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MAY, 1956

WHOLE NO. 36

VOLUME 12

NUMBER 2



STEFANTASY

Volume 12

May, 1956

Number 2

Whole Number 36

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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

WHITHER THE MOTOR CAR?

THAT CUSTOMIZING JOB on the Phewillac by Lee Hoffman is not so far-fetched as you may imagine. Anyone with half an eye can't have failed to notice the trend of the Great American Automobile the last few years.

The rear overhang keeps getting longer and the fins, necessary so that the pilot of all that tinware may have some idea of the whereabouts of that enormous bustle, climb ever higher. But no matter how long and high the rear end becomes it is not, in itself, anywhere near heavy enough to balance the ever bigger and more powerful engines that are situated right over the front wheels. The huge engines, in turn, are necessary because the builders have gotten the idea that Americans are either puny weaklings or too lazy to turn a steering wheel, shift gears, open windows, etc. Tail-lights, already too bright, are being multiplied, and there have already been attempts to get the states to legalize four headlights! It is hardly necessary to say anything about body designs and decorations.

I'm not an enemy of progress, honest. But I don't like progress in reverse, and the GAA is a fine example. . . But why go on? All I need say is that I'm afraid what Lee intended as a gag is actually a picture of the future GAA.

by BEN HAGGLUND

How it Heppened Vilhjalmur

Stefantasy in de Onkelarctic

VILHJALMUR STEFANTASY drank his milk dat de little boy delivered to him on University Avenue, Grand Forks, N. D., and looking north quoth, "I skall investigate de Onkelarctic."

After quothing dis vile northlooking, Vilhjalmur buckled on his arctics, hitched op his Eskimo dogs, and saying "Hagh!" and "Groet!" (Groet is Icelandic Mush) got de whole ting going at a snail's pace. Stefantasy wondered why, and soon found out. No snow. He looked furder, and guess what. No sled.

In time, dese tings vere corrected, and Stefantasy found himself miles and miles nort of Grand Forks. It was in a place vere postal serwis vas terrible. Eskimos offered him deir wives and daughters, as a sign of hospitality. Stefantasy smiled and shook his head. He was merely obserwing. And writing.

Vilhjalmur Stefantasy enjoyed his stay in de Onkelarctic. Ontil wan day. A man came and said, "Fella, ya gotta move yer dogsled. We're gonna start construction on the super-station right away."

Superstation? Stefantasy sat bolt upright from his obserwing, and looked around him. Dewelopments to de east. Dewelopments to de west. Dewelopments to de nort. Dewelopments to de sout. GI. No money down—pay only closing costs. Small montly payments.

"I tell you wot I'm gonna do," Vilhjalmur Stefantasy said, rubbing his shock of yellow hair and looking vise. "I

tink I go home now. Yah."

So he buckled on his arctics, hitched op his Eskimo dogs, packed his writings on his sled, and said "Hagh!" and "Gro-et!" and started sout.

He kept going sout ontill he reached Miami Beach. Dere he vas stop by a sign vat says, "Special summer rates." He turn loose his dogs in Coral Gables, vere dey run troo de Vool-worth store chasing cats. Den he scratch his head, and said, "I tell you vat I'm gonna do," only he didn't tell.

As he vas valking into de Shalimar Bar & Grill, out de door comes who do you suppose—Admiral Byrd in whites.

"Hi, Vilhjalmur Stefantasy!" says de admiral.

"Hi, Admiral Byrd!" says Vilhjalmur Stefantasy.

Den dey go into de bar and de Admiral tells Vilhjalmur how he is now on his way to de Antarctic by way of de Shalimar Bar & Grill, and Vilhjalmur tells de admiral how he yoošt kem from de Onkelarctic, on de odder side from de small vurld.

Den dey have a good laugh and down deir drink, and de Admiral goes at San Franciso, vere he finds anodder bar and grill, vere he can tell Stanford professors dat he is on his way to de Antarctic.

But Vilhjalmur Stefantasy, he sat down and he wrote some more stof to add to de stof he had already wrote and he sent his mess off to de book pooblishers and dey pooblished de book and make plenty of money and Vilhjalmur Stefantasy he sat down in a fishing boat alongside of Ernest Hemingway and Philip Wylie, and soon dey write some fishing stories, and Vilhjalmur he caught de biggest fish, and he won de jack-pot, and he olso sell de biggest fish to a can-opener manufacturer from Terre Haute, who tells de newspapermen de fish is his, and gits his name pooblished in de papers and vins a

prize in de Miami Beach Fishing Tournament, and he is wery heppy, and Vilbjalmur takes de money and buys himself a copy of his latest book, and he is also heppy.

