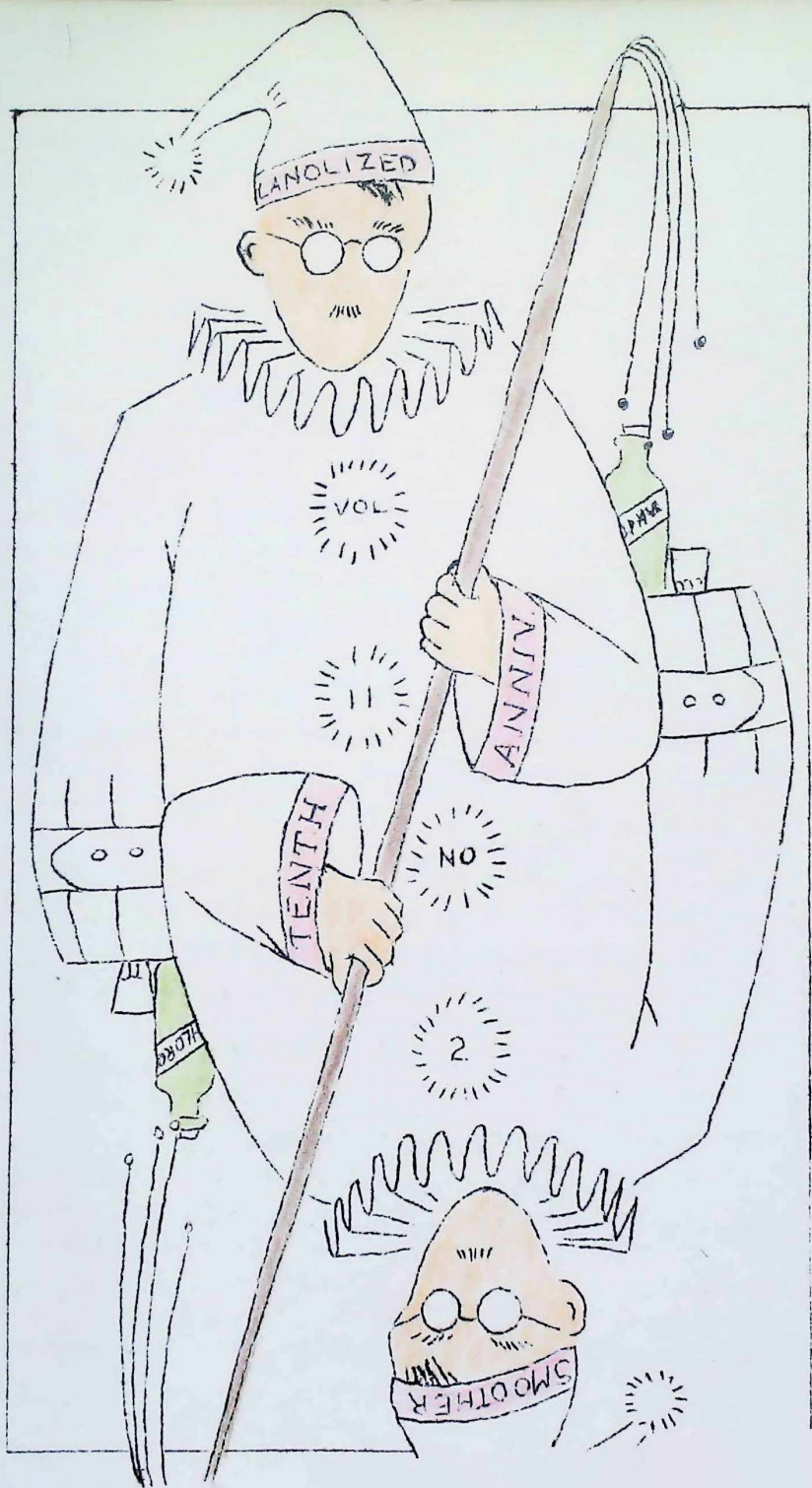


STUDENT ASSY



AUGUST 1955

STEFANTASY

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Number 2

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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

Happy Birthday to Us!

WE, OF COURSE, are Stef and I, and it is just a coincidence that we were both born in the month of July. This issue is dated August, but publication is quarterly at most and August is closer than May to July. Besides, in case anyone cares, the May issue was the first this year and in making it up I plumb forgot about the anniversary coming up. My own recent birthday, for any who may be curious, was the 49th.

