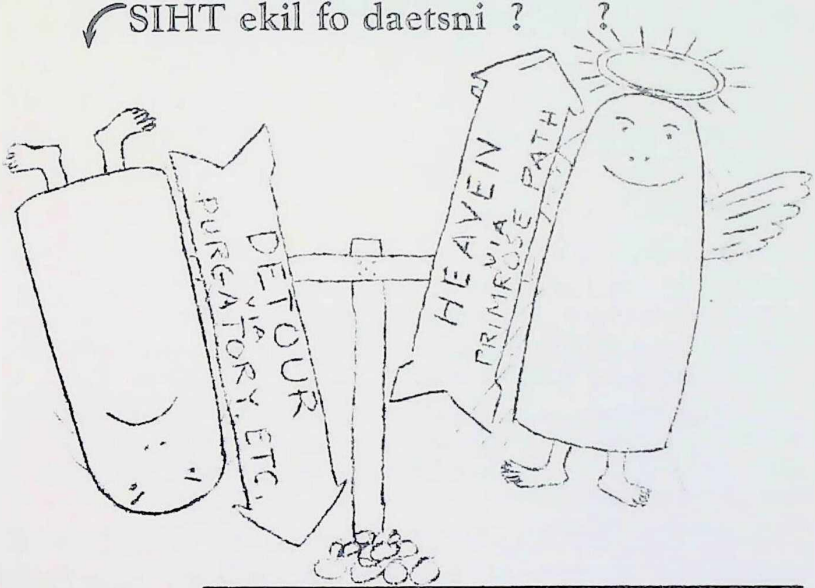
Unastanning The Future

The next issue of *Stefantasy* is very unlikely to contain "Fugitives From A Blue Moon", a 40,000-word novelette by Norman L. Knight. Norm has given me his word on this, so don't fail to miss this thrilling story. I really haven't the least idea what other features the August issue will not carry.

DO YOU WANNA GO TO HEAVEN WHEN YOU DIE?

Well, then—why not do it like THIS ↘

↙ SIHT ekil fo daetsni ? ?



*Fill out and
mail this
coupon with
your remit-
tance
TODAY!*

M. I. Kruud, Sec.-Treas.
PRIMROSE PATH, Inc.
1492 Canal Street
Terrapolis 16, Mars

Please send a PRIMROSE PATH FIRE ESCAPE POLICY.
I enclose check money order for \$15.00 in full payment.

Name

Street

City Zone Planet

KNOHOLZ SHAMPOO

(With the Wonder Enzyme, Antiperfer-8)

The unique virtue of this shampoo, aside from the fact that it cleanses and invigorates the hair and scalp, is that it aids in the prevention of the development of Holes in the Head. Its essential ingredient is No. 8 in the Antiperfer Group of enzymes; it acts by dissolving the protein sheath of *Virus cranioporus*, the causative agent of Holes in the Head (*Lacuna capitis*.)

As proven by the discoverer of Antiperfer-8, Professor Gewillakers of the Fishel and Burper Research Foundation, Holes in the Head are merely an extreme case of enlarged scalp-pores.

A protective Schnorkel Mask is furnished with every tube of Knoholz Shampoo, and it is imperative that it be worn whenever this extremely potent preparation is used. Otherwise, after repeated contacts with the shampoo lather the normal apertures in the head—eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth—will slowly diminish in size and ultimately disappear.

The sensational report, recently circulated in certain tabloid newspapers, that the drain-pipes from all the sinks in the Fishel and Burper laboratory in which Antiperfer-8 was developed gradually became blocked by a growth of solid iron, is a blatant hoax.

KNOHOLZ SHAMPOO is available in \$5.00, \$10.00, and \$15.00 tubes; or in the Giant Economy Size \$50.00 tub. When the latter has been emptied of shampoo-cream, it may be filled with humus and a rubber plant or oleander tree may be planted therein.

FISHEL & BURPER

SALES DIVISION

6603 Pew Avenue

Bigsmell, O.



THE MAIL BOX

EGOBOO AND OTHER STUFF

THOSE UBIQUITOUS STUDS

NORMAN L. KNIGHT writes: "Add to your list of science fiction authors who use 'stud' as a synonym for 'push-button': H. G. Wells. In his 'First Men in the Moon' the shutters of gravity-opaque alloy (Cavorite) are operated by 'studs'. At the bottom of P. 50, (1901 Edition by Bowen-Menill Co. of Indianapolis) you will find the phrase 'he pressed a stud'. There are other instances also".

Further confirmation comes from MILTON GRADY in the form of an article from the *Fort Dodge Bio-Chemic* entitled "Care of the Stud" and illustrated by a pastoral scene containing seven horses of various ages.

And AL FRANCK says the article should have been called "I Shoul'da Stud In Bed".