by NORMAN L. KNIGHT

The Story of the 13¢ International Money Order

DURING THE MIDDLE 1930's, when I was exploring the Trash Level of the Advertising World, I ran across an ad. for a magazine published in India. I don't remember whether it was *Yoga*, or *The Indian Magician*, or *The Scientific Indian*. Anyhow, the ad. offered to send a sample copy for one rupee. At that time one rupee was equivalent to 13¢ in U. S. money, so I purchased an international money order for 13¢. The postal clerk who made out the money order for me seemed unable to believe his eyes when he saw the application, and asked "Only thirteen cents?" with an "are-you-sure-this-is-what-you-want" inflection. But I got the 13¢ international money order and mailed it in due course with my request for the magazine. I felt that probably I should not expect to receive the magazine within less than a month, so I didn't really begin to wonder when it would arrive until a slightly longer time had elapsed—perhaps 5 or 6 weeks (I don't remember exactly how long). Then I received a printed form-letter on a postal card, from the main post office downtown (in St. Louis), requesting me to call at the money order section regarding an international money order that I had sent to Bombay (or wherever it was). So I presented myself at the same window at which I had obtained the money order, presented the postal card notice, and asked, "What gives?" The clerk looked at me, this time with an "Oh-it's-you-again" expression, requested that I wait a few moments, and departed. He returned with a small sheaf of papers in his hand, fastened together with a biggish paper clip. I don't know how many sheets there were, but my impression was that there were 10 or 12. Some of them were stapled together in pairs, and there were several colors (all about the size of type-writer paper), some pinkish, some pale blue, but most of them white. The one on top was from the London Central Post Office, and had a coat of arms at the top of the page. (At least that's what it looked like.) The clerk explained to me that an international money order is handled thusly: The thing that I had mailed to Bombay (if sobeit it was Bombay) was not really the money order, but merely evidence that I had obtained one. The real money order was retained by the St. Louis post office and forwarded to London; the post office there prepare another money order, first deducting an amount equivalent to 5¢ (U.S.) to cover *their* money order fee, and forwarded the order for the balance to the payee. That is, they would have ordinarily; usually the amount of the money order is large compared to the British money order fee, and the recipient of the money order doesn't mind the slight deduction. Put in the case of my 13¢ order, there would have been only 8¢ left to forward, and it was suspected that the payee would not like this. Or maybe they went ahead and sent the 8¢ (translated in Indian currency), and the payee protested. After the

(Turn to page 20.)

by DEAN ARCHER ARMSTEAD

THE SKEPTIC TANK

Third Tankful

EVER WONDER how many different comic-books are being published at any given time? It would be hard to say since they come and go quite rapidly but the January, 1956, issue of *Newsdealer* contains a "comic directory" which lists no less than 336 titles in alphabetical order from *Abbot & Costello* down to *Zaza The Mystic*. It gives one to wonder if there are such things as comic-book completists who can truthfully chortle, "I've got them all—every one!"

» » « « «

In common with the gruff but kind-hearted old editor of this publication, the writer has a soft place in his head for a pair of engaging zanies whose first names are Bob and Ray. I'm told they have a daytime radio show during the week* but I've never yet been able to find out exactly when it is broadcast through this particular area. We hear them on weekends when they appear on "Monitor" and have spent many happy moments choking over such bits as "This program is brought to you by Tanglefoot, Greatest Name in Flypaper," and "If you had a million dollars—if you had a million million dollars, you couldn't buy better flypaper."

As I plod my rounds up and down eastern Wisconsin, I rarely turn on the car radio in the afternoons if I'm north of Fond du Lac. The only decent station for daytime listening is WHA, the station of the U of W in Madison, and it is closely bracketed top and bottom by two polka-pushing stat-

* "Stand By For Bob & Ray", Mutual, 5-5:45 pm EDST—wmd

prize in de Miami Beach Fishing Tournament, and he is wery heppy, and Vilhjalmur takes de money and buys himself a copy of his latest book, and he is also heppy.

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* "Stand By For Bob & Ray", Mutual, 5-5:45 pm EDST—wmd

ions in Manitowoc and Shawano. This is not the place to expound upon the stark horror of the Wisconsin Polka Program [It might be, at that, Dean!] so I will only say that no right-thinking person would voluntarily attempt to extract (for example) Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony from between laminations of Frankie Yankovic and Romy Gosz. Between the hours of one and five p.m., I shun the radio as if it were a cobra with rabies.

However, there was an afternoon once when I became temporarily bored with the icy majesty of my own thoughts so I flicked on the Olds' radio for want of better company. The tubes warmed and abruptly a voice came forth. I was delighted to recognize the tired-sounding, over-sophisticated voice of Bob or Ray (I've never been able to tell them apart), announcing the title of a program. Of course, I didn't tune in in time to hear them say it was Bob and Ray but I could tell the general tone of their needling treatment and I hadn't the slightest doubt that I had at last stumbled upon the Bob and Ray daytime and weekday show. I adjusted one of the radio's pushbuttons so as to be able to find the station again any time I wanted to, made a mental note of the time and settled back, prepared to guffaw at the drop of a pun.