The phony ads that appear from time to time in these pages aren't really expected to fool anyone, but it is always pleasant to hear that one of them has done so. As I reported in No. 29, N.L.K.'s *datura stramonium* ad fooled one of his fellow workers. Now Chuck Higgins tells me that when he posted last issue's *Twonk's Disease* page on his University of California office door several "otherwise intelligent" people thought it to be a genuine appeal. It seems to me that this is an indication not of relative intelligence but of the thorough job that has been done on homo Tewler by the philanthropy racket, which seems always to be searching out rare and new diseases for commercialization.

I first heard of *Twonk's Disease* about the time Stef was born, but only recently did I learn that it is the polite term for "falling of the armpits".

isting animals from insects to elephants. It is unfortunate that the physiology of living things upon the Planet Earth has evolved in this direction, but it is difficult to imagine how the cyclic re-use of our limited supply of the chemical elements could be otherwise arranged. There may be planets somewhere in our universe where life functions in such a way as to avoid the production of excreta, or where the excreta are perfumed or otherwise esthetically acceptable. But this seems somewhat unlikely. Perhaps the best solution would be to retire from our space-time continuum to another continuum where physics, chemistry, and evolution are based upon entirely different principles.

FILLERS AN' STUFF

BOOKS YOU CAN EASILY DO WITHOUT

OCCASIONALLY I RECEIVE (thanks to N.L.K.?) a brochure from Dr. Josephine Trust, S.A.A.S., of the Superet Light Center in (natch!) Los Angeles, Calif. She offers ten books, 5¼" x 7¼", averaging 125 pages, at \$1.00 each. Titles are:

1. Star of The Future Heralds Future.
2. Human Atoms Power Harnessed Prolongs Life.
3. Ancient Canyon's Aura Reveals Treasure.
4. Key to Success.
5. Heal Thyself With S.L.
6. Atoms Aura Revelation Reveals the Truth.
7. Atoms Aura Reveals Secrets.
8. Miracle Woman's Secret
9. World's Aura Discovery
10. Superet Light Healing Testimonies

In her booklet "Your Success", copyright 1953, which accompanied one brochure, is this paragraph:

"As you know, the principal chemical in your body is iron phosphate, which is blue with a reddish tinge on the outer edge of the vapor emanating from your body."

PROGRESS IN REVERSE

by A. J. FRANCK

1. Fifty years ago the mail was delivered every two hours in Manhattan between the Battery and 125th St., from before breakfast until bedtime. Anything mailed in Manhattan below 125th St., before noon was delivered elsewhere in Manhattan on that same day. The main body of such mails was carried over the lines of the Third Avenue Railroad, as the street railway was then known, and its subsidiaries. Special railway mail cars, painted snow-white and lettered and striped in red, blue and gold, carried the mails. Their running time from the main post office in Park Row to Harlem did not exceed thirty minutes.

2. Forty years ago one could board a street car at South Ferry and ride to Harlem in thirty-eight minutes in the daytime—faster at night—by any of four different routes, or five. Today's best bus time is over an hour-and-a-quarter.

3. In those long-gone days one could get a street car every two or three minutes on some lines—and they scurried right along. Today, one waits interminably for the busses which often run in convoys and sometimes are too jammed to enter when they do arrive.

4. Back in those days almost every big department store had its own delivery service and deliveries were generally made within twenty-four hours except, of course, on Sundays and holidays. Today the deliveries are pooled in United Parcel Service, and deliveries occur only on certain days—in some cases once a week, to judge by experience.

5. When there was competition, Postal Telegraph Cable Co. and Western Union were on their toes. In recent times

KHARTOUM: a prose limerick

by ANTHONY BOUCHER

THE LAST MAN and the last woman on Earth sat on the edge of the last bed.

Somewhere the Arcturians were watching them, gloating over having found at last two specimens, and with marked sexual differences. But both were inured now to this benevolent scrutiny.

The figure in the shaggy tweeds stirred restlessly. "You're pretty," the gruff voice rasped as one hand went out to touch a silk-sheathed knee. "The Arcturians did OK by me."