Speaking of plugs, Es COLE writes: "Please don't cut off our supply of *Stefantasy*. It's the only light spot among fanzine deadwood. We are deluged. Have been for six months. A new baby, a new house, a death in the family and the chore of putting on the Nat'l S F Con in Sept. Maybe around Oct. of '54 we'll start feeling human again. Will you give the con a plug in your next issue? We'd like \$\$ sent to Box 335, Sta A, Richmond 2, Calif." [I probably wouldn't attend the con if it were held across the street, having read accounts of previous ones, but you who like cons know what to do now. Maybe Les 'n Es should adopt the Tucker Plan.— wmd]

TEST Your Knowledge of Good English

By DR. ROSTED GUBER of the Triviological Institute

Correct the following sentences. Each one contains a cleverly concealed error. Rate yourself ten points for each correct answer. For instance, if the sentence were, "Looking for a missing person in Chicago is like looking for a fiddle in a haystack", the final phrase should be corrected to read "a needle in a smokestack". The correct answers will be published at a future date, as soon as Doctor Guber becomes coherent.

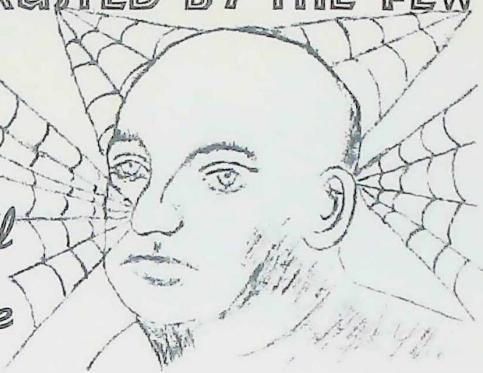
The test sentences follow:

1. The two friends were like Demon and Pythagoras.
2. A "bookworm" is a person who is a constant and voracious reader.
3. He stood there like a wooden idiot.
4. The three wise men brought gifts of golf, frankenstein, and myrrh.
5. The rats made eerie, scurrilous noises in the walls of the old house.
6. I do not claim to have discovered a pancreas for all human ills.
7. English spelling could be greatly simplified by the use of a fanatic alphabet.
8. The Investigating Committee found that the witness was suffering from pernicious amnesia.
9. His eyes stuck out like a pewter dollar in a mudhole.
10. The Siberian Steppes are inhabited by a wild tribe of Muscovite horsemen known as the Hassocks.
11. The pecan is a large fish-eating bird with a pouch under its beak.

Sentences number 5, 8, 10, 11, and the explanatory example were created by Dr. Guber. The others were overheard by him in actual conversation

SECRETS DISTRUSTED BY THE FEW

The Unexpurgated Facts of Life



THERE ARE some things that are known by all—things you shouldn't be told. These great truths are dangerous to many—but not to you, of course. Behind the mysteries and miracles of those ancient ordinary Joes lie centuries of secret probing into what turned out to be, alas, practically worthless—their amazing discovery that *the hidden processes of man's mind are utterly chaotic, and that they cannot master any of life's problems.* Once broadcast to all, these sad facts have been shrouded in mystery to avoid the destruction of all your fear and ignorance.

THIS FREE BOOK

The Rosygruesomes (not a religious organization), an over-age brotherhood of chaos, have preserved this secret ignorance in their archives for millennia. They think they have a pretty good racket, and now invite you to join them in it. Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mystery of Life." You'll be surprised! Address: Scribe N.S.F.

The ROSYGRUESOMES

(AWOL) ★ LOS DIABLOS ★ CALIFORNIA ★ U. S. A.

Scribe: N.S.F. The Rosygruesomes (AWOL)

Los Diablos, California, U. S. A.

Please send a copy of sealed book with double cellophane inner wrap, which I shall read according to rules in the 28-page instruction booklet that comes with it.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

What Price "Editor's Choice In Science Fiction"?

SOME OF YOU have received that pre-publication offer from The McBride Company, Inc. Did it give you a laugh, too?

I have a feeling "Editor's Choice In Science Fiction" will be pretty punk if only because there have already been so many anthologies that previously unreprinted stories are likely to be culls. I may be wrong and will be interested to see what the critics say about it.

Certainly, though, I'll not buy a book on the recommendation of a sales manager who cannot do simple arithmetic. The publication price is \$3.50, but ". . . we will allow a special discount of 15%, making the price \$3.15; and if a check accompanies the order a further discount of 6% for cash, bringing the net cost down to \$2.81." Since the first price given is 17¢ (or 18¢, depending upon who gets the odd ½¢) too high, it is hard to see how this mathematical whiz came out with a "net cost" only 1c (or 2c) too great.

Those who do not pay in advance, however, get the *real* bargain. A note on the order blank reads, "If you wish it sent C.O.D. the price will be \$2.15 plus postage."

I haven't quite decided whether or not I would like to have this guy figure out my income tax, and I can't help wondering how he makes out with his.

166 copies of this issue were run off on the 8x12 old style Chandler & Price with an assist from the model 77 Mimeograph. Paper is 140 lb white Logan Eggshell and the cover is 65 lb fern Interwoven. Ink is Braden Sutphin Halftone Black No 7230.

I should like to mention here that N. L. K. vigorously affirms that he actually did hear Dr. Guber's Test Sentences 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, and 9, and that "Perpetrators were all adults."