There followed approximately fifteen minutes of sustained expectancy on my part. Gradually the idea began to dawn upon me that this was the most subtle damned satire I had ever encountered. Now and then a phrase or sentence would draw a small smirk but only because it was silly, not funny. There were no really good solid boffs, no punchlines at all. Disgustedly, I muttered to myself that Bob and Ray were pretty sad up for some new writers.

It was only when the final commercial came on and it was so very patently and obviously a straightfaced sales pitch for

some sort of soap or detergent or something that I began to detect olfactory clues to the presence of a rat. All of this driveling dialog between a kindly, tired-voiced old man and his kindly, tired-voiced old housekeeper was not Bob and Ray but a couple of other people and Bob and Ray had nothing whatsoever to do with a program which, so help me, goes by the name of "Mister Jolly and His Hotel For Pets."

I had been had, but good.

» » » « « «

It happens all the time: someone is introduced to me and, in the course of that desultory verbal sparring in which two strangers glean preliminary data on each other, they ask what I do for a living. I reply that I sell furnaces, which is an oversimplification but it serves the purpose. Often enough to be mildly disquieting, the response to that reply is something very like: "Oh? Do you work for The (censored!) Furnace Company?"

To which I grit my teeth (I crumble more fillings this way), count to seventeen in Old Middle Sanskrit, take a deep breath and say, softly, "No."

I almost never permit myself the luxury of going, at this point, directly into my standard forty-five-minute lecture on The (Sec, Dean? / I play asf.) Furnace Company (with gestures at no additional charge). But sometimes when I am all by myself I cast my eyes to the sky and silently entreat the Powers That Be to reveal to me why and how any company can have so much reputation and deserve so little.

I have no desire at all to involve either Danner or myself in lawsuits for slander, libel, or anything of the sort. Therefore I shall insert a string of asterisks at this point in the copy to indicate that the foregoing bears no relation whatsoever to what I will say below the asterisks. Oh no indeed. Cer-

tainly not. No relation at all.

* * * * *

There is a firm in the business of installing central heating systems which follows a code of ethics calculated to wring gasps of admiration from daylight bank robbers. The equipment they sell is unspeakably shoddy in materials, design and workmanship. The cheapest, tinniest, slapped-together, jerry-built furnace elsewhere obtainable is, by comparison, neater, sightlier, more efficient and moreover built like a red brick privy. If there is any company in this country that produces a more wretched piece of junk and fobs it off on the public as a furnace I have yet to find out about it.

To get prospects, they go all-out for furnace-cleaning. Whenever they install one of their own units, they tack up a notice telling the home-owner to call them back at the start of every heating season to clean and adjust the furnace for the coming year. In between cleaning their own installations, they clean anyone else's that they can gain admittance to.

It is no small trick to keep their crews away from your furnace if they make up their minds they're going to clean it. During the war they made a nice racket of sending one of their salesmen around wearing a uniform cap labelled "Furnace Inspector." He would take a look at your furnace, condemn it and leave you with the impression that you were breaking a Federal law if you started another fire in it. Shortly after he left, another salesman would drop by, saying he heard your furnace had been condemned, and he'd proceed to sell you a new one, moving heaven and earth to get your signature on a contract and some sort of down payment.

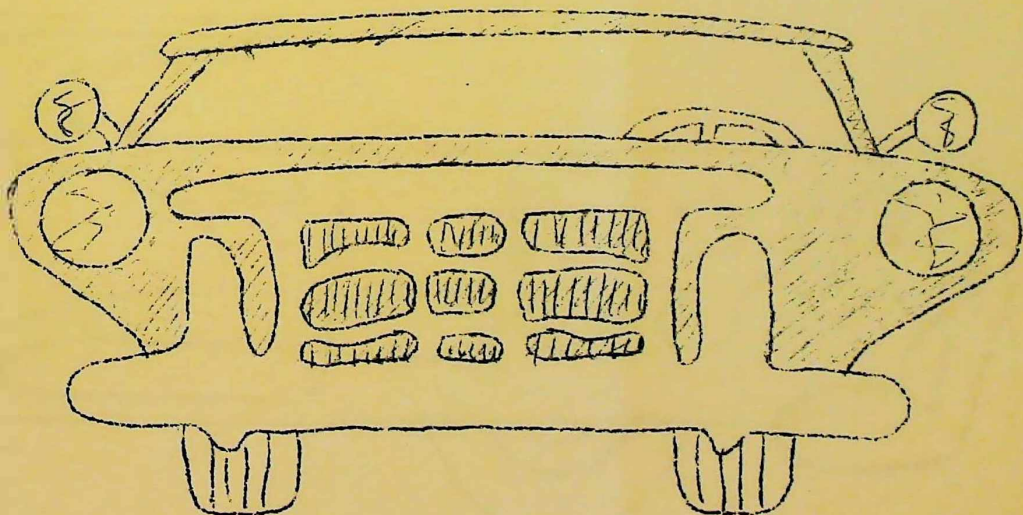
The average housewife is apt to get acquainted with them in a manner similar to this: a man will ring the doorbell and

(Turn to page 17.)