The improbably jutting breasts rose and fell rapidly. "I like you, too," the pouting lips admitted. "And of course we *are* going to have all kinds of *fun*. . . . But when it comes to Perpetuating the Race—well, I'm afraid the Arcturians are in for an *awful* shock," he giggled as he reached in, detached one improbably jutting breast and playfully tossed it to his companion.

The powerful masculine hands half-fondled the conical object, then embarrassedly discarded it. The lean rangy body rose from the bed and began shedding the tweed coat. "It's against all my principals and probably yours; but it's been a long time and at least it'll be a novelty. . . . I guess," she grunted as she freed her own quite probable breasts from their overtight bra, "the Arcturians knew what they were doing after all."



LET'S ALL GO TO ANOTHER UNIVERSE

by NORMAN L. KNIGHT

THE DISSERTATION on "The Dog as a Civic Asset" which appeared in a recent issue of *Stefantasy* has finally exposed to public scrutiny a situation which deserves even more extended examination. It does not reveal the facts in their nauseating entirety; it merely discloses a small segment of the revolting conditions that exist on a planetary scale.

To state the case with brutal frankness, it **must** be revealed that every creature provided with an alimentary canal excretes solid or liquid fecal material which is distributed over the continents and the seven seas with disgusting unconcern. Altho human beings in the more highly urbanized portions of the globe observe certain hygienic and esthetic conventions and regulations in disposing of their daily contributions to the world-total of excreta, this is not everywhere the case.

Even if all the dogs in the world were exterminated it would not produce a noticeable change in the situation. The rest of the animal kingdom would continue to fertilize land and sea with mega-tons of manure. Much of this would continue to become sun-dried and powdery and would be carried great distances by the planetary air-circulation.

To the fact that animals produce excrement we must add the fact that they also die. If their remains are not completely devoured by the scavengers provided by Nature, the residue will also become dust and will be added to the invisible aerial cargo of suspended organic matter.

We live in an atmosphere partly composed of microscopic particles of excrement and corpses, contributed by all the ex-

isting animals from insects to elephants. It is unfortunate that the physiology of living things upon the Planet Earth has evolved in this direction, but it is difficult to imagine how the cyclic re-use of our limited supply of the chemical elements could be otherwise arranged. There may be planets somewhere in our universe where life functions in such a way as to avoid the production of excreta, or where the excreta are perfumed or otherwise esthetically acceptable. But this seems somewhat unlikely. Perhaps the best solution would be to retire from our space-time continuum to another continuum where physics, chemistry, and evolution are based upon entirely different principles.

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5. When there was competition, Postal Telegraph Cable Co. and Western Union were on their toes. In recent times

I was able to make better time by train between Kansas City and Chicago and between Binghamton and New York than the full-rate telegrams I had sent before departing.

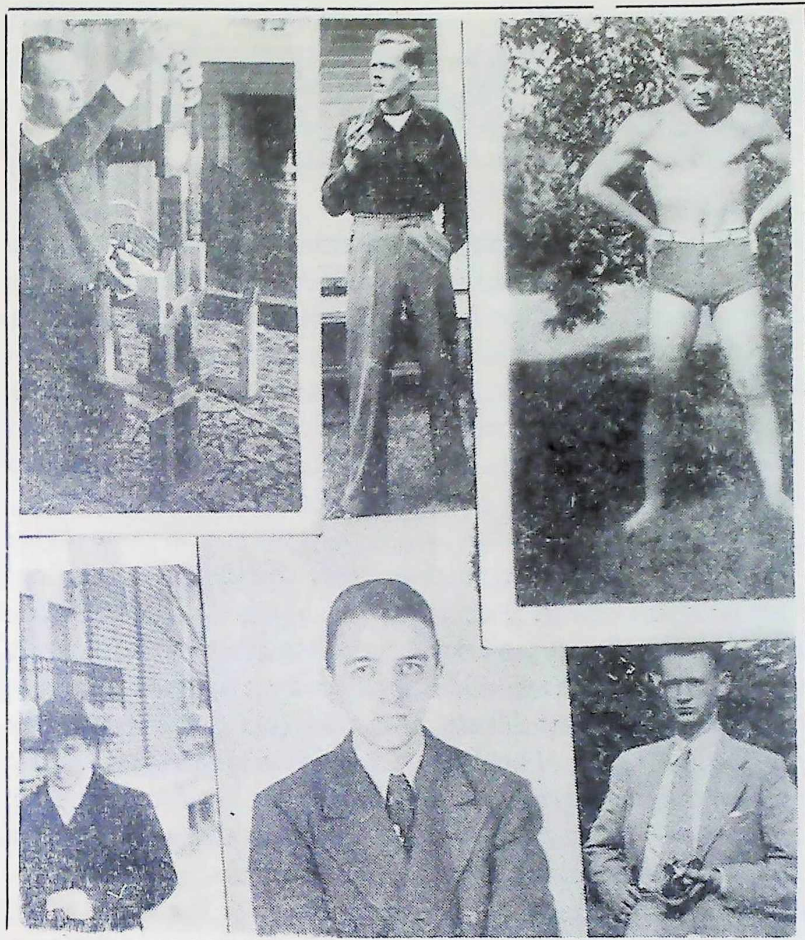
6. In the days when five express companies competed for business in New York, service was around-the-clock. Today, it is necessary to observe regular hours, Monday to Friday. If you have something "on hand", you can't get it outside those hours or on Saturdays, and you are gouged for additional charges if you happen to be not at home when the first attempt to deliver is made.

. . . approximately ten years ago . . .

ON THE NEXT PAGE is a group of photos contributed as a Fairchild engraving by Harry Warner, Jr. In the accompanying letter he says, in part:

"Anyway, I've tried to pick items taken approximately ten years ago, when *Stefantasy* began, with emphasis on people who were active in FAPA . . . about that time. . .

"Holding the camera is Jack Spear. The Tarzan pose is adopted by Art Widner. The blocks are being erected by L. Russel Chauvenet. . . Wearing his hat and coat . . . is Doc Lowndes. Jim Avery, who was active in FAPA for a while after he grew tired of *Spaceways*, is standing with a pipe in hand, although it will look more like a pencil in the engraving. The individual staring squarely into the camera is my 1944 self, the only time I've ever faced a police camera. (I was as purely and harmless then as now; the cops were taking pictures for identification cards to be used in case we newspapermen had to flit around the nation during an enemy attack.) . . .



"I should have copied these snapshots, and done enough enlarging and reducing to bring them into more uniform size. Time has gone too fast to encourage me to risk that. . ."

No apologies necessary, Harry. Hope my presswork can do justice to the engraving, but I'm keeping all of my fingers crossed until I get this form in the press.



THE MAIL BOX

EGOBOO AND OTHER STUFF

J. J. LANKES:

For a long time I have thought that satire would contribute towards the release of knucklebustin' neurotic humanity. Maybe humanity is too far gone. [For instance: Compare behavior of horses and people in any hoss picture. So far as I know hosses don't even try to sing, nor dance (circus hosses don't count; they've been ruined by circus people) and certainly cannot act, to say, F. Astaire or this Tana Lerner—almost any of 'em. They don't even look as nice as any work-a-day hoss.]

Well, the reason that satire may somewhat redeem humanity is the reason it doesn't get a break. In the first place the human critter hasn't wit enough to know he needs satire with every meal, even though the food he eats is a satire on what he should eat. There ought to be a great market for good salty satire. There should be more Stefantasy and it oughtn't to be necessary to publish such just for the hell of it. But you know that. Put a price on it and where do you get? The same place I get with my woodcuts.

ERNEST M. PITTARO:

... I have a thought on progress in reverse, and if this isn't the most common example of it I don't know what is. In the old days food was in its natural state, and vitamin deficiencies didn't exist. Today, with the artificial coloring, flavoring, refining, bleaching, chemical preservatives, softeners, tenderizers, spoilage retarders, etc., there are more chemicals than foods, and the foods have been robbed of their nat-

ural vitamins so that a diet requires the additional use of pills to put back all the junk that was removed from the food in the first place. . . Give me the good old grocery store where you had to wave the flies away but at least the food was natural. . .