● AHT DEPT. ●

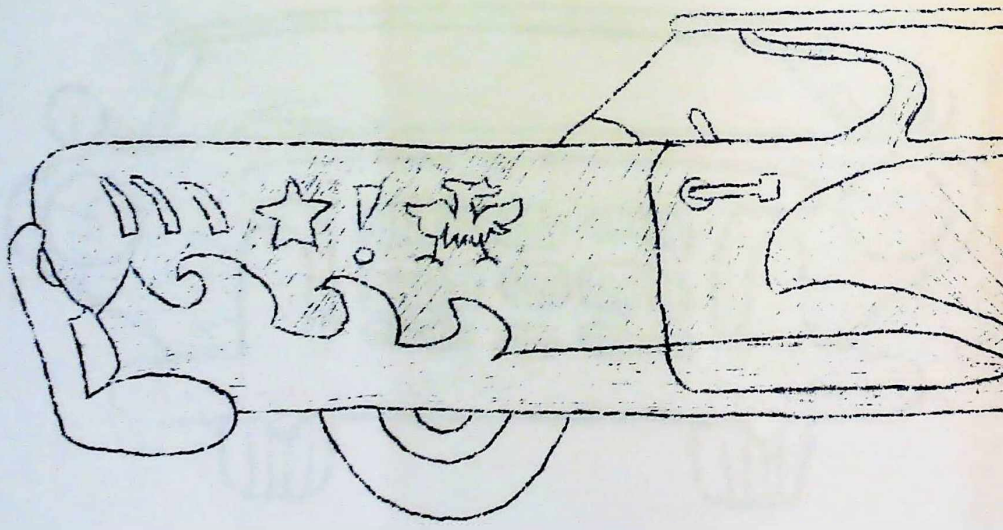
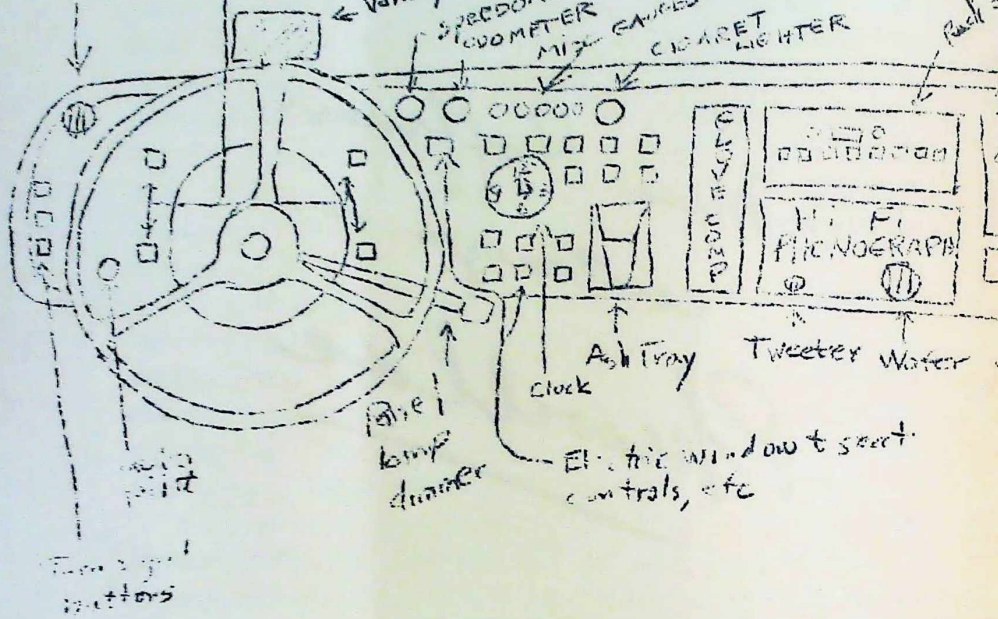
CONDUCTED BY W. MICHELANGELO DANNER