RICHARD H. ENEY:

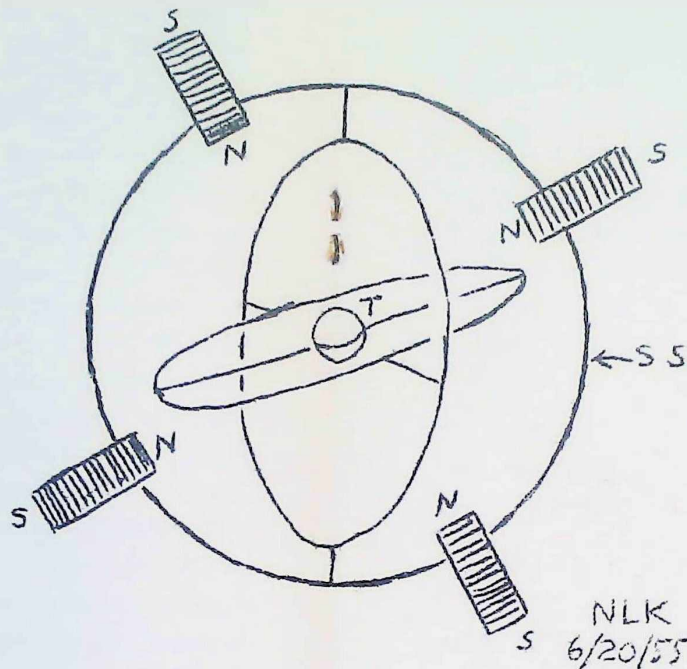
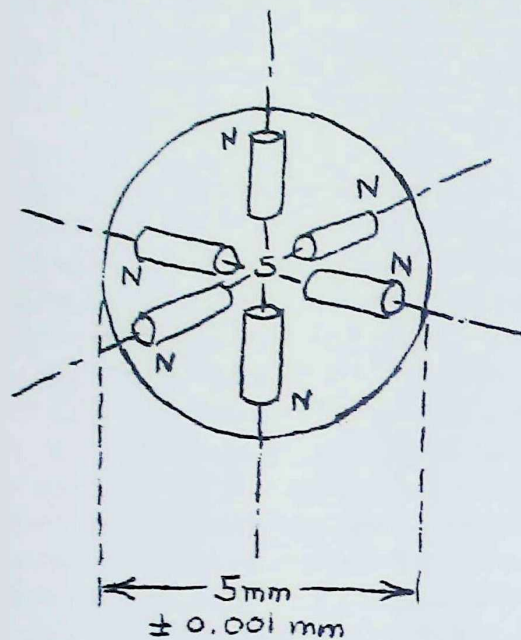
. . . The place (Hirosaki) is a tourist trap of sorts (I'm bitter about it) though colorful enough not to be offensive about its status. I noticed one bit of business there of interest; a popular little fortunetelling concession which is as pointed a gibe at religion as you or I could desire. It is a little runway about six feet long, with a torii (the local religion, Shinto, means "way of the Gods", thus uses a gateway as a symbol) about halfway down and at opposite ends a birdcage and a temple-falsefront. In the birdcage was a trained pigeon who, for 50 yen, trotted down the runway, pulled a bellrope to ring the fake temple's bell, and flapped it's wings; then plucked a fortune out of a slot in the temple door. This is such a close parody of the way the Japanese themselves try divination (they ring a bell to attract the god's attention, cense the shrine, then wait for a prophetic dream) that it's impossible nobody's grasped the point, but they—these setups—are quite common around temples. Nobody is shocked but the visitors.

Reminds me that the Wessons tell how Americans were the only ones to object to the names of two inns at Kamakura, the Budda Hotel and Kannon Cafe. Approximate Occidental equivalents: "Jesus Hotel" and "Virgin Mary Cafe". . . . The Japanese changed the names to protect the morals of the tourist trade. . .

"PEPPERTREE" MOORE:

. . . We had a fantastic March issue [of *Drag—wmd*],....

(Turn to page 14)



It's Here!

The DYNAPOISE Sealed-in Replaceable Center of Gravity!

Every careful motorist is alert for changes in the Feel of the Wheel.

How about YOUR car? Have you noticed a certain suggestion of sluggishness lately? A slight fading of the pristine brilliance of First-Day performance? A peculiar Phantom Squeak which even expert repairmen can't find?

It's 100 to 1 that the source of trouble is the Center of Gravity of your car. Remove it. Wash off the oil with kerosene and examine it carefully with a magnifying glass. Almost certainly you will find it worn, corroded, a bit lop-sided, minutely abraded by particles of grit.