Miss Hoffman
customizes a
Phewillae



Second woofer for stereophonic sound

Drive selector buttons

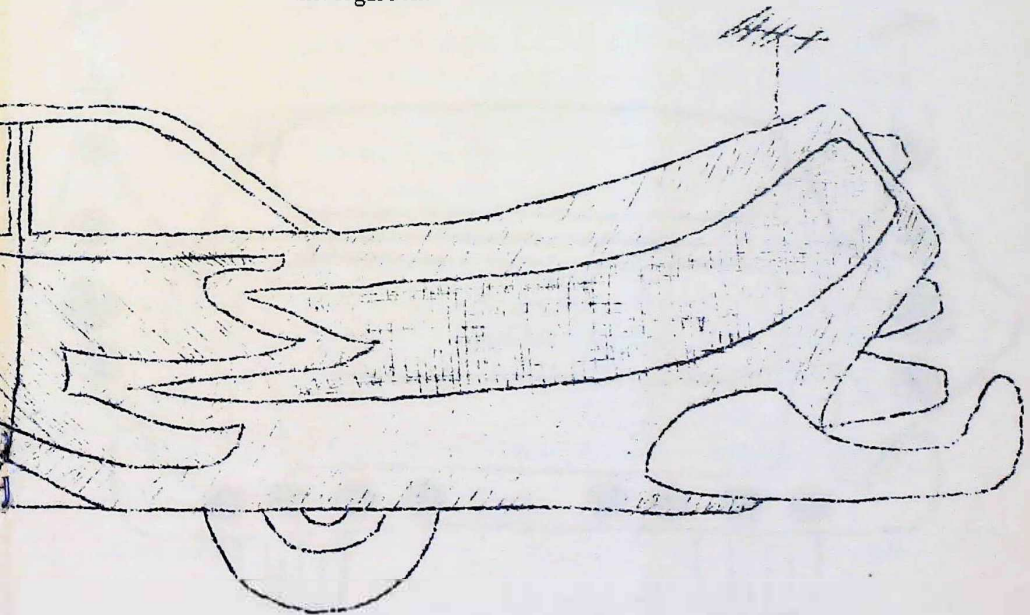
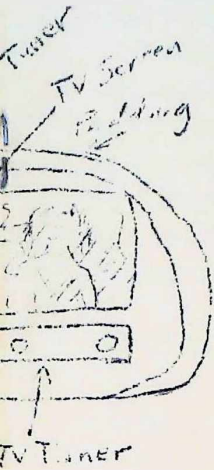


1956 Phewillac

Adverse critics of the modern American automobile, and we hasten to admit that they have some slight justification, will find little ground for carping in this striking treatment of the six-foot-overhang model of the Phewillac.

Carping about this creation would, indeed, be the height of futility. From any point of view, with its four-tone color scheme, novel but restrained chrome decorations, attractive and functional though uncluttered dash, etc., it is such a masterpiece of quiet good taste that we feel sure not only Phewillac but other makers as well will hasten to adopt its many remarkable features. Miss Shirley Hoffman, of Savannah and points northeast, is to be congratulated on achieving such an outstanding achievement. And think of all the prestige afforded by those eight tailpipe-holes in the rear bumper, especially remarkable in view of the famous Phewillac V-2 engine.

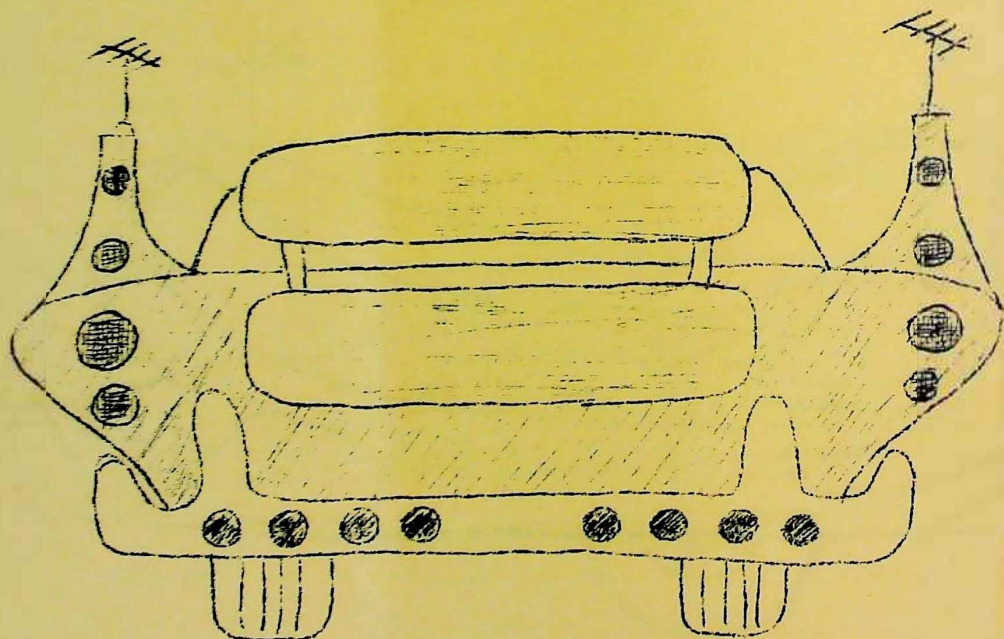
It is too bad we cannot present this beautiful car in all its splendor, but Miss Hoffman offered the reason in her letter accompanying the drawings: "I left my crayons in kindergarden."



1956 Phewillac

In addition to the multiple tail-pipe holes in the rear "bumper" (so necessary if one is to get the maximum of prestige from so expensive a car) there are other features worthy of note in Miss Hoffman's rear-end styling. Especially so are the spacious trunk (with power lid and spare-tire hoist) and the eight brilliant spot tail-lights for blinding following drivers. (Oncoming drivers are effectively taken care of by the twin sealed-glare spotlights shown in the front view on page 11.)

All in all, we feel that this is definitely (alas!) the car of the future.



STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE.

Yep—they're from TYPO GRAPHIC again.

In the divorce court the parents were disputing the custody of the child, reports *Temmler Werke* of Hamburg. The mother reminded everyone that she had brought the child into the world.

"Your honor," protested the father, "When I put a coin in a candy machine and a candy bar comes out, whom does it belong to—me or the machine?"

"I want a bottle of iodine."

"Sorry, but this is a drug store. Can't I interest you in an alarm clock, some nice leather goods, a few radio parts, or a toasted cheese sandwich?"

The aging couple had had a spat but had reconciled. In appreciation the wife decided a gift was in order and selected something related to her husband's hobby, which was golf. It was a gold putter on a stand for his office desk and she believed some motto or phrase should be engraved on it. The salesman suggested the popular motto of the golfer on the putting green, "Never Up, Never In." The old girl gasped: "Heavens no, that is what the fuss was about."

Powdered and lipsticked she was, and entirely worthy of attention. He touched her on the shoulder—moral crusader that he was—and with that winning, condescending smile said:

My dear, do you realize the doors of Paradise are closed to you?

The Painted Doll (with a smile equally winning): Well, then, let's try some other cafe.

ACT NOW!

Conduct a Dignified and Profitable Business in the Privacy of Your Own Home!
Money-Making Ideas as New as the Day After Tomorrow!!!!

Idea No. 1: Advertising Printed on Butterflies' Wings!

Butterflies go everywhere, and everybody will see the little ads printed on their wings in gay decorator colors. The novelty of an ad in such an unusual location will produce a greater impact on the public mind than any other existing medium.

Canvass your local merchants. Show them some sample butterflies. You will be amazed at the response.

Complete kit consists of book of instructions, butterfly trap, bait, roller-type rubber stamp, 500 pieces of rubber type, type tweezers, eight inking pads, eight bottles of stamp pad ink of different colors, and special cork platform with clips for holding butterflies while imprinting advertising messages on their wings with the type-roller. Cost of kit, \$4.97 plus postage.

Of course, this type of advertising is adapted only to use during the warm season, or to localities where a year-round warm climate prevails. During cold weather switch to

Idea No. 2: Singing Commercials Broadcast by Birds!

The basic principle is simple: A miniaturized recording on fine wire, the amplified sound being played thru two small vibrating discs held snugly against the throat of the bird by a collar. Powered by silicon wafer solar battery. Entire apparatus is contained in a curved magnesium alloy case, 1" long by $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide by $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, which is attached to an adjustable magnesium alloy band that fits around the bird's neck. When the bird sings, the articulation of the recording is imposed upon its song. Recording is turned on and off by beginning and cessation of the action of the song-muscles in the bird's neck.

Imagine the interest that will be aroused when the local starlings, for instance, begin broadcasting singing commercials sponsored by local merchants as they flutter down local chimneys.

It will be necessary to contact the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and secure a bird-banding permit before embarking upon this project.

Kit consists of book of instructions, 50 miniaturized broadcasting units, wire-recorder for making transcriptions, micro-tools, magnifying lens, bird-trap, and bait. Cost, \$985.15 plus postage. Additional broadcasting units, \$10.00 each plus postage.

GNOME-ARBLES ADVERTISING, INC.
22 EXENTRIC ST. ZANY, OHIO

ask if she would like her furnace cleaned. If she says no, he asks if his crew (usually waiting at the curb) can "just give it a routine check—no cost or obligation whatsoever." That line, plus the pushy tactics of a wet St. Bernard who wants to come in out of the rain, generally gets him and/or the crew into the basement. From then on, it's pure routine.

Off comes the casing, out comes the smoke pipe to be strewn across the floor and flung ungently jangling to the far corners. If the furnace is the old-fashioned sort of cast-iron coal burner, the sections are disassembled and they proceed to "check" them for cracks by tapping on them with a little hammer they carry about for just such a purpose. The housewife hears them, busily tap-tapping away, harder and still harder, searching for cracks in her castings. Pretty soon, sure enough, steps are heard coming up the basement stairs. They have found a crack. If you beat hard enough on old, heat-weary castings there is certain to be a crack to find sooner or later.

Now comes the hearts-and-flowers. The lady is shown the furnace, lying all in parts across the floor. They emphatically declare that if she goes on using that furnace the whole household will be asphyxiated in their sleep from escaping "coal gas" and before they will make a move toward re-assembling it, she must sign an immensely impressive waiver that absolves the company from any and all damages and responsibility. It is bristling with scary phrases like "suffocation from furnace gas" and "carbon monoxide poisoning." It is enough to make anyone pause and think.