There is only one remedy! Install a new Center of Gravity—a

DYNAPOISE SEALED-IN CENTER OF GRAVITY.

IT FLOATS! Made of corundum with an alnico core, suspended magnetically in a bath of silicone-analog of methyl iodide, inside a sealed titanium alloy case mounted on gimbals that ride on synthetic jewel bearings.

IT'S INSULATED against road-grit, moisture, corrosive fumes!

IT'S COMPACT! You can hold it in the palm of our hand, gimbal mountings and all.

And the price is **AMAZINGLY LOW!**—only \$12.79, complete with directions for installing.

When you have replaced your old Center of Gravity with a Dynapoise, note the wonderful new Feel of the Wheel! Order yours now—mention make and model.

(Give body style as well as model no.)

ESSENTIAL FEATURES OF the DYNAPOISE

Sealed-in Replaceable Center of Gravity

The actual Center of Gravity itself is shown in Figure 1. It will be noted that the eight small alnico magnets embedded in the corundum pellet all have their North poles directed outward, along three mutually perpendicular axes.

Figure 2 shows the titanium alloy case (T) which contains the Center of Gravity (floating in silicone-methyl iodide) suspended in gimbals inside a stainless steel sphere (SS). Fourteen solenoids are mounted on this sphere, only four being shown. The solenoids have their North poles directed inward. Magnetic repulsion between the North poles of the solenoids and the North poles of the alnico magnets in the Center of Gravity keeps the latter exactly centered in its titanium alloy case.

For simplicity, the electrical connections of the solenoids and the mounting whereby the steel case is attached to the automobile frame are not shown.

DYNAMATIC AUTO ACCESSORIES, Inc.

Room 1012 Bizarre Bldg., Desk X
Paradox, Michigan

BE SURE IT'S A

DYNAPOISE

BEFORE YOU BUY!

it never went to press. The day I completed the dummy I had a sudden pain in my chest and a sudden mouthful of blood. The magazine died then and there. There were moments I wasn't so certain about myself.

Spent six months flat on my back. I was treated for pulmonary tuberculosis—all manner of wonder drugs and antibiotics by the carload. The pain never reappeared, nor did the blood. Analysis of the blood—there was rather a large amount of it—was negative where t.b. bugs were concerned, but I had all the other symptoms of t.b. Was given or took tests without number. Results always negative—still, I had all the symptoms of t.b., except such casual little items as high fever, excessive perspiration, loss of weight and appetite, etc. Finally, in August, I arose from my bed and staggered out into the world—amid much pompous protestation. A bit weak and shaky, but sound enough. Two weeks ago, I received a note from Mercy saying that the staff had decided that I really hadn't had t.b., but my over-work during February had undoubtedly ruptured a blood-vessel in my throat.

The irony of all this wasn't appreciated when I refused to pay their latest bill. It isn't the principle, it's the god-damned money. Six months stolen from my life in the name of medical advance. I think I'll sue them, and that will be a matter of principle.

NORMAN L. KNIGHT:

About two years ago, I think, you wrote me a letter on an ancient Smith Premier typewriter. It rang a bell of memory at once. My father had a suburban drugstore in St. Joseph, Missouri, in which I functioned during my teen-age years as delivery boy, dish-washer, window display arranger, stock arranger, and what have you. We had an old Smith Premier back in the prescription room, which I used many times to

type prescription labels and miscellaneous correspondence. The typography of your letter looked exactly like that produced by that other antique in the back room of my father's store. I could almost smell the drugstore odor when I opened your letter. Incidentally, all drugstores with back rooms smell alike. The more modern ones that have the prescription counters out in full view of the customers are too well ventilated to have that distinctive aroma of fluid extract of wild cherry bark, tincture of guaiacol, licorice, star anise, valerian, asafetida, peppermint, wintergreen, and stale soapy dish-water standing in the sink where the last mess of dirty graduates, mortars and pestles, etc., is soaking. All this, and more, was conjured up in memory by your letter typed on the Smith. . .

. . . I have a friend who has a friend who teaches math at Penn State College, and who is a hi-fi fan and electronics gadgeteer for fun. He has rigged up a power-mower that he can operate by radio from an easy-chair on his front porch. I have never seen it, but it must be rather startling to passers-by who see it for the first time.

LARRY SHAW:

Thanks very much for the latest *Stefantasy*. I picked it up on my last trip to Schenectady and was somewhat shocked to realize that I haven't even let you know where I am for approximately a year now, otherwise you wouldn't have sent it to Schenectady. I apologize all over you. The above has been my address for several months (I'm sharing a gigantic apartment with another ex-fan, Frank Wilimczyk), and life holds few pleasures equal to receiving *Stefantasy* occasionally. Keep it in mind.

I hope you'll also forgive me for not commenting in detail. I enjoyed it all, possibly the Backward Look ad most of all. I suppose lots of people have pointed out to you that the contents seem to bear no relation to the title any more; [[Did they ever?—wmd]] personally, I don't give the slightest damn.

As one of STEFANTASY's earliest advertisers we wish to take this opportunity to congratulate it on its tenth birthday. However, we all gotta go sometime, so

DO YOU WANNA GO TO HEAVEN WHEN YOU DIE?

If you do, bear in mind that a Primrose Path Policy guarantees that you will go there directly, without any stopovers.

No worry!

No baggy knees!

No weekly bribes!

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

TODAY!

M. J. Kraud, 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.....

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE.

Yep—they're from TYPO GRAPHIC again.

It was 24 years ago that 62 nations signed the Kellogg pact outlawing war. It proved to be almost as effective as the American prohibition amendment.

Lawyer (to gorgeous witness): Answer me Yes or No!

Witness: My, you are a fast worker, aren't you?

"Some steamfitters on federal projects have been paid as much as \$1500 a month." How much steam does a steamfitter have to fit in order to pick up that kind of dough?

A Russian named Rudolph looked out the window one morning and said: It's raining.

Wife: No, it's sleeting.

Rudolph: It's raining, doggone it. Rudolph the Red knows rain, dear.

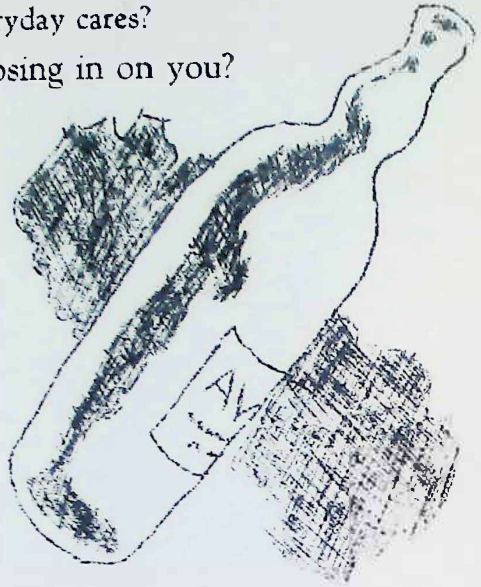
One of the most charming characteristics of homo Sapiens—the wise guy on your right—is the consistency with which he has stoned, crucified, burned at the stake and otherwise rid himself of those who consecrated their lives to further his comfort and well-being so that all his strength and cunning might be preserved for the erection of ever larger monuments, memorial shafts, triumphal arches, pyramids and obelisks to the eternal glory of generals on horseback, tyrants, usurpers, dictators, politicians and other heroes who led him, usually from the rear, to dismemberment and death.

Teacher: Where is the capital of the United States?

Johnnie: On loan all over Europe.

tired out from your everyday cares?
feel the four walls closing in on you?

too pooped
for pop?



Go to your favorite druggist and say

AWSH

it comes in a distinctive polyethylene bottle
in fifths and quarts

There has not as yet been time for the U. S. Food
and Drug Administration to investigate AWSH. It
may contain all kinds of ingredients. You owe it to
yourself to try AWSH. It may even be good for you!

B-J-R BOTTLING WORKS

Camarillo

California

OUTWARD BOUND

by TED MAXWELL

THE SHIP is ready at last. Everything has been checked, not once or twice but many times, for *this* is the ship that is to reach the Moon.

The crew is ready, too. Each man knows every motion his duties will require so thoroughly that he could do them in his sleep. But as they walk up the ramp and through the port they are thinking less of their duties than of the Earth they are leaving behind. The queasy feeling at the pits of their stomachs is not to be wondered at.