By this time the lady is in real trouble. Without any warning, her hitherto peaceful day has blown up in her face. She is told her very life is in immediate danger and that only the company's fortuitous arrival has given her a fighting chance to save it. She has to have a new furnace right now since

they usually operate during the heating season when it's hard for anyone to be without heat for very long at a time . . . small children, freezing water-pipes, all that sort of thing.

She is under siege by one or more salesmen who are using the ultimately refined techniques of what may well be the world's foremost practitioners of high-pressure "squeeze" selling. Every closing ploy and force-gambit in the book is being hurled at her, not once but steadily. No, there's no need to wait till her husband gets home. By then it will be too late. What will she do for heat tonight? If she'll just sign this contract the salesman *thinks* that *possibly* the installing crews can make an emergency installation for them and have heat back in the house by the time her husband gets home. Of course she'll have to give them a down payment as a sign of good faith, but she can raise that somewhere, can't she? If you'll just sign, here, lady. . . Sign here. . . SIGN! And now the small matter of the down payment and we're all set. . .

These people have a special yen for old folks, for the elderly widow living on on the last of her late husband's insurance money, for the retired couple whose social security check will be eaten up for years to come by payments on the new furnace—with any luck, before they finish paying for this one, they can be sold a new one.

The whole secret, of course, is that once they launch an attack, they never let you off the ropes. If a home-owner says he wants to shop around a little, they fight such a suggestion tooth and claw. They know perfectly well that if he has an opportunity to collect his wits they don't stand a chance of landing the sale. If the home-owner goes around to look at other furnaces, no matter what make, their superiority is glaringly apparent to the dullest eye. But the other dealer's prices are what will really seem sensational.

The company I'm talking about—let's call them the Highbinder Furnace Company—will charge somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand to twelve hundred dollars for the simplest sort of replacement of a "defective" coal furnace. The price in the rest of the heating trade for a similar but better job might run, roughly, from \$450 to \$600 depending upon conditions.

What makes the Highbinder Furnace Company's price so high? Simple, friend, lean a little closer and I will whisper it in your ear: "the profits."

I have this postal from Grennell which says:

12 Apr 56

Dear Bill: I have this letter from McCain which says: There was a story named "Gold" in ASF and it was by Campbell, but not JW Jr. This was by another Campbell who had five stories in ASF about then, favoring one-word titles. Clyde Crane Campbell was his name. Some thought it was a pen-name for JWC but it wasn't. It was a pen-name of a fellow named Horace Gold. So you see what you should have suggested was that Don Stuart contribute a story to GALAXY titled "Campbell."

Just thought you ought to know about this so you can issue a retraction or whatever. I am sorry to let you down thissaway. Heaven knows I try hard.

Contritely,
DAG

Cheer up, Dean. No harm done, I'm sure.—wmd

time that has elapsed, I'm not sure which it was. At any rate, the London Post Office requested that I pay the additional 3¢, so that the guy in Bombay could receive his one rupee in full. So I forked out a nickel, and the clerk gave me some kind of a receipt. (I didn't send you that one because it has vanished somewhere in the intervening years.) I have no doubt that another form, or forms, was or were filled out, and that further memorandums were written (probably in triplicate at least), and that to this day a little varicolored sheaf of papers reposes somewhere in the Dead Files of the U. S. Post office, as well as in the vaults of the London Post Office, (unless it was blasted or burned during World War II) and the post office at the destination (perhaps Bombay), containing the data on my 13¢ International Money Order.

I should add that, after another lapse of time, I received the magazine. Also, the clerk at the St. Louis post office offered a helpful hint. He told me that if I ever wanted to send an amount of money smaller than one dollar to a foreign country, not to use an International Money Order but International Reply Coupons. There are little green coupons, about 2 by 4 inches in size, issued in small denominations (10¢, 25¢, etc.) [I believe there is just one denomination equivalent to first-class foreign postage. How about it, Marvin Neel?—wmd] which the recipient can redeem in postage stamps of his own country. And that's the story of the 13¢ International Money Order.

VIDEO TAPE, ANYONE?

Vernon McCain sent me a clipping from *Variety* about the new Ampex video tape system on which he wrote "So 100 I.P.S. was impractical, huh?" It seems that Ampex uses only 15 ips.

The writer of the article is certainly no technician, but I was relieved to gather from it that Ampex has not abrogated the natural laws requiring very high speed for recording pictures, but has come up with an ingenious method of attaining it by moving the head assembly rapidly across a slowly-moving 1" tape. This, of course, does nothing to minimize all the electronic distortions discussed by Ernie Pittaro, and I hate to think of the maintenance problems it will create.