The politicians are ready, too. They have been letter-perfect in their platitudes for months, so that now they roll out over the public address system, and from countless radio and television speakers all over the world, without conscious effort. The listeners, it may be added, pay as little attention to them as do the orators.

At last the moment has come. The heavy door slowly swings shut and, a moment later, the ship rises slowly on a pedestal of flame. In a few seconds it is out of sight and the watching multitudes release a tremendous sigh.

The men inside let out a sigh, too. The ship has not exploded as did the first one nor veered widely and crashed in the desert as had the second. The jets are functioning perfectly and the ship is exactly on course.

At about midpoint of the trip observations show a need for a slight correction in course. The skipper pushes the proper buttons and the roar of the steering jets is heard from the engine room. He releases the buttons but the roar continues.

He pounds the panel with his fists but the jets still roar. He looks a white faced question at the astrogator. The engineer is working frantically behind the panel.

"We'll never make it now, Chief," says the astrogator. "We haven't enough fuel left to get back on course, let alone to set her down on the Moon."

After minutes that have seemed hours the roar of the jets suddenly stops and all eyes turn to the fuel gauges, whose pointers rest on the red-printed "EMPTY". The ship speeds on toward outer space.

In the sudden, ominous silence the engineer comes from behind the panel, a dazed look upon his face.

"What penny-pinching sonofabitch", he wants to know, "designed the fuel-control system with gravity-loaded relays?"

BOSCH—the perfect vegetable!

Bosch is similar to squash—but without the uash. (Some of our customers on reordering simply say, "Send more Sq." But we advertise it as BOSCH because Sq is hard to pronounce.)

Bosch can be fried, baked or broiled—or eaten raw if you don't mind its pitiful whimpers of pain and protest.

Feed Bosch to the kiddies. Its soporific effect will render them unconscious in ten minutes and you and the old lady can go out on the town.

Each Bosch comes to you individually wrapped. If you save your old wrappers and return them to us untorn we will send you absolutely free a court summons for littering our premises unnecessarily.

Bosch comes in a variety of attractive colors:

BRUISE BLUE

VOMIT GREEN

BLOOD RED

JAUNDICE YELLOW

BRAIN GREY

SQUEEZED-PIMPLE CREAM

BOTULIST BOSCH FARMS

Garbagola Roae

Ptomaine, Texas

NOSE: Do not believe the vile rumors circulated by our competitors that we are under contract to the disease and germ warfare divisions of the War Dept.

NOTE: This ad is reprinted because of no popular demand.

ATTENTION!

SLIP A \$10 BILL INTO AN
ENVELOPE AND SEND
IT TO ME BY
REGISTERED MAIL.

That's easy enough, isn't it? Yet if every reader of *Stefantasy* will take the time to do so I ought to net pretty close to \$2000, which you must admit is a tidy little sum which I can use (and more, too!)

DON'T DELAY!

No salesmen will bother you by leaning on the doorbell. You will get *absolutely nothing* for your money, so you need have no worries on that score. But— YOU MUST HURRY, HURRY, HURRY, because

THIS OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED AGAIN!

until I need more money

Act now! Send your \$10 today!

William M. Danner
720 Rockwood Ave.
Pittsburgh 34, Pa.

THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

Molasses, Glycerine and Glue

FOR A WHILE, back there in June, I had visions of a Tenth Anniversary Issue with more than the usual 24 pages. However, some of the expected and most of the merely-hoped-for material failed to materialize, so here I am at the last minute trying to make up the usual size.

Maybe it's just as well, though. I had hopes that the presswork would be a little better this time, and it did start out that way. But we've been having an unusually long spell of hot, humid weather and the rollers are getting greener every day. Fortunately I did page nine before the swelling began and a few copies on coated paper turned out better than I expected. I had to print it with the throwoff lever, though, printing only every other cycle of the press.

Have any of you had any experience with plastic rollers? Reg Hollins, of England, mentioned them several years ago in a letter, but has said no more about them and I have not thought to ask him how they work. It *does* seem as though there should be something better for the purpose than the old molasses, glycerine and glue mixture. The plastic used in the Plexirubber process for cuts and offered by the Castolite Co. for making molds should make good rollers. I have no mold, though, or enough of the stuff for even one roller, or I might try making one.

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