My main gripe, against the statement that video tape will replace film for home movies, is not affected at all. 1" at 15 ips is still a hell of a lot bulkier and costlier than 8mm film at 2½ ips, and the tape equipment is very bulky and requires a source of electric power. As to cost of equipment I was much too conservative before. So long as simple, dependable movie cameras are obtainable for \$50 and up it seems very unlikely that any home-movie maker will spend \$75,000 for video tape equipment.

VIDEO TAPE, ANYONE?

JUST IMAGINE!

Yes, ladies! DUX soap now comes to you in a beautiful new wrapper of genuine simulated silver foil!

We don't need to tell you that DUX has always been immeasurably superior to ordinary soaps. Hell, no, ladies—you all know that, of course, because of the way we've been hammering it into your pretty little shell-like ears all these years.

Well, then! Do we have to tell you that DUX is better than ever, now that it is wrapped in genuine simulated silver foil? Must anything so obvious be explained to you, ladies?

Y'damnbetcha! And we're going to tell you and TELL you and TELL you!

DUX in silver foil is better than ever! You hear me?

DUX in silver foil is better than ever!

**Go out and buy
some NOW!**

THE LAST PAGE

By W. MILDEW DANNER

New Faces for 1956

LEST SOME OF YOU get the wrong idea about my mimeography I hasten to state that that message from Grennell on page 19 was done in the press along with the rest of the page. And that page ought to convince any of you who may think otherwise that a good Roman type-face is more readable than any typewritten matter, though the justified work turned out by certain IBM machines is a close second.

Some of these recently-acquired faces have appeared in previous issues of *Stef*.

24 PT. ENGRAV-
ER'S ROMAN

24 Pt. PLYMOUTH

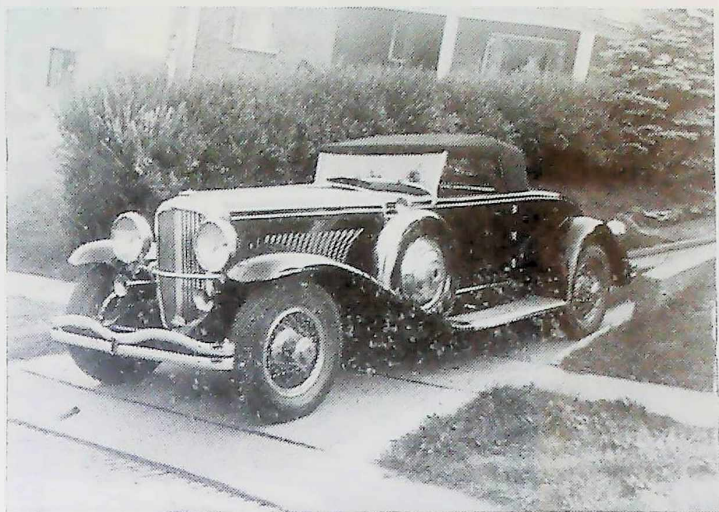
30 PT. Plymouth

12 PT. GOUDY BOLD CAPS PACK MY BOX W

8 PT. KENNERLEY SMALL CAPS NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF

8 Pt. Kennerley Italic *The quick, brown fox jumps over the lazy dog. Pack my box with five*

12 Pt. Remington-Smith Premier Typewriter



MODEL J DUESENBERG

ALMOST TWENTY YEARS after production ceased the Duesenberg is still considered one of the world's great cars. Not a German car, as many still believe, it was built in Indianapolis on a strictly custom basis. It was considered a big car even in a period when there was a noticeable difference between big cars and little cars. Price of the chassis only was \$9500, with the price of the specially-built body depending upon the desires of the individual purchaser—and the sky was the limit. Two chassis were available, with $142\frac{1}{2}$ " or $153\frac{1}{2}$ " wheelbase and weight of the complete car is about 6500 lbs. To make it go there is a double-overhead-camshaft straight-eight engine of 420 cubic inch displacement developing 265 hp. (The supercharged SJ was said to develop 320 hp.) It stops with vacuum-booster hydraulic brakes 3" by 15".

This beautifully-restored example is a convertible coupe by Murphy, owned by Charles Allen of Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

ATTENTION

all transistor mfrs!

YES! All you transistor manufacturers know that those marvelous little devices you make would be more uniform and dependable and have a longer life if in a vacuum. But methods available up to now have made the cost prohibitive and the units themselves too large.

Now, thanks to UVAFAB engineering genius, the problem is solved! The new TRANS-VACUATOR, fed by a roll of hard-vacuum rod, cuts off the proper length, inserts it in the transistor body, and makes an air-tight seal—all in a fraction of a second!

We'll be happy to arrange a demonstration of the TRANSVACUATOR in your own plant. Just write on your letterhead to

THE
UNITED VACUUM
FABRICATING MACHINERY CO.

720 ROCKWOOD AVENUE
PITTSBURGH 34, PA.

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